

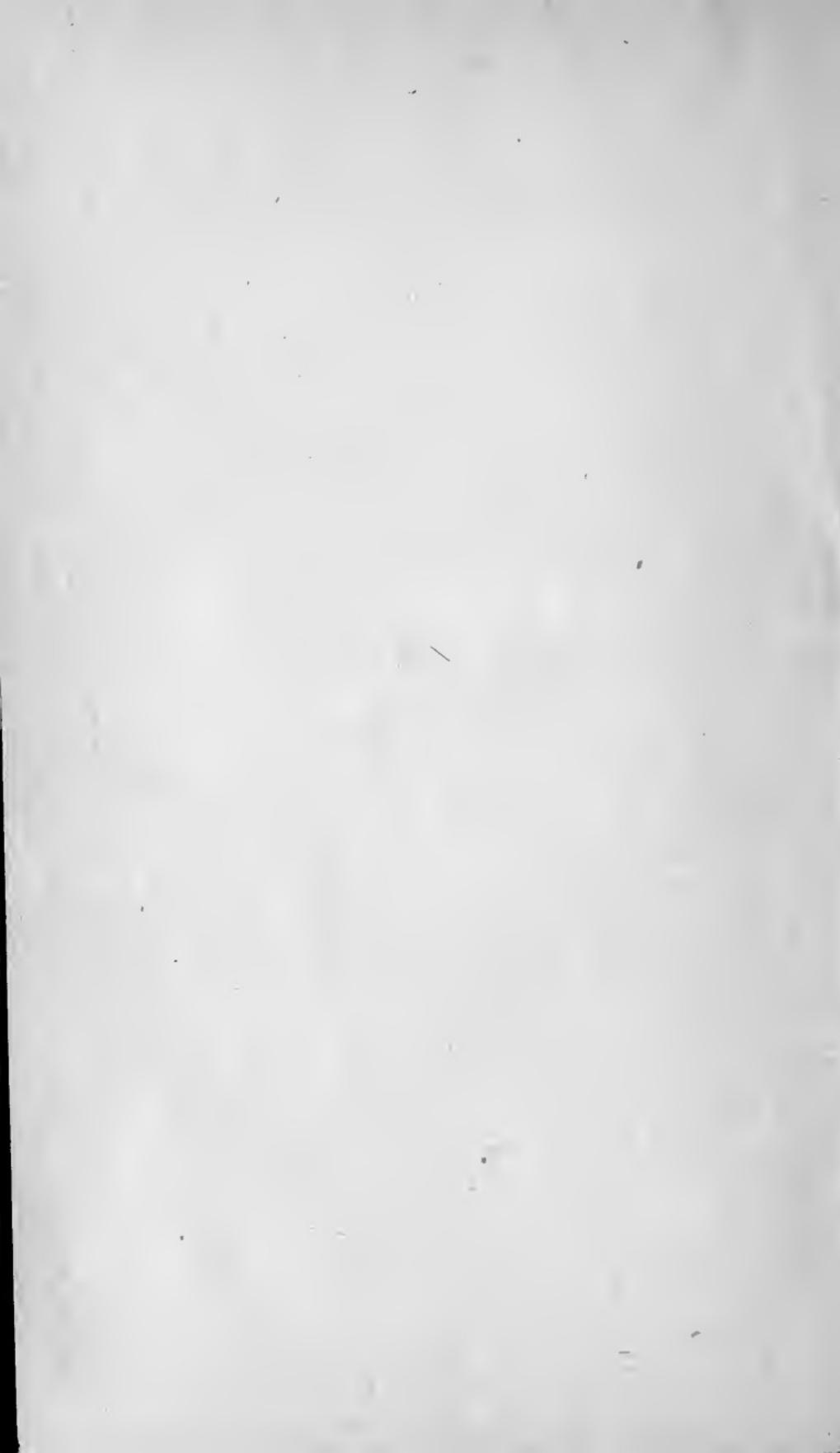
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THE
CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." HEB. 12: 1-2.

BY OPAL,

AUTHOR OF "EMPTY SHELLS."



NEW YORK:
JAMES MILLER, PUBLISHER,
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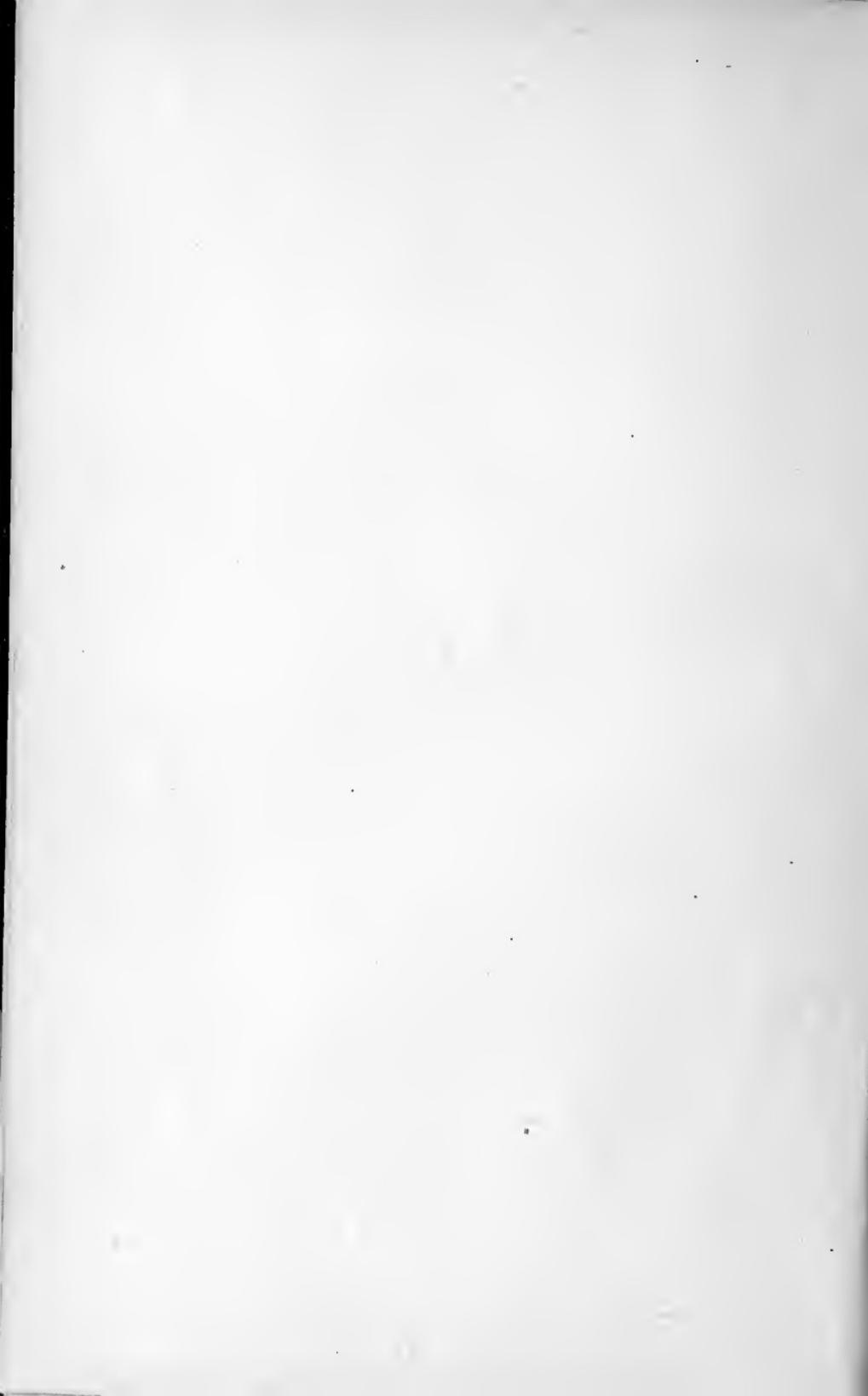
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In arranging these Dramas I do not pretend to be a Dramatist; but I divide the centuries dramatically.

What is given as a fact I believe true unless I note it as a fancy. All in quotation marks is quoted, and whatever is not is original, no matter in whose mouth it is.

Pronounce ev-er-y syllable.



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THE
CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

JACOB'S LADDER.

GEN. xxviii. 10-12.

ANGELS ascending,
Their beauty blending
With those descending!
Some floating hither,
Some wafted thither;
 Fervently,
 With great glee,
 Buoyantly,
 Fair to see—
The beautiful theme
Of sad Jacob's dream.
I should dare to dwell
In a lonely cell,
Bereft of all hope
Of gathering flowers,
And daring to grope
In murkiest hours,
To windows that let
The faint starlight in,

To illumine the dearth
Of nights of regret—
Which pursue days of sin
As grim lord his serf—
If there I could see
The spirits with me.
Then I know I should fret
No more, with regret
For long-buried joys,
That would seem but toys
Of childhood's fond years
If with them I'd dwell.
So morning doth quell
Night's griefs and its fears,
While dreams of sadness
Will shrink from its frown.
Thus my God will bless
The heart that lies down
In His arms for rest,
With dreams of the blest,
Who long since have died,
But still seek our side—
Their wont in past years—
To kiss away tears
And soothe us to rest.
'Tis thus I am blest.

DECEMBER 6, 1858.

CLOUDS OF TEARS A JACOB'S LADDER.

I'VE wept until my tears have formed the clouds
That shut out from the widow's sight the glare
Of a too garish day, that hurts the eyes.
These clouds of tears a Jacob's Ladder are,
Whereon the soft-winged angels come and go
From heaven to me, from me to heaven; their
forms

As sunlight bright, as freshest flowers are fair.
No more death shrouds from my weak, tear-dimmed
eyes

Fond smiles that play on sweet lips that I love;
I dry my tears again that I may see
More clearly visions God hath sent to cheer
My banishment; I hush my weary sighs
That I may list to angels chanting hymns.
A dearer form I see the clouds above;—
The Saviour comforts me, and tells me how
He loves the mourner's humbled soul; that all
Heart-darkness is but sent to let me see
On earth spirits of light who e'er about
My pathway throng.

Then cease, sad heart, thy fears;
I know full well the Saviour loveth thee;
Therefore He proveth thee. Oh, disappoint
Him not! with faith and resignation bear
Thy part in life's sad strife of sins and griefs.
Always in happiness and misery
God and the loving angels are with thee.

NOVEMBER 18, 1857.

DRAMA I.

THE CREATION.

METAMORPHIC PERIOD.

Act I. : First Day.—Gen. i. 1-5.

Zelma.—How silence doth oppress the ears attuned
To constant harmonies of Heaven! Where are
We now?

Calla. That I know not. But look below.
Z. What can it be that seems so black and vast?
C. Recallest thou what Zarad said of Hell?
Z. This is not Hell, for his description it
Suits not. Why! There is nothing here; no Hell,
Nor other habitation, sound nor light.

C. Thou'st heard Thidelle of darkness speak.
Think'st thou
This can be it? 'Tis strange enough for that.
Z. Aye, surely it is darkness grim: there's naught
Else it can be.

C. Let's nearer go. How strange!
Z. What dost thou see?
C. Not anything but thee;
Before I never thought how bright thou art;
Near God thou didst not seem so very fair;
But here by this queer blackness thou'rt so bright,
So wondrous fair, I love thee more. Thinkest
That we could closer go?—that darkness touch?

Z. God bade us wander where we would in
Heaven.

But deemest thou that darkness Heaven ? We
might
Be lost.

C. Lost ! lost ! I know not what thou mean'st.

Z. As those who wished to see where Satan
dwelt

And wandered forth ; but they came back no more.

C. Zelma, I fear not being lost. Oh no !

Out of God's universe we cannot stray.

Z. And if we go within the limits of
This blackness weird, judgest that we could see
Each other there ?

C. Ah ! That I cannot say.

We'll go ask God if we may find out what
This substance is.

Z. Hark ! Hear'st thou not the sound
Of many wings ? Is it not coming of
Seraphic guard ?

C. Yea ; our great God himself,
Attended by His court, with music new.
His Majesty has never seemed so grand
As now He doth, looking from darkness to
His face sublime. Bow thy head lower, sweet ;
For "His great glory give Him thanks." How fair
And wonderful He is ! Bow lower yet.

Z. The oldest angels say He ever looks
Most beautiful when going forth to make
A fair, fresh world.

C. He speaks.

GOD.—“ Let there be light ! ”

Z. Calla !

C. Zelma !

Z. Where, Calla, are we now ?

C. We have not moved, only our wings were
stirred

By His divinest breath.

Z. What hath become
Of the black void of gloom we had not learned
To comprehend ?

C. The wondrous curling of
Gray waves, weaving themselves into a bright
And graceful sphere, is what we darkness called :
Of former blackness and reflection faint
Of God's bright Face it seems a mingling strange.
Zelma, we are near Hell. This is the smoke
Which rises from the "pit that's fathomless."

Z. It must be smoke, but not the smoke of Hell ;
For God is here, and all is beautiful.

C. So not of Hell ; it is as graceful as
The curling hair that plays around the brows
Of cherubim.

Z. Seest that now and then
The gray waves float aside, and the red mass,
More brilliant than the jasper gate of Heaven,
Rolls itself fiercely on, proudly and fast ?

C. I fancy God hath hidden with a veil
A new world, and a different from those
Which we have seen. Zelma, hath not God let
The youngest cherubs pluck the crystals from
The floors of Heaven, who, playing, scatter them
In the gray smoke ?

Z. Yes ; they are here. I caught
A glimpse of some blue eyes playing bo-peep
With vapor veils.

C. Cease, darling, pray! one comes
From God.

Z. Mazzah, are not those cherubs in
The quaint and beauteous waving of that dim
And unknown substance?

Mazzah. No.

C. We thought there were.
Then, what can be as softly, brightly blue,
As changing in its mellow light as their
Sweet eyes?

M. Sapphires those azure lights.

Z. And what
Are those pellucid points that sportively
From one to other toss faint gleams of light?

M. Crystals of quartz.

Z. And that red, rolling mass
Which we can seldom see, that is somewhat
Like the red gate that hangs behind God's Throne?

M. 'Tis fire.

Z. That rolls in liquid mass from caves
In Hell?

M. Oh no! Our God will ere long make
Some creatures not like cherubim, angel,
Or seraphim; and this world is for them.

Act II. : Second Day.—Gen. i. 6-8.

Zelma.—Ah, Calla, here again!

Calla.—I could not go away,
And long have lain upon my wings,
Folded in blissful rest, gazing on yon
Bright ball.

Z. Thou hast not touched it yet?

C. Not with

The shadow of my wings : I dare not go
Till I ask God. But we will to Him now.

Z. I His permission have for thee and me.

C. I thank thee, angel. Let us quickly fly.

Z. Faster than my desires thou canst not go.

C. How like my friend to ask a favor both
For him and me, while I lay thinking here.

Z. If thou wilt tell thy dreams—sweeter by far
Than mine—all errands I will do for thee.

C. Give me thy hand, dear friend, and thus may
we

More swiftly fly. How sweet to be urged on
By one we love !

Z. I'm glad thou thinkest so ;
Because I much delight to urge thee on,
And bear thy weight, almost too light to please.

C. How rapidly we've flown ! How dost thou call
This place ?

Z. God named it Earth.

C. A soft, sweet name. See ! other angels come.

Z. None I behold.

C. Dost not ? Look on the broad,
Blue canopy which overhangs the Earth,
Made visible by light below.

Z. A pretty fancy, sweet.

C. Fancy, say'st thou ?

Thou can'st see something white ; 'tis shadow of
The feet of cherubim, and the bright red
And golden lines of light are shadows of
The wings of seraphim.

Z. Our God told me
He would make clouds to-day.

C. Make clouds? And what
Are they? Are they like us? And have they life?

Z. No; but I could not understand all that
He said, and so He bade me come and look
At the new worlds that He would cause to float
Before our sight.

C. So clouds are what I thought
Reflections of bright wings. How exquisite
Is all God makes! And well He likes to have
Us pleased.

Z. Ah, passing wonderful is He!

Scene 2.

Karralee.—Hail, Principality of Earth!

P. Hail! Hail!

K. How marvellous the change since I was here!
Thy comet, as I saw, had lost its tail
Of fiery vapor.

P. Consolidated
Into a sphere of gloomy smoke; slowly
Metallic scum has formed on rolling waves
Of hissing fire. Then I expected I
Should ere long see firm rocks, and then before
Great while green sward and flowers; thus it had
been
In other world that floats around this sun,
But farther off than Earth.

K. How different
Has been progression in the planet next
This sun! It hath not yet advanced as far

As e'en thy sphere. Pray tell me what occurred
After the rock-ribs of thy Earth began
To form, and thou deemedst the time was near
When thou couldst sow thy seeds.

P. Oh! suddenly

A crash, almost as terrible as God's
Curse when He drove out Satan, burst upon
My startled ears. Up rushed quick billows of
An angry fire, split the new crust as if
'Twere rind of fruit, and spread themselves where I
Expected grass and trees. This struggle of
The fire to regain old dominion was
Of long duration; but at last a firm,
Unyielding frame of rock was formed; and as
The earth grew cooler vapors that were once
So brilliant, fell in seething torrents on
The hissing sphere. I would thou hadst been
here,
As thou didst not exist when Hell's
Revolt was overpowered; for, since, I never had
Such vivid lightning seen, nor heard such roar
Of thunder as when all-surrounding clouds
Dashed themselves on the red-hot Earth, and tried
To smother everlasting flames. This they
Could not; for God will them reserve for use
In future age. Oh, long and terrible
The contest was of fire and water! But
The last prevailed, and the flames smoldered to
Dull heat, and then retreated inwards. Yet
It was not long ere they burst out again.
Now it will be great æons ere fire will
Again o'er earth hold universal sway.

K. Although God doth prolong the stages of Development of forming worlds for such Long æons, yet there are some myriads Of angels who can't see how any of This group of worlds is, or will be, evolved.

CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD.

Act III.: Third Day.—Gen. i. 9-13.

Zelma.—Calla, dost thou forsake the courts of God? For I must hither hie whene'er I wish To talk with thee. Thou lovest Earth too well, I think.

Calla.—Not so: but Mazzah lately said That God hath never done a thing so great Or wonderful, but He will on this sphere Do greater and more marvellous; therefore, I cannot stay away, nor do I aught But tease my restless fancy with surmise How God can do a greater act than He Hath done.

Z. I find there is a change upon The Earth, but, coming hither from the light Which emanates from “the White Throne,” I can Not yet examine this dim orb; I see Not well.

C. Yea, there hath been a change; the clouds Flew upward, and arranged themselves in lines Or graceful curves: scarcely I realize They have not eyes, and have not watched at play The cherubs fair; so much this dancing seems To mimic theirs.

Z. When here before I saw
Some clouds.

C. But they were heavier, and not
So fair, and I perceive that where we saw
At first dark void, then light, 'tis water now.

Z. In other world I saw such change. There's
land,
And here are trees; such grow on spheres where I
Have been.

C. Thou hast seen much; but I have been
A shorter while than thou, and so to me these
trees
Are grand and beautiful.

Z. Not more
So than to me, and I discover here
Some I ne'er saw before.

C. Ah, well! I thought
There never had been such. Why smilest
thou?

Lo! here are trees whose height gigantic strives
To pierce the clouds; but more I like the ferns,
Equisetaciae, and canes that make
A forest none can penetrate. What kind
Of life can flourish in so dense a wood,
Or in so warm a world?

Z. How dost thou know
'Tis warm?

C. Although I have not travelled as
Some have, yet many things I've seen, and learned
To know the climates of the forming worlds
By what grows therenpon. This Mandel taught:
These columns high and grand, fluted and carved

So richly with fair markings and strange holes
He called stigmariæ.

Z. But canst thou tell
The use of all these trees and other growth ?

C. The use ! The use ! Why, to be beautiful,
To please their Maker by amusing us.

Z. But they have other office on the Earth.

C. And that ?

Z. I have been told, in years to come
This sphere will be quite cold, and beings who
Will live on it will have much need to warm
The air.

C. How strange ! God's love doth keep
Us warm.

Z. 'Twill not be thus with man, and therefore He,
Who can't neglect to lavish all that one
May need, will lay these splendid forests by
Within the bowels of the world, to serve
The needs of man.

C. Pray ! who is he ?

Z. I can
Not tell thee well ; but ere long we shall see ;
So said one of the Principalities.

C. O God august ! I cannot bow me low
Enough at sound of His great name. Ah ! once
I dared to dread that in æons which knew
No end we might see all that God could make,
Do all that He wished done, and weary then
Of all ; but now I feel we never shall
Know all ; and me this thought doth glorify.

Z. Lo ! There a purplish tint drops over sea
And land.

C. Perhaps another night comes on.

Z. How didst thou learn that name?

C. Melah taught it

To me, and said he heard God speak it once;
'Twas when He banished Satan and his host.

It was explained that the word meant no light.

Z. Ah! Ere the darkness comes back let us fly.

C. Fly now? Oh no! Naught black can touch our wings.

When thou hadst gone away and left me here
I lay a long while close to it; to feel
Or smell so strange a thing I often tried,
But never would it lie beneath my wings;
Where'er I went there brightness was, so I
Could only see what I desired to touch.
Now the black veil is falling on the Earth.

Act IV.: Fourth Day.—Gen. i. 14-19.

Zelma. Again the day doth break.

Calla. But I have seen
No night; the while that the last night did stay
I visited a far-off world. How weird
Doth look the air which hangeth round the sphere.

Z. Hark! Hark! There comes a host.

Meliz (One of the Host).—Oh Calla, come!
Haste, Zelma, haste!

Z. Whither go we with ye?

M. God hath sent us to see a new thing He
Will do. We are to go upon the land.

Nera. Oh joy, to bathe my wings in those snow-banks!

C. Snow-banks, dear Nera? No; those are but clouds.

N. I never have seen such, and I have been
Into a world so far from this, that naught
I know of what God hath made here since I
In passing heard Him say, "Let there be light."
But while I journeyed far I saw a sphere,
Quite white in beauteous mountain-chains, and I
Was told that what I looked at was cold snow;
I longed to touch it then, but God had sent
Me otherwhere.

Z. Oh! where are all the clouds?

C. They vanished as we passed them through.

M. Let us

Alight upon this leaf-strewn bank and wait
Until—

C. See! How intensely, darkly blue
Is the soft air! It seems to shut us in,
As glory shuts in God.

N. We could not see
If it were not for the bright radiance
Which shivers from the footstool of the LORD.
Now droop your wings and raise your heads.

C. The suns
And worlds which glimmered through the azure air
Have faded. Lo! our God doth smile.

N. Oh, what
Soft splendor fills the atmosphere!

Z. But one
Quite different from that of Heaven.

C. This is
But a reflection of God's smile.

Many of the Host.—It is
For even that not glorious enough.

N. No. Ye have seen the satellite that moves
Always around the earth as she doth race
Around the sun, that's coming now to view.

(*As the moon appears the Host exclaim*),
“All glory be to Thee, O God!”

C. How fair!
While sailing through the air it seems to know
It ministers to Deity, and bears
Our thoughts to Him; by its light we shall Earth
Explore.

Host.—And seek fresh cause of newer praise.

TRIASSIC PERIOD.

Scene 3.—Gen. i. 14-19.

God.—“Let there be lights in the firmament of
The heaven, to divide the day from the night,
And let them be for signs, and for seasons,
And for days, and for years, and let them be
For lights in the firmament of the heaven,
To give light on the earth.”

Host.—“All glory be
To Thee, O God!”

Calla.—Behold! Now all around
The softer splendor waveth to the ground,
While Earth grows grandly bright beneath the
smile

Of goodness and of love that God hath cast
Upon the sun, and which it hath let down
In gratitude and joy upon the Earth.

Savalle.—Now I shall like to come to this new world;

But until now better by far I liked
Some other orbs. I care for only what
Is brightly beautiful.

C. I fancy that

This Earth will be almost as lovely as
The Heaven.

Nera.—No! No! For there is the White Throne.

C. Another spirit comes. Hearken to him.

S. The sun! The sun!

C.—Oh! I have never seen

This world as bright before, and I had thought
That it would never very brilliant be.

I loved its softened contrast to God's Heaven.

I could see very well the dim forms and
Gigantic of Earth's dull and sluggish life.

I liked their contrast to light-bearing wings;

But I had never hoped to see a sun

By day, or moon and stars by night from this
Cloud-swathed world; and now how splendid is
The change! Brilliant or slightly-tinted forms,
As delicate as toys of cherubs fair,

Swim over the transparent seas, and plunge
Into the lucid depths.

Gonora.—Oh, see those sails!

C. That's a new word.

G. Once I went where were those

Who could not fly as we across the seas,

So they had barks to float upon the waves,

And snowy sails to court the air, and then

They went their way just as these tiny fish.

"Tis true those sails were large and these minute ;
These may be proofs of cherubs' mimicry.

N. Know these are living things, are ammonites,
And belemnites, and nautiluses ; I
Can tell thee many other names. Wilt go
To hover o'er the depths, and watch
The life and light and joy therein ?

G. But first
Let's watch these huge and winged forms; can they
Be like us ?

N. No ; those forms are birds ; but not
At all like us.

C. Rather I thought them from
The world whose name we never like to call.

JURASSIC PERIOD.

Act V.: Fifth Day.—Gen. i. 20-23.

Fulga. Calla, I felt that I a while should like
To talk with thee, and so surmised that I
Should find thee only here. Art here alway ?

Calla. This is the first world God hath made since

He

Created me. Thou knowest very young
Am I compared to thee : and having heard
So many angels talk of orbs they had
Seen made, perfected from the words, " Let there
Be light," I said that now I should see all
God doeth when He maketh a new world.

F. Oh, young indeed art thou if thou canst think
That when thou hast seen Him make one thou wilt
Know how He hath made other spheres ! Not yet

Have two been made alike. Thou ne'er canst learn
What He can do.

C. Yes, that I have been taught ;
But there is one thing which I cannot learn.

F. And that ?

C. Is what He cannot, will not do.

F. Why ! He can never be less than Himself,
Can never be like one of us.

C. Great God !

F. Now, darling, wilt thou wander forth with
me ?

C. Not from my world.

F. No ; but on it I fain
Would learn all thou wilt teach of thy delight.

C. Gladly I'll tell the little I've acquired.
See there are great pine-trees ; how slenderly
They now aspire unto the light, anxious
Their upper boughs may feel the warmth and joy
Their roots may never share. ~

F. Didst ever hear
The tale of Huxca and of Lardalie ?

C. Nay ; but shall now if so it pleaseth thee.

F. Huxca fell with the mighty prince whose
pride

Dragged him so low ; and as he was about
To leave celestial home, sweet Lardalie,
Who since the time that God created her
Had been his own especial love, his charge,
Entwined her little trembling wings about
His neck, and said, " Now I shall be like God,
Shall think more of the joy of other lives
Than of mine own. Although I have not sinned,

Nor thought of it—for I do not know how,
Nor would I learn it if I could be made
By one sin—only one—as great as He
I venerate and worship with my all
Of life—therefore, although I have not Him
Offended, or from His light been banished,
I'll go to the dark world's confines with thee.
I will not let the tip of my fair wing
Be dipped in its hot breath, for then I could
Not come again to God, the only One
Whom I love more than thee—yet Him how much
More than I can e'er think of loving thee!—
But I will hover o'er that dread abyss,
And thou wilt stay upon its utmost verge ;
Thus I shall ever sing and joy for thee.
Wilt not thou sometimes slightly smile for me ?
Would not that be a little taste of Heaven ?”
Then Huxea groaned and cried, “ Not so, my sweet,
My cherub fair ! Thee I love more than bliss.
I will not let thee even know where I
Shall dwell. Go and be blest as ever at
The feet of One whose name I ne'er again
Can take upon my lips. Yet even in
The world of unknown anguish I shall have
A joy no curse can shut without my life,
A bliss no darkness e'er can shadow o'er,
Nor even fire of Hell can burn it out—
The memory of Lardalie ; yes, that
Shall be my Heaven and Deity. Farewell !”
Once Huxea pressed his lips upon her wing,
And then he seemed almost to rend in twain
His life. He threw her from him with this cry

Of bitter agony, “ God, I curse Thee ! ”
This said, he, howling fled.

“ My Lardalie ! ”

Was heard to fall in love and pity from
The Inner Place, and in a minute she,
Her harp new-tuned, knelt down before God’s seat,
And sang in clearest tones this gentle song :—

I loved him but as he loved Thee ;

Now I mourn not.

He dared to speak blasphemously ;

And now his lot

I would not share.

He once was fair

Because he was somewhat like Thee.

Now I can’t mourn :

I cannot love impiety.

I would on bourn

Of his sad world,

With wings unfurled

Above the darkness that clothed him

Give him my bliss,

And light his home, so drear and dim,

With light of this,

While I could think

He would not sink

Into the greatest of all sin.

I thought him lured

By angels who much worse had been,

And so endured
Their penalty
Of misery.

But when he cursed the God I love
I mourned no more ;
Him whom he hates I must above
All else adore.
Thou'rt all to me ;
Glory to thee !

C. A very gentle song. Henceforth when I See pine-trees grim, whose roots are buried in Deep gloom, that so the boughs may rise into The light of life, I shall remember him, Who, buried evermore in darkest woe, Rejoiced to think that a fair bough of his Lost state of love might ever see God's light.

F. Majestically grand this river is. I knew not that this world had ever been Inhabited by aught.

C. By much. The last Æon by lesser forms of light and glee. And for short space—since God gave the command, “Waters have brought forth most abundantly.” I deemed the swarms of life on land enough, But our wise God did not bid land bring forth Abundantly ; this said he to the seas And rivers, so there is no spirit who Can count their myriads.

F. And was there then No life in all this grand expanse of sea Until so recently ?

C. A very few

Fishes and living forms ; for God had not
Then said, " Bring forth abundantly."

F. How strange

That He should thus create fish twice.

C. I have

Heard why he did, but cannot make myself
Yet understand. There are to be upon
The Earth queer beings who will able be
To think, and yet will have capacity
So small as not to comprehend there is
A God ; but will say they have grown out of
These forms that have lived here for æons long.

F. What say'st ? Grown how ? Like trees ?

C. I told thee that

I could not understand how they would think ;
But they will say that first there was atom
Of life minute ; that, larger grew, became
Fish, reptile next, then bird, next quadruped—
With stout tail and long ears, and then them-
selves.

F. Most marvellous ! I must absent myself
From worlds greater than this, until I see
These animals so strange. And they will think ?

C. So I have heard ; how I can't comprehend ;
But God, who is so kind to all, made some
Fish long ago, and buried them beneath
Remains of lower species ; this will prove
That fishes did not grow from meaner things.

F. Ah ! thou forgot'st to tell what they would
say

Preceded the first form of life minute.

C. Perhaps those who can reason as they will,
May never get so far as that.* Behold!

F. Oh, splendid are these birds! I wonder if
The creatures that we were just speaking of
Will be tall as these trees!

C. I never saw
So large one who could think.

F. Nor I, in all
My wanderings; but else how could they live
Upon this globe, where plants and animals
Are so immense?

C. That I know not; but God
May make them very large. Now it grows dark.

CRETACEOUS PERIOD.

Act VI.: Scene 1.—Gen. i.

Velurah.—Hail, beauteous Calla, hail! What
hath God done
Since I was here?

Calla.—Destroyed all of the life
That He had made, aye, and the very trees.

V. And once before He hath done thus.

C. Once in
The time that we call night, speaking of this
Quaint place, all that He had created in
The æon past was buried in soft soil,
And He told me that He had laid them by
For the strange men for whom this world was made,
Grand waifs of God's Eternity, that they
Would pick up on the shores of time, and thus
In great rock-books would learn what He had done

* I had never heard of Mr. Darwin when I wrote this.

Before they were. When the next day appeared
O'er all was beauty greater than before,
But not as vivid; therefore, I wait here
Till bright dawn, to find what God will do.

V. I wait with thee. See'st, Calla? there come
troops
Of angels fair.

C. Ever they come and pass;
I only cannot go away, unless
It be to render homage at God's Throne;
Then swiftly I fly back.

V. Calla, can'st tell
Why here God hath such myriads of trees?
For since creation I have never seen
Them dense as here.

C. In after ages Earth
Will have an atmosphere colder than now;
Its habitants will need these trees to burn.

V. I thought, cycles agone, that trees had been
Interred for this.

C. They were; but more will be
Thus buried soon, and many of them will
Retain their tracery of gracefulness
And beauty, for the admiration of
The last-made creatures, who will yet dwell here.

V. It doth appear that many things which we
See now would well befit the realm of Hell.

C. Naught like these figures crude have we near
God.

What need for Him who is omnipotent
E'er to repeat his works? Oh, much I like
Fantastic beauty and the markings quaint

That move about the land and waters warm
With most peculiar ways.

V. How lovely are
Those specks of life that bloom and propagate
Like none that I have seen !

C. These corals take
Up a great portion of the sea, and I
Have heard that in an after age they will
All die and leave their bleached skeletons
For trees and flowers to grow upon, and men
Will walk thereon. For a long time I thought
Them flowers that God would not let fade and die
Because they were so pleasant to His eye.
Now I shall show you smaller forms than theirs ;
Yet these slight frames, after the life has gone,
Will form embankments of soft stone, white cliffs
For a blue sea to dash itself against.

V. This ocean is quite white.

C. Because it swarms
With those shells so minute that I just told
Thee of. Now fly with me and I shall show
That land as well as water teems with life—
As marvellous for magnitude as this
For size diminutive ; and there the air
Brings forth strange birds that for an element
So light appear too heavy and too drear.

MIOCENE PERIOD.

Scene II.

Zelma.—Calla, hast been here all the while since I
Bade thee good-bye ?

Calla.—No ; I have not. I knew

The night which fell so heavily would last.
A long while, and the sea would overspread
Much land till all things would be changed, and so
I went to the White Throne to give to God
Especial thanks that He created me
Before He made the Earth, and ask Him if
I might from Heaven stay the æon long
Of the Sixth Day, wherein I hear that there
Will be a constant change. He answered, Yes ;
But gave short mission first.

Z. When thou return'dst ?

C. There was no light, nor sound save of the sea,
Which high did elevate itself to learn
What it had wrought in the long night ; indeed
There was a change on land and sea and sky ;
And I had oft to look to reassure
Myself it was my Earth ; but when the day
Appeared there was a better life, a joy
Much greater than before. So I had felt
That it would be, knowing God never doth
Do less than He hath done.

Z. How fragrant is

The atmosphere ! The odor is most like
Soft gales that float adown from the White Throne.

C. It is the life of these trees oozing out
To permeate the air, and our fine sense
Of perfume please.

Z. But see the insects there,
Seeming entranced as though they could not leave
The fragrant power.

C. Nor can they now ; their wings
Are heavy with the amber sweet, and they

Will be imbedded thus, that so the men—
Of whom we speak so oft—in ages yet
To be, may find them quite as beautiful
As now. Behold how graceful and how fair
Are all the myriads, alike in wings,
But variant in color, size, and shape,
Which float around our wings! But I had deemed
The age of trees and ferns had passed; and these,
Though not so large, frailer perhaps, are yet
Far prettier. What thinkest thou, my friend?

Z. For me the fairest time hath floated past,
Perchance while thou wert gone.

C. I fancy that
I have missed nothing since observer of
The Earth I've been.

Z. Wert here when Sixth Day dawned?

C. Soon afterwards; it cannot have been long.

Z. Darrelle was here with me. How long was it
That we the Sixth Day watched ere I left thee
Calla to find?

Darrelle.—An æon, as I judge
By what I saw.

C. Can that be so? It seemed
To me but as a happy breath.

D. I judge
By what I have observed, and thou by what
Thou feltest.

C. Ah! Then have I lost aught in
The making of this world?

D. If thou didst go
Away, of course thou didst; for never doth
The great God cease to work.

C. Pray quickly tell
Me what I missed.

D. Water for a long time
Was all that I perceived, and then uprose,
Brightly and gradually, islands here
And there. E'en though I cannot feel the heat
Or cold, I knew from looking at the flowers
That they were chilled : then snow and ice closed in
My view. For dense and slimmer forms of pine
Moss, yellow as Zeluca's brilliant hair,
And lichens chill and gray, for change, were here.
Rivers of ice there were, which stood straight up,
And with slow majesty pursued their course
Unto the ocean fathomless, and these
Were what I thought most grand, for as the sun
Threw on them radiant rays they glittered like
The crown of God—I should say almost like
The shadow of it that we see ; and, had
It not been treason, I should have surmised
That He had hurled the crystal pavement down
In flakes magnificent ; and that the curves
And pinnacles of ice were the twelve gates,
Shattered but ever glorious.

C. To think
That I have lost such spectacle ! I hope
No other angels were away save those
Who went with me afar from God's right hand,
And those who fled with Fal towards the sphere
His left hand pointed at.

D. Oh ! Myriads
Were far, and I doubt not in other worlds
Saw things as beautiful and new. Also

I viewed strange animals, with long, red hair
And heavy limbs, while herds of reindeer gray,
Moss-cropping leisurely, were revelling
In the great cold. Ere long the sea submerged
A portion of the globe ; then were upheaved
Icebergs, and I beheld fantastic shapes.
An angel of the First Intelligence
Told me they were but fancy sketches of
The things I yet should see upon the Earth,
And then he spoke queer words that sounded like
Spires, towers, and towns. Knowest what these
may be ?

Z. Not I.

C. There flies a new Dominion.* Call !

Z. Hail ! Ferrula !

Ferrula.—Friends, Hail !

D. Hast ever heard

In the new sphere appointed thee to rule,
Such words as spires and towns ?

F. Nay. Where hast thou
Heard such ?

D. Xenotloma spoke them when he
Talked of the grand icebergs, and what they were
Most like ; perchance they were prophetic words.

F. Likely enough they shadowed forth new things
That there will be upon the Earth.

C. Tell us
Of more, Darrelle, most blest !

D. Once darted forth
Flashes of red-hot lightning playing round—
Such as were hurled after Satanic host—

* Col. i. 16.

And a great sound that clashed like demons' tongues;

The raging winds howled as they dare not do

In Heaven, and oceanic waves, in height

Gigantic, boldly leaped, as if to shout

Defiance to the clouds that had belched forth

Such arrows of inimitable light.

But I feared not, as Satan had, for I

Knew well the Great God's hand held back their power.

F. Hast heard that in the days to come He will Send for some souls He will much love these bright And winged chariots of Majesty, Rosy with beams Divine? And they will waft To Him the essences ethereal Of life that He will have breathed into forms Of a gross, mortal mould.

C. That I cannot

Now comprehend.

D. Nor I.

F. 'Tis passing strange;

But I have caught a whispered mystery

From the Thrones nearest God; now patiently

I wait until it pleaseth Him to make

It comprehensible to me.

D. And thus

We too must wait. One day, before the sun

Went down, this scene I saw. The clouds around

Had gathered in their beryl-colored and

Their saffron robes to have a pretty dance,

While here and there rosy and azure wreaths

Were fastened on to help their beauty out.

The monarch of the day made sport for them,
And let them throw their scarfs about his face
While he glared ruddily, as though he were
With anger filled ; and the musicians of
The dance, the clouds just o'er our wings, poured
out

In play their liquid notes of melody.

"Twas fine to see how the rain-clouds would leap
About in terror of hot rays. The sun
Shone out in brilliant majesty the while
The lightning flashed and thunder rolled its base
Reprovingly at so much levity.

Ah ! if Earth's children frequently will be
Favored with such a pretty sight, I shall
Be oft their evening company ; so I
Said to Dunnar ; but while I spoke a fog
Settled around ; then I flew off with troops
Of angels passing by. When I looked back
Was naught but water to be seen. Sometime
I stayed away, and when I hither came
Beheld what now ye may see here.

F. Who comes ?

C. A great Dominion, I surmise.

*Dominion.—Angels, all hail ! Our Monarch
bade me fly,*
And say to all I met they now would see
Sight of deep interest. Will follow me ?

(On the wing.)

*F. Behold those animals that calmly graze,
And happily, beside the clumsy ones
Who heave their massiveness along.*

Dom.—Eden

Below!

C. How beautiful!

Z. Most fair!

Scene III.: Gen. i. 26–31.

Calla.—Zelma, what deemest thou God next will do?

Zelma.—Each movement is so overladen with A present bliss that I can never think Of joys to come.

C. Earth is another Heaven.

Z. That cannot be: there can be but one God; Therefore, an only Heaven, where He is throned.

C. At least, of it this world mementoes hath. See'st thou the flowers and lovelier birds?

Z. Handsome indeed. What callest thou that bloom?

C. Zelluca hath named it the rose. Hast not Thou seen the little cherub known as Rose? One day he lay down, his bright cheek upon A verdant bunch of leaves, which hung low from A fragile stem drooped to the grassy floor; It is his wont, when happiest in play, To rest a while upon his joy, as yon Glistening insect rests its breast upon That bud. Ere a long time had passed he soared, And looking back upon the trembling leaves, In wonderment he saw a pretty flower Where his soft cheek had pressed, then glided on. Zelluca passed, and said to Kalzama, Rose hides beneath this bush: whom plays he with?

Then answered Kalzama, I find him not,
Nor notice cherubs playing hide and seek.
His friend replied, I do not know who seeks,
But there Rose lies, his glowing cheek not hid
By the green leaves. She called, Sweet Rose, come
forth :

Thou canst not hide from me ; I recognize
Thy downy cheek. Next time thou playest thus
Conceal thy cheek as well as eyes and wings.
She paused, and gently thrust her arm within
The thicket of soft leaves, and laid her hand
Upon a flower. Then sought she Rose,
And heard him tell his pretty tale, and named
It after him.

Z. And that strange purple flower,
The edges delicately fringed as eyes
Of angels are, that bears upon its breast
A badge shaped like the golden sceptre of
Our Sovereign great ?*

C. Edla told me there was
In Heaven no name for it. I asked him why ;
He shook his head, saying, It is a myth ;
Sets forth faint type of wondrous mystery,
That God will yet explain in new-coined words
To wondering, assembled universe.

Z. There are dear Lily's little bells, fragrant
With her sweet breath. Hearest the laughing peals
Of scented melody, that bring the smile
Responsive when she lays her hand upon

* I hope this fancy about the sceptre and passion-flower
is not profane.

The fragile stem, and rings the floral bells ?
They are well suited to the mossy dales.*

Z. The fair Camelia asked a boon of God.

C. What could He add unto her heritage
Of beauty, bliss, and love ?

Z. She asked His leave
To give a present to the Earth. When He
Smiled His consent hither she quickly sped,
And, kneeling lovingly, took from her brow
A cherished flower, and laid it on the ground—
Prophetic offering of angels' love
For the inhabitants of this new sphere.
Then looked she up to God to know if He
Sanctioned the deed. He smiled down on the
gift ;
Then prayed she Him to bid it take firm root
Where she had planted it to gladden Earth,
Reminding future friends who would dwell in
Fair Eden's bowers of angels' brows.

C. This is
The heliotrope ; the glowing Angel of
The sun presented it to Earth ! Mark how
With wistful smile it turns to gaze upon
Its own liege lord.

Z. I like it much. What dost
Thou, love ?

C. I shower kisses on the flower
I prize the most.

Z. I needed not to ask ;
'Tis fragrant with thy breath.

* The Lily-of-the-Valley.

C. Oh, happy I!
 This bloom in times to be will hearts of Earth
 Perfume with incense sweet of angels' breath,
 For as I kissed it did I breathe a prayer.

Z. What fragile plant is this?

C. Anemonè;
 Named after her who loved a spirit cast
 From Heaven : sweetly hath she transferred her love
 To God, thinking no more of banished Zar,
 Seeming forgetful that he was so long
 Her very star and friend.

Z. May earthly maids,
 Gazing on this, like Anemonè,
 And worship only God! May they, if swayed
 By winds that sometimes crush the blooms of
 Earth,
 Bow gently to the storm! Submission sweet
 Will conquer all its wrath until the Lord
 Cries, Peace, and smiles upon the patient heart
 That ever lifts an open eye to Him.

C. Will there be maidens here, and sorrow will
 They feel, think'st thou?

Z. Why not? Hath not sin been
 In Heaven? Is it not now in Hell?

C. Too true.
 Why do we see so many flowers of ours?

Z. Some angels brought them here and made a
 home
 For them in this rich soil. Why hast not thou
 Learned all their names and histories?

C. 'Tis strange; but I have scarcely thought of
 them;

I have not yet ideas had to spare
For such. Since the good GOD created me
Each moment I have had fresh glory to
Admire, or favor new for which to praise.
When next HE speaks to me I shall ask God
To let me give a name-sake to the Earth.

Scene IV.—Gen. ii. 6, 7.

Herald.—Silence! CREATOR comes! Angels,
prepare
To pay your homage to the Monarch—GOD!
All.—Hail, Sovereign, hail! And many thanks
for what
Thou here hast done! Glory be unto Thee!
GOD.—“In Image of Ourselves let Us make Man!”
Calla. I cannot see.

Z. Nor I.

D. And I am blind.

Fulga.—Even my eyes are blinded now. What can
This mean?

H. A heavy mist ariseth from
The ground, and so GOD shuts out from our eyes
The work that His Hands do.

D. What meanest thou?

H. Thing wonderful. He, who created us
But by a word, doth with His Own Hand make
A man!

F. How doth a Spirit—as GOD is—
Do this?

H. It is a mystery that is
To be unfolded unto us; but not

For ages yet. Many of you were in Existence when HE lifted from His grand And incomunicable state the veil Of glory, and revealèd unto us Manifestation of Himself, and said, “Let all the angels of God worship Him.” And never was there in the depths above Worship so understandingly poured forth: Then was GOD visible. Straightway we fell Upon our knees, covered our eyes with wings, And worshipped, worshipped, worshipped Three—In—One.

C. Three!

H. Aye. Thou art a spirit new; but know A Light that played about us visibly Was the Third Power, and HE taught us new bliss.

All.—Glory be to the GODS who is but ONE!*

H. And ere this mist arose, HE said, “ Let Us Make man!” This grand manifestation of The Great Unseen will with His Own Hands make A man. But lest this favorite should be Too proud he will of mere dust be composed. This mist will make a clay, and out of that Will He mould man, and then the Essence of All Life “ will breathe into him breath of life,” And the Great THIRD will him with mind endow.

(*The mist vanishes. Man appears.*)

Michael.—Great GOD, in awe I bow my knees to Thee!

* Gen. i. 1.—In the original the noun is plural, and the verb singular.

GOD.—Speak, Michael, speak!

M. The angels fain would pay
To Thee a special homage now, Great GOD.

GOD.—My glory I will gather up to yon
High mountain peak, their homage to receive.

C. (Aside.) Poor man! Zelma, didst see that he
did try
To raise himself up from the Earth to come
With us? But he could not, and now he will
Have to stay there alone.

Z. Why pity him?
It is not well for him to fly, or he
Would have the power. Behold, how radiant
He is with his transcendent joy! Blest man!
What if he has a body heavier
Than ours,—God breathed into him a soul.

Scene V.—Gen. ii. 18-20.

Hulmah.—Hail, Calla, hail!

Calla.—My friend!

H. What wonder new
Is to be seen? All insects, beasts, and birds,
In one procession grand!

C. Adam hath named
Them all; each beast steps off, contented, with
His happy mate; the birds fly off in pairs,
Renewing scarce-suspended joy; now side
By side the insects glow with bliss, and e'en
The reptiles, mated, are in pleasant mood.

H. Now all have gone to lairs or nests;
alone

Poor Adam! He is not as full of joy
As those dumb things.

C. He ought to be ; for he
May talk with God.

H. Aye ; but he cannot touch
His Hand.

C. I shall go sit by him ; he will
Like that.

H. Thou wilt not stay ; for thou hast wings.
Believest thou that eagle soaring to
Yon height, would long remain in company
With the tame deer that cannot fly ?

C. 'Tis strange
That GOD should leave but one alone, and he
The best that HE hath made on Earth.

H. Didst note
His words ? Male and female HE said when HE
Stooped to lay lips sublime upon the cold
And beautiful clay form. HE said, "Let them
Dominion have." The Three Great GODS is ONE ;
But how is Adam two ?

C. Hist ! GOD will speak.
GOD.—"It is not good for man to be alone ;
A help like unto him I now will make." *

Scene . VI: Gen. ii. 19–25, and i. 26–31.

Calla.—Zelma, my sweet, why didst thou stray
so long ?

Zelma.—I went on mission far.

* The Vulgate's rendering of Gen. ii. 18.

C. And hast not seen
How Eve was made ?

Z. Didst thou ?

C. I shall tell all
I can repeat. Our worship finished, God
First smiled—we knew it by the sudden gleam
Of golden light that crossed the crystal air—
Then said, Now on light wings hover low o'er
The garden where doth sleep Our youngest-made.
We lightly moved our wings, and Michael said
That Adam slept, and must not be disturbed.

Z. Disturbed ? And slept ? I do not understand.

C. Why ! He looked like a flower and did not
stir.

Z. Dost mean he lay still as the lambs that tire
Of play ?

C. Aye ; slept as do the animals
Of this queer world.

Z. We have not journeyed far.

C. Here I can learn enough, if GOD will let
Me stay.

Z. Enough ! Canst learn enough ?

C. I mean

I need not go away to learn ; for here
I see new wonders evermore.

Z. Well. When
Man slept ?

C. GOD said, Veil your eyes with your wings.
A while we were as still as Adam lay ;
Then a Voice said, " Our GOD hath taken one
Of Adam's ribs, closed up the flesh thereof,
And of the rib which the Lord God from man

Has taken, woman has HE made.” Open
Your eyes. Behold the two. Then we looked up
And saw GOD bring her to the man. Adam
Embraced her lovingly. Both smiled, and I
Thought that the flowers around grew visibly;
I’m sure such joyous, thrilling notes the birds
Sang ne’er before. All of us sang; how could
We joy restrain? So sweet a sight my eyes
Had never seen; we seldom sing as well
As we did when we broke forth in GOD’S praise;
But not one note, I think, did Adam hear;
Perchance, the fair one did; I thought she turned
Slightly away to catch a sound. He said,
“This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of
My flesh; she shall be woman called, for she
Is taken out of man. I name her Eve.”
The while he spoke she smiled, as the clear stream,
Sparkling, returns the pressure of the sun’s
Warm rays: and when he ceased, there rippled
from
Her dewy lips music thou wouldest call words,
And they were these: Let me first kneel to GOD;
Then I shall thee embrace. Adam replied,
Aye; twine thine arm about me thus, and we
Shall both kneel down, and give Him joyous
thanks—
I for thy life and thou for mine, and both
For His great love. When they had risen from
Their knees they looked like flowers at early dawn,
Although the sun just then the brightest shone—
Yet seemed less bright than they. An angel spake,
Thus GOD hath in His Image grand made man;

Male and female has HE created them.
Now HE will bless them ; hear and say Amen.
We heard GOD say to Adam and to Eve :—
“ I bless you ; fruitful be and multiply ;
The Earth replenish and subdue, and have
Dominion over all fish of the sea,
Fowls of the air, the cattle and all things
Which live and move upon the Earth. Behold,
To you I have for food given each herb
Seed-bearing, which is on the face of all
The Earth, and all the trees in the which there
Is the fruit of a tree yielding its seed ;
To you it is for meat ; to all the beasts,
Fowls of the air, everything that creeps
Upon the Earth wherein is life, I have
Ev’ry green herb given for meat, and it
Is so. Then God saw ev’rything that HE
Had made, and it was very good.” Thus did
The Sixth Day end.

H. Wilt go with me to talk
With Adam and with Eve ? I long to share
Their bliss, thus multiplying it for them.
Why was not Eve made of the clay of which
GOD Adam made ?

C. She is formed out of him,
Because, although the twain are one, yet she
Is made of fairer stuff than he to teach
That he must over her have tender care.
Less strength she needs ; for all of his is hers ;
She must be weak that Adam may have use
For strength. Were she as strong and large as he
He would not care so tenderly for wants

He will create that he may satisfy,
Knitting her life with his into a web
Of common thought. And his own rib made fair
And lovable—will never seem to be
So naturally placed as next his heart.

NOTE.—I wrote a large part of “The Creation” in 1857 while reading “The Testimony of the Rocks,” and so adopted Miller’s views to a certain extent.

DRAMA II.

A B E L ’ S W I D O W .

Act I.: Scene I

(*Abel’s Widow, alone.*)

Zilpah.—’Twas Adam said, Let the poor widow weep;

And then all went away and left me here
To weep and mourn alone. Abel is dead !
I never grieved before but he seemed to
Divine that I was sad, and hastened home,
And then, of course, my grief was quickly past.
When the sun shines, how soon is the dew gone !
Ah ! shall I never see behind the clouds
That shut me from my love ? Are they of lead ?
His mother says he’s dead ; ‘tis strange if she
Doth know. And can she then ? No, verily ;
I think that Eve hath turned into a stone.
She is as cold and—but her heart doth beat—
As dead as he. As he ? my love ! my joy !
Can he be dead ? I’ve had bad dreams before ;

But in his deepest sleep my lightest moan
He heard, and woke me with his gentlest kiss.
Oh God, but say this is a dream!—like dreams
Of night! I'll go again and lay mine ear
Upon his heart—it may beat now. He oft
Hath feigned sleep to make me kiss him more.
Dear Abel, I will gladly spend my breath
In kissing thee if thou wilt waken then.
How strange that God should let him be betrayed
By his own gentleness!—like a lamb laid
Bleeding and bound upon the altar of
His love, and of his brother's hate. May I
Be worthy now of one who hath been mine!
I pitied once the lamb which he would slay;
He quickly turned, with look more like reproach
Than any I had ever had from him, and said,
Most highly favored is the lamb which God
Hath madè spotless enough to be the type
Of His Own Son. Ah! A thought thrills me now.
He added, Gladly would he lay his life
Upon the altar where the lamb must die,
If God would deign to honor him as type
Of One Who Yet Would Come. A shudder then
Passed o'er his frame; I asked him why? He said,
Thoughtlessly, I have uttered blasphemy!
I knew him pure as any lamb could be;
God favored him more than the rest of men.
Shall I complain that I, who was his wife,
Must be his mourning widow now? Better
His widow than the wife of living man.
I'm glad I would not marry Cain. Poor Cain!
Poor Rachel! I must go and comfort her.

She stays away as though she were afraid
To look at me. My God, I thank Thee that
I am not she. I glory in my love;
E'en in stern death he is so beautiful.
I wonder if an angel-maiden in
The fields above loves him and woos him now—
Oh, useless effort! He is mine, and mine
For aye; he cannot be another's now.
Poor Rachel! I, in thinking of my loss,
Forgot her tortured heart. The wife of Cain!
Comfort her, O my God! What can I say
To one whose head must henceforth pillow'd be
On murderer's breast? Down, heart!

Scene II.

Zilpah.—Rachel, weep not so violently, dear.

Rachel.—Go! Go! I cannot bear the sight of
thee.

My heart is sick; my head is whirling round—
I know not what I do.

Z. I'll pray with thee.

R. I will not hear thee mutter curses on
Cain's head. He is mine own—ah! doubly mine
Own now; for none but me will look at him.

Z. I shall.

R. To blast him with a fiery eye.

Z. Nay, Rachel, look at me. My eyes are full
Of tears; and now these tears are for thy woe.

R. For mine! No! No! That is not so, I think;
For I can scarcely weep for thee.

Z. Nor need'st;
My husband is with God—the One whom best

He loved. I never had the heart to let
Him know how wretched I was when he went
Alone to worship God on the high top
Of mountain which I could not climb. He said
He knew it was not so, but still he felt
Nearer to God when he could see naught but
The things He made. I was quite wretched till
He came back home, and could not sleep or eat.
But thinkest that I could have let him know
Of this? He never would have gone again
Where my poor strength must fail to carry me;
And so when he came back to me, his face
Aglow with light that never fell upon the plain,
I talked of how the flowers had bloomed, and birds
Had caroled while he was away.

R. I can
Not understand such chilly love as that.

Z. Thou never hadst such teacher as I had.

R. But Cain hath often said I must not be
So selfish in my love.

Z. Has he? Then it
Is not so strange thou art; but Abel taught
Me lesson that I learned imperfectly,
By always thinking of my happiness.
I was shamed into being worthy of
The man who knew no self.

R. I'm sleepy now.

Z. Pardon that I have talked so much of what
Concerns thee not; but I thought thou wouldest
like

To know that as I'd not let Abel see
How much I missed him when he was away,

Because I would not rob him of the bliss
Of a few days; so now I cannot prove
So totally unworthy of his love
As e'er to wish him back.

R. Thou art so queer
And cold.

Z. Not unto thee, I hope. I came
To comfort thee.

R. Why? This is strange. Eve is
So lost in agony of her sole woe
She cannot see me yet.

Z. So I should think.
Poor Eve!

R. Poor Eve! Yes; but her husband lives.

Z. I do not like to whisper what I think.
Is not greater than thine her grief? Blame for
This deed of sin and woe thou canst not have.

R. Believest that? This comforts me. My mind
I've tortured much by thinking that I might
Have softened Cain's unkind—— I was too harsh;
Talk to me more; I'll listen to thee now.
Thy happiness no more can cast reproach
Upon my married life. Speak of *him*, too:
For he is dead—my husband is alive.

Z. I would thou couldst have heard how Abel
used
To teach us ev'ry day, when he the lamb
Did offer up, how we, if we would be
Forgiven, must forgive. But when I came
As a bride to his tent, I used to feel
Much anger when Cain wronged my husband kind.
Then he taught me of One Who Is To Come,

Of whom our lambs of daily sacrifice
Are but the types. Oh, how his face would glow,
More brightly than the stars in midnight hour!
And oft I could not comprehend all that
He felt; but this I knew: he said that I
Must gentle be, and unresisting as
The lambs he slew; must soothe the angry hearts
That injured me, as the lambs licked his hand
The while he bound them to the altar of
Their death. I loved his lessons once, for they
Were always taught with kisses fond; and now,
"Though he is dead, he speaketh unto me."
Come, let me pray with thee; then we will go
And comfort Cain—if he is still alive.

R. If he is still alive? Who dares to harm
My Cain?

Z. No man. But it was probable
He'd die of grief: I thought that I must die,
When first I saw mine only one struck to
The Earth and weltering in—— God!

R. Let's kill
Ourselves.

Z. Oh, horrible! Kneel quickly down
For fear some fiend hath heard those words,
And so will dare to come into our hearts.
I long for Abel; but I shall not go
To him until he calls; well I know that
Will be as soon as God permits. He wants
Me there as I him here.

DRAMA III.

THE BENEDICITE.

Act I.: Scene I.

Godary.—Wilt go with me to Dura's plain to see
If those three noble Hebrew youths will bow
Before the tyrant's breath as straw before
The hot monsoon ? Nebuchadnezzar hath
Set up a golden image of his god ;
And at the call of music all must fall
Upon their knees and bow their heads in awe,
At the gigantic shadow of a thought
That man's brain hath conceived and named a
god.

Meshach, Shadrach, Abednego are three
Young Jews of the Captivity, and in
Great Babylon as standard-bearers of
The truth of the I AM they walk. Shadrach
Is mine own charge : I think he will not kneel
To greatest idol that the world hath seen.
Oft I in dreams have given hints of one
Whose grandeur no man comprehends. His is
A poet's soul, thirsty as famished babe
For glory of our world. Full many hours
He spends in the Observatory of
The wise Chaldees, in study of sun, moon,
And stars. I saw him pluck a little blade
Of grass ; sighing he said, E'en thee I can
Not comprehend. How do the sun and rains
Nourish thy verdancy ? How growest thou ?

Abednego will smile at questions of
 This sort, and glibly tell of influence
 Of heat and shower ; but Shadrach knows replies
 That he and wise men make do not explain
 The how when they mere facts affirm.

Scene II.—Babylon.

“*Certain Chaldeans.*”* — O king, forever live !
 Thou a decree
 Hast made that all who hear the music of
 Flute, cornet, harp, sackbut, and psaltery,
 Shall worship image that thou hast set up ;
 And whoso will not worship shall be cast
 In fiery furnace. Three Jews whom thou
 Hast put over our Babylon regard
 Not thee, nor serve thy gods.”

Nebuchadnezzar.—(*Wrathfully.*) Bid them come
 here.

Scene III.

Nebuchadnezzar.—Can it be true, Shadrach,
 Abednego,
 Meshach, ye do not serve my gods, nor will
 Adore the image I have made ? Is this
 The gratitude ye show to me, who raised
 You high above the nobles of the land ?
 “If now ye worship not ye shall be thrown
 Into the midst of furnace doubly hot.
 And who is he who can deliver you
 Out of my hands ? ”

* Dan. chap. iii.

S. O king! we don't presume
To argue with thy majesty ; " but our
God whom we serve can save us from thy hand."

M. Or, if He will not, we can die ; but will
Not serve thy gods, nor will adore the gold,
Howe'er magnificent, thou hast designed.

Scene IV.—In the Furnace.

Abednego.—Strange that we do not feel the fire
that is

Like a great shrine to shut out wrath of man!

Meshech.—Around us is the cooling breath of
God.

The men who cast us in were quite consumed,
And we—we feel no harm. Glory to God!

A. Glory to God ! Shadrach, what seest thou ?
Thy face is radiant.

Shadrach.—Spirit beloved
And beautiful, so often visible
In dreams, reveal thy loveliness to them !

Angel.—God hath sent me to keep you company
Until HE comes.

A. Blessed be Thou for aye,
Our fathers' God ! Thy name is worthy to
Be praised. Righteous art Thou in all that Thou
To us hast done. Thy ways are right. In all
That Thou hast brought upon Jerusalem
Thou hast true judgment executed, for
Our sins deserved it all. But, for the sake
Of Thy beloved Abraham, and for
The sake of Isaac and of Jacob, let
Not Thy great mercy long depart from us.

Less than a nation are we now: no prince
 Nor leader can we boast; no place where we
 May sacrifice; nevertheless, we seek
 Thy Face: "Let us not be confounded, Lord."
 According to Thy works most marvellous
 Deliver us, and let our foes perceive
 Thou art the Lord, One God.

An. And, Shadrach, while
 We walk in midst of flames I shall reply
 To questions thou hast asked when I had not
 Power to reply to thee. Only in hot,
 Consuming trials can man see his guard,
 Whom in his happiness he ne'er forgot.
 In all the works of God is cause for praise.

S. "Oh, all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord!*

M. and *A.* Praise Him and magnify Him for-
 ever!"

M. Ye angels, who behold what God hath done
 For man, and who know marvels compassed not
 By David's songs sublime, "Bless ye the Lord!"

S. and *A.* "Praise Him and magnify Him for-
 ever!"

An. Ye see the blue expanse above our heads.
 It is an ocean fathomless to all
 But ONE, and in it float sun, moon, and stars,
 All in their ranks; in mystic circles wheel
 They round God's Throne.

S. "Ye heavens, bless

ye the Lord."

M. and *A.* "Praise Him and magnify Him for-
 ever!"

* Song of the Three Children in Apocrypha.

An. Water, that in man's hands is formless and
 Quite colorless, in God's, assumes all shapes
 And hues ; and there is nothing in this world
 As beautiful as clouds that float above.
 They are but water drawn up from the earth
 By the sun's rays, to fall in blessings on
 The land ; e'en so men's spirits rise, by power
 Of God, above the world, and thence descend
 To bless mankind and fertilize dry souls.

S. "Ye waters in the firmament, bless God !"

M. and A. "Praise Him and magnify Him for-
 ever !"

An. In Heaven's hierarchy there are grades.

M. Because both there and here doth order
 reign.

An. How different those grades from ranks that
 man

Creates ! Formed for no cause, they are of no
 Account but to amuse vain children of
 A day. The highest Throne, * next God, is yet
 The lowliest ; and all who boasted of
 Their pride were sent to follow Satan, who
 Is Pride self-deified. The highest Powers
 Are swiftest servants of God's will.

S. "Oh, all
 Ye Powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord !"

M. and A. "Praise Him and magnify Him for-
 ever !"

An. The sun is emblematic of God's Eye ;
 But as man's vision cannot pierce the space

* Col. i. 16.

That spreads millions of mites 'twixt it and Him,
 He thinks it near and small ; his minister,
 The moon, shines but because it does, and is
 Unconscious that in hours of darkness it
 Is messenger from God. Such, children of
 The Lord, have ye been in this Babylon.

S. " Oh ye (great) Sun and Moon, bless ye the
 Lord ! "

M. and *A.* " Praise Him and magnify Him for-
 ever ! "

An. The Stars may now be landing-places for
 Imagination to rest on when it
 Attempts to measure majesty of God ;
 But when ye are as I, ye'll visit them,
 And find them centres of revolving worlds.

S. " Oh (all) ye Stars of heaven, bless ye the
 Lord ! "

M. and *A.* " Praise Him and magnify Him for-
 ever ! "

An. " O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
 Bless ye the Lord ! Exalt Him above all.".

M., A., and S. " He hath delivered us from hell,
 and saved

Us from the hand of death, and rescued us
 Out of the midst of burning flames. Give thanks
 Unto the Lord, because gracious is HE."

An. " Let all who worship Him, bless Him, the
 God

Of Gods ! Praise Him and give Him thanks, for
 His mercy endureth forever ! "

S., M., and A. Amen.

DRAMA IV.

ST. PAUL IN ATHENS.

Acts xvii. 18-34.

(Euryades, an Epicurean, and Ormenus, a Stoic.)

Ormenus.—What news to-day?

Euryades.—None, friend.

O. Now, that is news

Indeed. To say in Athens there is naught
That's new in science, art, philosophy,
Or game to-day!E. Well, yes. Some gossip I
Remember to have heard, but fear that thou
Wilt scorn as insult to philosopher,
Such trash. There is a little Jew whom men
Call Saul, or Paul, or some such name, who sets
Up a new god.O. Tut! tut! That is no news.
This olive put forth a fresh bloom this morn;
But information such as that I'd not
Term novelty. Athenian fools will have
Gods quite as numerous as are their whims
Or appetites. Let children have new toys.
Ye Epicureans are wiser set of fools—E. Than Stoics who boast so much of
Their sense. But they are right. How could we
find
It out did not they prate of it so oft?
Thou say'st, I am an Epicurean,
But not of the new-fashioned sort of whom

Our founder now would be ashamed, could he
Return and learn whose name they bear.

O. Thy life

Is nobler far than thy philosophy,
Better than that of the vain butterflies
Who wear men's robes ; thy dialectics, though,
As puerile. Gods are of atoms made,
Thou say'st ; for my part I'll not worship what
Is less than I.

*E. More atoms fall to them
Than to thy frail humanity.*

O. How then

Can they go where I cannot pass ? Both thou
Maintain'st. The dozen gods and goddesses
Of highest rank, and those of lower caste,
With their earth-progeny, have sat on Mount
Olympus, where but half as many men
Could not stand at one time.

E. But thou forget'st—

*O. That reason's not to be expected in
Mythologies.*

*E. Thou shouldst consider that
The elder poets, who saw such fine sight,
Perceived—as we see other objects—but
The images of the immortal ones.*

O. As we see, say'st ? I am no image, friend.

*E. Yea. I perceive but image of thyself,
Or rather of the atoms men call thee.
Stoic, thou sneerest.*

*O. No : not I. Why should
I care how big a fool thou art ? I'm used
To children's lying legends. Fangh ! Naught I*

Regard but to preserve myself in an
Unbroken calm. I am on mountain-peak
Of grand philosophy, amused by sheep
Called Epicureans, who gambol at
My feet.

E. By Jove!

O. By a faint shadow of
Some atoms blown together, called a god!

E. Well, I'll be true to my gay creed, and
laugh;

Thou, being quite as surly as a bear,
Must even growl at will: Stoics are like
Their prototype, the bear, half of the year
Asleep, snarling the other half, like—

O. Thee.

So I will laugh for both. Give me more news.

E. Which Stoics never care to learn. How oft
I wonder much why they e'er eat or sleep,
Not caring so to do.

O. Canst thou not tell
Me who is Paul?

E. A sheep as young as I
Likes play. Oh! this vile Jew is “setter forth
Of some strange god”—preposterous! I'm sure
Of gods we have enough.

O. But atoms will
Together blow, and sometimes they must chance
To form a deity. Perhaps, this man
Has seen a shadow of a new one in
The clouds.

E. Perverter of a theory
Too fine for thee to grasp, I'll—

O. Bottle up

In cobwebs an old truth. Can Paul do that?

E. And more. He says that those who have
lain in

The Ceramicus for long years will rise

Again.

O. Why not? Why should not atoms rise?

They're light.

E. But how, O sage! can images
Of men e'er rise? I'd like to hear thee or
The Hebrew answer that.

O. What he'd affirm

I cannot guess. But, for myself, I've seen
The shadow of some smoke arise. As we
Have naught to do to-day, suppose we hear
Paul for himself? Knowest thou where he dwells?

E. I know where lives low-born barbarian!

In Areopagus he will declaim
This noon. Canst hear him if thou will'st: for me
It is too warm; I'll to Ilissus go
To bathe with nymphs and nereids.

O. With shades

Of water-atoms, meanest thou? Farewell.

Scene II.

(*Ormenus, walking towards the Areopagus, meets Pausanias.*)

Pausanias.—Hail, Ormenus! Where goest thou?

Ormenus.—To Hill
Of Mars to hear a Jew.

P. Make his defence?

O. No ; he will there proclaim a god he has
Discovered in the clouds or in his brain.

P. It's scandalous that any man unknown
Should be allowed to desecrate the spot
That was to Solon venerable as
His laws to us. There god younger than he
Is now to be announced to pack of fools.

O. There is a crowd.

P. In Athens that is naught.

O. No ; but I'll call to an acquaintance if
One I perceive ; I'd like to know more of
This Paul. Time oft hangs heavily. I like
To be amused.

P. There's Dionysius wise.

O. Hail Dionysius! Wait! What is the cause
Of this great throng?

Dionysius.—Going to hear a Jew,
A Pharisee, a scholar of the famed
Gamaliel ; and "no mean fellow," this ;
A free-born Roman he.

P. Then I'll not sneer
That Dionysius, Areopagite
Of fame, runs after Hebrew mean.

D. I hold
Myself too proud to let a Jew know more
Than I, if he will share with me his lore.
In many schools hath Paul disputed with
Philosophers, and none have silenced him ;
And so we have invited him to speak
To us where all can criticise, in hope
To find a clue to spoil his argument.

Scene III. In Areopagus.

(*The remarks in parentheses made by the three philosophers in undertones.*)

St. Paul.—“Ye men of Athens, I perceive in all Things ye too superstitious are.”

(*O.* I would that I Had made Euryades come here.)

“As I passed by

I saw an altar dedicated to
The Unknown God. Him whom in ignorance
Ye now adore declare I unto you.

He made the world and all things else of heaven
And earth.”

(*D.* That’s easier to believe than that They made themselves.)

“He’s Lord of all.”

(*P.* Why, Paul Means Jove.

O. No; for we know him well enough.

D. Too well to worship him. We know his crimes And follies all. Thou art not, nor am I, As weak as he—if he exists at all.

O. Hear Paul.)

“God dwelleth not in temples made With hands.”

(*P.* Paul is an atheist.)

“Nor is He worshipped by your offerings.”

(*O.* Here is A man of sense, one worthy to be taught All our philosophy.)

“And He needs naught.”

(O. I'll make that Jew my friend ; he's bold as wise.

We would not dare to tell the people this.)

“He gave to us life, breath, all things ; and He Hath made of one blood all the nations of The earth.”

(P. He's like the rest of the most learned Philosophers—fooled by his theories.)

“The bounds of all men's habitations God Hath fixed. Seek ye the Lord, your Unknown God ; Feel after Him and find.”

(D. Hath the Jew come Across the sea to tell us this ? That is What we for ages have done fruitlessly.

I hoped he'd found what we have vainly sought.

(P. I doubt if God is anywhere to find.)

“He is not far from ev'ry one of us.”

(P. Nor is the sky ; and yet we cannot pierce Its mystery.)

“In Him we live and move ; Our being hold in Him. His offspring we.”

(O. Aratus hath said that.)

“As one of your Own poets said.”

(D. He's honest, too.)

“If we Of God the offspring are, we should not think That He is like to silver, gold, or stone,”

(P. For we are not of so much worth as they.)

“Graven by man's device.”

(O. How can fools know

How they should carve the images of forms
They never saw?)

“ God winked in pity at
The times of ignorance, but now commands
Each one of you, repent. A day He hath
Appointed in which He will judge the world
In righteousness by one Man He ordained.”

(O. One man to judge us all ! That's good.)

“ Of what

I say He hath assurance given men
By raising Him up from the dead.”

(O. More tales

And fables of the gods. Oh Paul, how thou
Hast disappointed me !

P. What else didst thou
Expect from Hebrew base ?

D. I'll follow him.

He's greater than philosopher I've heard
Or read of yet. In earnest he ; he doth
Not play the oracle to make men stare.
No ! what in public this Paul says he will
Not sneer at in a private school.)

NOTE.—I have dared to introduce the Dionysius referred to
in Acts xvii 34, whom Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, and
Eusebius say was the first Bishop of Athens.

January 24, 1865.

Drama V.

R O M E .

Act I.—The Catacombs.

Mazza.—Come, Calla, I shall show thee a strange sight.

Calla.—Whither fly we?

M. To thy pet world, the Earth.

C. Aye; gladly I shall go.

M. How soft the air!

C. How blue the sky! Another Paradise?

M. No; this is Italy, land of bright skies,
Blue lakes, and pretty views.

C. And, Mazza, will
We find another Adam here?

M. Those who
Have come in a long line from him. The men
Etruscans are.* Now, darling, enter here.

C. Ah! I perceive why we have hither come.
When Lanthus talked with me in the pearl-bower,
Thou sawest how I longed to see the homes
That men, unconscious quite of what they did,
Were hewing out of earth for those who will
Adore and love, and follow joyfully
Our God, when lovingly below He will
Descend. But Oh! these caves, that must be dark
To mortal eyes, can never be the homes
Allotted to the followers of Christ.

* Müller.

M. Yes ; knowest thou not that they will be born
In sin, and will bear suffering and death ?

C. And glory, Mazza ! Whenever that word
Death falls on my ears, they tingle with
The sound until my lips cry "glory," and
I think that God, who but created us,
Will die for men, and make them one with Him.
Happy am I, and satisfied ; yet, not
An angel, I should wish to be a man.
But, dearest, why will those who Christians will
Be called have to dwell here ?

M. To hide from their
Pursuers.

C. Pursuers ! I thought that they
Who love our God are safe.

M. And so they are ;
For death is glory given them. But all
Men will not love the Christ.

C. What sayest thou ?
The air is earthy, and I heard not well.
I deemed thou saidst a thing so very strange
That I must tell thee so as thou may'st laugh
As mortals do. I thought thou saidst that some
Their Saviour would not love. Now laugh, as men,
When they hear strangest things.

M. Thou heardest well.
Satan and all his hordes are laughing at
Thy words ; but if an angel's eyes had tears,
I should shed bitterer than poor Eve did.

C. Ah, Mazza ! thou art trifling with me now.
Thou will'st to see if tears are possible
For angels when they dwell as much on Earth

As I delight to do. Thou hast seen those
Who teased the ones they loved : but was that well ?
How canst thou try to be like silly men ?

M. I would that it were but a jest ! But it
Is truth !

C. Truth !

M. Aye. Thou ken'st that Jesus must
To cruel Cross be nailed, and these who nail
Him there must hate Him first.

C. Kill Him for hate !
No, never ! Never, no !

M. Thou sawest what
Isaiah and some other Prophets wrote,
And one of the Dominions told thee this.

C. Oh, no ! Not what thou say'st. I knew that
He

For men would die ; but, I supposed that they
Would, wailing, bind Him to the trembling Cross
While He encouraged them to do His will,
And forced them to obey, while promising
The seats nearest to Him if they would nerve
Their palsied hands to offer Him as their
Great Sacrifice—then die of broken hearts,
Hast'ning to follow Him. What was the woe
Of Abraham, when called upon to kill
His son, compared with theirs, who will be forced
To hang their Maker on the Cross ?

M. Some men
Will clamor for his death, accusing him
Of crimes.

C. Of crimes ! Dare to accuse the God
Of crimes ! Satan hath never thus presumed.

M. Bad men bolder than Satan are, for they
Know less of Heaven and Hell, of misery
And bliss. A judge unjust will fear to set
Christ free: the ones who truly love will flee
From Him, and those who hate will bind Him to
The Cross. When He has died, risen, and gone
To Heaven again, then they will hate those who
Revere His memory, and worship Him;
And them too they will persecute into
Eternal life. Some will escape from rack
And tortures worse than death, and hiding in
These dark and winding crypts, will have a church
Where more secretly they may worship God.
Is it not sweet to think that some will love
Him thus?

C. *Some* love Him thus! *Some* love *HIM* thus?
Mazza, I never more can hither come;
I do not like to carry thoughts like mine
Before God's Throne. Let us go hence. Satan
I shunned; now Satan seems an angel bright
Compared to Adam's progeny. Satan
Or man for company, I'd choose the least
Ingrate. The Devil knows God will not die
For him. Nonsense we talk. God die in vain!

M. Let us fly now, and see the buildings grand
And beautiful, that these Etruscans raise
With what they quarry here. Unconsciously
They work for those unborn. But always men
Do thus. Unthinking ones!

C. Stay here! No; I
Shall go to see if God is all I think
He is, and if I find that he is still

Omnipotence and Love unfathomed, I
Shall know that foolish words, like men's mistakes,
Have blown from earth to ns, and that I now
Have hearkened to the strangest of them all.

Act II.: Scene I.

Mazza.—Wilt go with me again to visit Earth?

Calla.—Oh no!

M. It cannot be that thou hast been
O'er there so oft that thou hast learned the weak
Impulses of its silly men.

C. It is

Divine to shrink from wickedness.

M. Rather

To pity it.

C. With all my heart I do;

And if my wings could waft from ingrates' souls
Their vile ingratitude, there would I go.
But, Mazza, Heaven is brighter now. Better
I love its azure bowers than those that wear
The earthly green: no serpents here to hiss
Their scorn at those who fell by wile; to mock
The tendrils of our vines, whose fragile stems
Ne'er break beneath the cherubs' airy weight,
But bend obedient in answering
Each sweet caprice of mirth cherubic as
Though they loved graceful play; but if these
vines

Could crawl about our star-paved floor to work
The darlings woe, how could they know which
stems

Were nocuous, and which could safely be

Braided in their soft curls, or wreathè their brows?

Is it not strange that things quite senseless here Should there become so very venomous?

M. Hast not thou heard the cause?

C. And is there one?

M. When Satan and his hosts were driven hence, They passed the Earth in their swift flight to Hell; Some had bound pretty vines of many hues About their heads, and as they flew did cast Them sullenly into metallic fires, Which to their hate seemed their doom to presage. Them did the fires belch forth, and straightway they

Did crawl about, retaining traces few Of pristine beauty, but quite venomous, For they had drunk the sweat from brows of fiends.

Wilt go to Earth?

C. I cannot, sweet. Fly thou, If so thou will'st. If there thou findest all Is fair, but bring me word, and I shall much Rejoice. Now I shall go to God, and gaze Upon His Face. Ah! would that man could know How glorious He is! How beautiful!

Act II.: Scene II.—Earth.

Mazza.—Kennah, what means this gathering?

Kennah.—These men.

Forgetting the true God, believe in chance.

M. In chance! That's marvellous!

K. They here have come

To watch the flight of birds, and learn who is
To be their king.

M. Oh, boys at play! I did
Not understand.

K. But full-grown boys, who strive
To read the sentence of their fate.

M. Suppose
They birds know more than men?

K. Perhaps! Who comes?
Great woe! It is Cocaxlit, who hies here
To work some sin. So I shall haste to God
And ask permission to o'ercome him yet.

M. (Alone.) Swiftly he flies. His wings appear
to lure
The varied tints from all Earth's brightest flowers.*

Act III.—Brutus.

Brutus.—My soul is strongly stirred within me
now.

Must I, before my spirit's vanquished, bow,
Like captive-slave, my free head to the man
Whom I have helped in his ascent to power?
Am I so low that he may set his foot
Upon my neck? He hath already on
The heart, once his, trampled most cruelly.
I cannot be the slave of him whose friend
I was. I am not low enough for that.
O Liberty, bid the gods make me strong
To fell the tyrant to the earth! Shall I

* I had intended to write a drama about Romulus; but being interrupted got out of the humor, and I never force my muse.

Fear death when Liberty is dead ? I was
Not made to crawl at despot's feet : upright
The gods made me, that I might hold my head
Ever above my heart. Down, friendship ! Cease
The torturing of nerves unstrung. I ne'er
Have cared for hate : shall I turn coward now
For love ? And love of whom ? A man who when
Content to be my equal, was beyond
Me far ; but when he raised himself above
The laws, he fell so far beneath me that
I cannot now stand by him face to face.
Is he too low ? Or I too high ? We'll see
When comes the time to strike. I may fall then ;
But verily, my monument will stand
On Despotism's grave, and I shall hear
Through all the ages hence the pæans of
Disenthralled Liberty. I dare to risk
A cruel death ; but am not strong enough
To wear a tyrant's yoke. I'll sleep the sleep
That Freedom does, or waken her to life ;
For while I live she shall not rot.

Clitus.—Brutus,

"Tis useless to contend with Cæsar's might.

B. Useless to show men Cato's spirit lives,
Though he dwells with the gods ! At least I can
Die to be free, and so be worthy of
Companionship of those who ne'er were slaves.
The servile Senate, pack of hounds, that fears
The whippers-in, decreed his statue should
Be carried in procession with the gods :
But Cæsar made not me, so him I will
Not worship ; some of the base populace

He has made men—as riches often do—
They are his pompons slaves. Let them bow down
At altars dedicated to a knave !
My knees are rather stiff for worship such
As that. Not I a priest to celebrate
Crushed Freedom's obsequies, or marriage of
God Cæsar to fierce Tyranny. Why should
I care for his proud life when he cares not
For that of Tribes ? Let broken hearts write his
Late history, and let pale shades in sad
And pining Hades write my Life.

1865.

NOTE.—Had I held the opinion of Brutus that I now hold, I could not have written this in his name. Did not he strike for the freedom of the aristocracy only ? In other words, if he and his peers were free, the people need not be.

Act IV. : Scene I.—The Catacombs.

Calla.—Dost thou remember, Mazza, the fair land
On Earth thou calledst Etruria, where thou
Didst tell to me how men would crucify
Their Christ ?

Mazza.—Yea; very well do I recall
The spot. Far have we wandered since. Wilt wing
With me thy way to see those caves hollowed
By the Etrurians for men unborn !

C. Yes. Words that I supposed were of the
Earth's
Mistakes, I since have seen fulfilled. But I
Remember gladly that thou saidst that some
Would worship the Lord Christ within those crypts.
Let us go now to fair Etruria.

M. Italia now is what Etruria was,
And Romans rule the land.

C. What kind of men
Are they ?

M. Pagans and rude, but very learned ;
The rulers of the world that's known to them :
But with fierce hate and scorn they persecute
The followers of Christ who hide within
The caves.

C. Let us now visit them. I long
Again to see the world that erst I loved
So well.

M. And why this change, since men have done
Unto our God Made Manifest in Flesh
All that of which the prophecy turned thee
From Earth ?

C. Because I have seen many men,
Women, and children, who have glorified
His name more than we angels can : because
He did not die for us, we cannot die
For Him. We praise Him in our bliss ; they in
The anguish of pain-lacerated lives.

Act IV.: Scene II.—In the Catacombs of St. Calixtus.

Mazza.—Wilt enter, Sweet ?

Calla.—It is not very dark—
Not as it was before. Though lamps give light
As sullenly as if the nether world
Were breathing forth her spite in noxions air ;
Yet other wings of angels, like ourselves,
E'er dissipate the atmosphere that chill
And heavy rises to our feet. Oh ! look

At those dark eyes that gleam with lambent light
Of love ; brighter are they than stars as seen
From Earth. List to the chant that woman pale
And sad sings to her babe, who sleeps upon
Her breast as gracefully as golden curl
On cherub's brow—more tremblingly.

M. Hark ! Hark !

(*A mother chants slowly and heavily :*)

Snatch, baby mine,
Ere sun doth shine,
A little rest
On mother's breast.
By dawn of day
I must away :
Sleep while I pray.
Enjoy thy rest
On mangled breast,
My precious one !
When shines the sun
We two must part :
Thy mother's heart
Will be like ice.
The sacrifice
Is now complete.
Sleep on, my sweet !
I must not mourn ;
My body torn
Upon the rack,
I shall give back
To native dust ;
And strangers must
Now guard my child.

(*More cheerfully.*)

But the Undefiled
Will ever be near ;
Wherefore need I fear ?
He'll purge thee from sin,
Dwell thy heart within,
Restore thee to me
In His purity.
Sleep on, baby sweet !
Come, angels, to meet
My blood-ransomed soul !
I'm nearing death's goal ;
I feel their sweet breath —
Do men call it death
To breathe angels' breath ?
When they embrace me
I'll send them to thee —
If such be God's will —
To guard thee from ill.
I know Christ will be
A mother to thee ;
He'll hush thee to rest
Thou wilt feel caressed
When thou art alone,
Though none heed thy moan.
Wait one moment, Death !
I ask but one breath ;
I'm ready for bliss.
A kiss, child, a kiss !
Gently, Death, gently !
Lest groans come from me.
No tears will I weep —
Let my baby sleep.

C. Mazza, I shall fly now in haste to God,
And beg that he will let me guard this child,
Whose mother dies, martyr for Him. Sleep, babe!

M. I shall watch here until thou com'st again.

Scene III.

Prudentius and Varus.

Varus.—Eunna is dead.

Prudentius.—Alive! Alive to God!

V. Go call her friends, if any she has here,
That they may clothe her body in its sweet
White sleeping-robes, and I will make the bed
To lay her tortured body in. Thank God
Her sufferings are done! Alas, her babe!

P. The mother's God will not forsake the child.

V. What motto shall I cut to mark her bed?

P. Her precious Saviour's anagram, as on
A wedding-ring we carve the lover's crest.

V. And under that I'll mark, "A sweet soul in
A place of refreshment." * Ah! well I know
Her mangled limbs had need to be refreshed
Ere Resurrection-morn, and her worn heart
Was ready for death's calm.

P. And now it rests;
No anguish and no torture where she is.

V. Her little babe shall be to me as mine.

Scene IV.

Varus in the Catacombs, with Leda in his arms.

V. O'er wiser thoughts, but crude, I lay a veil
That trembles 'neath the dying breath of hope

* Bishop Kip gives this inscription in "Visit to the Catacombs."

Of worldly fortune : Fancy's flow'rets pale
That might have graced my bridal with a rich
Patrician's daughter, breathe through this soft
veil

Of resignation, and their odors bid
Me wait a longer while until the King
Returns to wed the Church and take her to
His Home. But in my father's mansion there
Was never picture charming as is this
I hold within my arms—reminder of
Christ's Babyhood. The freecurls of brown hair
Creep into golden light, but cannot reach
The forehead, full of empty nests, where Love
And Faith and Fancy yet will lay rare eggs,
And rear their tuneful broods to gladden age
Of an old bachelor. And, like two stars
Resting in fleecy clouds, under their lids
Of snow, are the sweet eyes that oft are full
Of light Divine, such as I once supposed
Only Saint John had had. Glorious eyes,
That promise to be sad and harmonize
With sighs, learn to look into mine with trust !
Babe, prayers shall overshadow all thy days
And, like the noiseless wings of angels, keep
Thee pure. Thy lips, that smiled but now, sink to
Repose like a rose-tinted butterfly
On a white flower. Now thou dost gently reach
Thy fingers small after the angels, thus
Beseeching them to come into thy arms.
This half-worn smile is not of earth, but full
Of gladness caught in Heaven where thou wert
When I said, Baby sleeps. Now, dimples come

And go in joyful freaks. Goddaughter, where
Thou art there joy abides—e'en in these crypts;
As there is life and music even in
A desert if a stream flows by. Thou liv'st
In childhood's land of peace, and bringest to
Me olive leaves, but to suggest that when
The persecutions of this life are o'er
I shall be happy as a little child.
Now thou must romp? Well, am not I a good
Automaton thy wilfulness may guide?
Alive with agile grace is ev'ry limb.
Thy dark eyes softly dance in tender glee,
And answer my proud gaze with revelry
As full of joy as song of nightingale
Is full of melody. Thy hand, proud of
Its tiny threat, on my rough cheek will fall,
And teach new lesson of a glad, new life.

Act V. : Scene I.

(*Twenty years have elapsed.*)

Leda.—Where wert thou all the long hours of
this sad

And dreary month?

Varus.—Linus sent me away
To fan the feeble flame of smould'ring flax.
And hast thou missed me much? Thank
God for that!

FATHER, I THANK THEE THAT I LIVE TO BEAR
The din and brunt of life; *
For now I hear a chant like angels' air
Resounding through the strife.

I've made a barren life seem happier
And, by a loving smile,
Have dried a tear and calmed a rising fear,
Unconscious all the while
That Thou wert answering my oft-told prayer—
Wert blessing me beyond
What even fancy bold as mine would dare
To draw within the bound
Of reveries that likely were to be
For me a verity.

God bless the darling child!—
The one who blesses me day after day!
My thoughts she has beguiled
From dreams of old that wear all joy away.
To think that I can cheer
Heart which has known pangs that few girls
have felt,
Whose youth has been a bier
To carry dead hopes to the grave, where knelt
In resignation dumb,
The days that are to come.
And who am I that Thou shouldst let me bless—
While oft from Thee I roam—
One fitting for Thy HOME?
How sweet in Thee to let her fond caress
Heat my long-chillèd heart!
To send such love to make my sorrows less
Oh God, how kind Thou art!

L. If love of mine can make thee happy, thou,
Godfather, should'st be in an ecstasy.

V. But thou art thin, I think. Thou dost look ill.

L. I have a hidden trouble, and it gnaws.

V. Thou wilt tell it to me.

L. Would that I could!

V. Thou canst.

L. I am too proud to tell thee of
A love I give to one thou wilt not like.
Why dost thou look so startled?

V. Do not cry,

ON MY HEART LAY THY PROUD HEART

And I will give no sign
To let thee know that thou art
By love's bond kin of mine.

I long to save thee, dearie,
From much I have endured ;
For, it would greatly pain me
To see thee as inured

To bear life's hapless burden
With smile as calm as mine :
God save thee from the guerdon
Of pride, that will not pine,

But makes the spirit stronger
To love and to endure !
I know those suffer longer
Whom pride seems first to cure.

On my heart lay thy sad heart ;
I'll scarcely hear it beat,

For alas, my own is fraught
With love as sad and fleet.

L. And so, godfather, in thy youth thou didst
Love as I do—I mean, quite hopelessly.
I would I had goddaughter who, when I
Am an old maid, will love me as I thee.

V. Dear Leda, thou art now to me what once
The sparkling sea-foam was to wild boyhood ;
And my love for thee is blue ocean's depth.

L. Thanks ! I am frothy ; thou art very deep.
But I pray thee, remember that the foam
Is drawn from out the blue sea's deepest depths :
Were there no ocean, where the foam thou lik'st ?

Scene II.

Calla.—Ah, Mazza, must my darling pet grow
like
The maids of earth ? I loved her as man loves
A flower that blooms in desert sands, because
She was of things around no part ; but seemed
Alone 'mid men in sweet simplicity.
And now a spell is on her ev'ry act :
False part she plays, is false unto herself.
I know that she loves Marcus ; why should she,
Avoiding him, by acts express a lie ?
Thou know'st when angels or sweet children love
They show the fairest part of their true selves ;
And Leda I would keep a child until
She may an angel be. Then, Marcus has
Immortal soul for which the Saviour died ;
And yet, although a noble man, he loves

Him not ; it was the beauty of my child
That drew him to the Christians' haunts, and
 love

Still keeps him here. If she is cold to him
He will go off before he learns the truth
Of her grand faith, and thus will lose his soul.
And is a man's great soul thus to be cast
Back to the gods of wood and stone by one
Whose mother gave her life for Christ ?

Mazza.—Perchance

The maiden knows more of his spirit than
Thou dost, and sees her soul not safe if bound
To his. Knowest thou aught of his past life ?

C. But little ; only that he has adored
Ever, as now, the beautiful and pure;
Eschewed abominable, wicked rites
Of Dionæa, and all mysteries
Where Satan entertains his votaries.

M. From what thou hast told of thy Leda's truth
And purity, I shall her impulse trust.
Dost know the shell-fish small that covers with
Rude pebbles and rough grains of sand his frail
And delicately-tinted house, that foes
May pass the home wherein he dwells, nor know
That 'neath the common grains of sand there hides
The treasure that they fain would seize upon ?

C. Yes ; I have seen this trochus on the shores
That earthly oceans lave ; but what has it
To do with Leda's mood ?.

M. She buries 'neath
The words of worn humanity the thoughts
That Marcus cannot comprehend, or if

He could, would greet with words profane and coarse

To ears as delicate as hers; they shall
Not be the prey of want of sympathy.

C. No feeling for him shows she now.

M. Hast seen

The spider callèd diadem?

C. Not like

Thee, do I watch the wonders of small life.
Tell me of it.

M. It weaves its cunning web

Of threads so strong that though weight of child's foot

May make them crack, yet when the boy doth look
To see what his foot fell upon, finds naught
But bright sunlight that he hath trodden on;
So rapidly the spider whirls around
In silken net that he cannot be seen.

Thus sometime may the words of Marcus have
Fallen too harshly on the fibres of
A life that love had deftly woven in
A silver web that harbored her pure dreams.

But "glances oft in rapid whirl," the heart
Too sensitive, hiding itself in web
Of its own thoughts; man looks and sees no love,
Sees only what he deems false brilliancy.
Behold her now. The tears she shed have dried
Upon her cheeks; like rose-hued marble * are
They, freshly washed. Will she come in this
crypt?

* A friend of mine spoke of a lady's cheeks as rose-colored marble.

(*Leda singing:*)

OH, MY MOTHER IS SO HAPPY,
 Joying, joying evermore!
 Do you think that I would call her
 Back to woes she knew of yore?
 Here the air is damp and chilly,
 And I shiver this grim night;
 But I know that she is singing,
 Her dear face illumed with light.
 Here she bore all griefs so gently;
 There she joys triumphantly.
 Can I bear her cross as meekly
 Till God comes—next time for me?
 No; I cannot; but, my Angel,
 Give her good-night kiss for me
 Tell her at heart I'm still a child,
 And my mother long to see.

Scene III.

Calla and Mazza.

Calla.—There sits the poet of the Catacombs.
 Wilt hear his verse?

Varus.—OH, WEARY, WEARY CROSS!
 Christ, was it not enough to bear the loss
 Of the fair light of youth,
 And give myself up, heart and soul, to truth
 And its spread through the world?
 Ah! this was easy while Thy Hand unfurled
 Itself above me as a banner where
 Was written “Love” in characters as fair
 As is the smile of God.
 But now I feel the rod,

The while, O Father, all is dark around
And I by many counter-chains am bound

While skies above are black

I lie in grief, like culprit on the rack,
And know not which part of my inner life
Will be wrenched from me by this torture-strife ;
“ My God ! my God, hast thou forsaken me ? ”
I the first time have said in agony.

Like Job, I cannot see

Thy Hand stretched out to me.

Could I but feel the rod was in *Thy* Hand
I think that I could stand,
Like humbled child, the hardest of Thy strokes ;

For, while the child invokes

Thy pity, he is sure that it is right
That he should suffer thus, that the sad sight

Of Thy fond eyes may melt

His erring heart, and he feels Thon hast dealt

As loving Parent should ;

So, even now I would

See Thy kind Hand in ev’ry chastisement
Until the agony that’s in me pent
Breaks forth in soft’ning tears.

Lord, as I look back on my youthful years,
I see but one cross bitter as this is ;
For others’ faults I suffered then ; but this
Grief may come from some negligence of mine,
Some overweening love of peace ; not Thine
The Hand that I can see in what is wrong.
Father, I boasted that my faith was strong ;
Hast Thou let this grief fall that I may see
That it was weak, and came from only Thee ?

O Saviour, give this faith back unto me
That I may lose what's past in what's to be!

(*Varus kneels in evening prayer and retires. In the morning soliloquizes.*)

OFTEN A HOPE ILLUMES MY HEART

In the dark hours of night ;
I will not sleep for fear I'll lose
Some rays of the strange light.
But, in the morning, when I seek
For fire that made night bright,
I find none ; then I understand
Will-o'-the-wisp its flight
Took, while soft-footed slumber stole
O'er my enchanted brain ;
And I find I am in a marsh
Where hope stagnates in pain.

Scene IV.

Varus.—IN SUCH A FAIR AND ROSY FACE
The large, sad eyes seem out of place—
Mute tokens of an inward grace.

And yet her very smile, I thought,
A dream of some hushed sorrow brought,
That Piety bade pass for naught.

Clouds flitted o'er the moon's bright brow
A moment since, yet smiles she now
As though she would not grief allow
To find a place so near God's Throne
If He will keep her for His Own
Better that she should be alone

Than to shine with the sun by day ;
'Tis better not to be too gay,
For sorrow teaches how to pray.

Farewell, imaginary Muse ! Give place
To her who doth in truth inspire my song.

Leda.—I am sad, Varns. Please now improvise
Some comfort. Tell me of our daily friends.

V. ANGEL FORMS MAY HOVER O'ER ME
When through life's mist I can't see
E'en the Father's Eye above me.
Could I trust them as they love me !
Drooping head would fain repose
On the breast whence my life rose.
My thoughts, like a nest of birds,
Hungry are for music words
That would tell me Mother waits—
Though closed on her are life's gates—
To give me food that she has brought,
With celestial fragrance fraught.

L. Thauks, truest friend, when I feel desolate,
Thon knowest how to make me realize
My Mother's presence. Oh, I long for her !

V. My Leda won't be angry if again
I improvise ?

L. Angry with my best friend !

V. Well, child, I do deserve a recompense ;
For, truly, it is hard to be thy friend.
Don't look so shocked, my sweet. I can't explain.
Don't cry : rather attend to what I say.

OH NO! I CANNOT LOVE HIM NOW,
There is a stain upon his brow—
The mark of sinful passion's breath :
I cannot kiss it—'twould be death.
The man whose brow my lips will press
Must never by a blush confess
That his life is less pure than mine.
Love, like a spirit, leaves no sign
On blushing cheek and burning brow ;
But with deep calmness doth endow
The being whom its lips have prest,
In holy presage of the rest
We shall find when flesh is riven,
And to spirits pure 'tis given,
To mingle as the breath of flowers,
Which consecrates the evening hours
To dreams of love and purity,
Which There, if not here, we may see,
Merged in the bright reality
Of God's august Eternity.
I cannot enter a dark cave
Whose poison-breath prepares a grave
For those who brave false passion's might ;
I cannot live without God's light.

Scene V.

Leda.—I fear I wounded thee by leaving so
Abruptly ; but I went—I went to ask
My frightened heart what thou couldst mean.
Don't speak
Again as thou didst then.

Varus.—The sponsor must

Be silent while a heathen whispers to
Thee at all hours.

L. I thought I had one friend
Whose heart was calm as is the bluest sky—
My refuge when I, tossed on shallow lake
Of woman's destiny, wished to escape
From narrow regions where storms oft prevail.
The lake reflects the sky, but not the sky
The lake. Varus, be worthy of thyself—

V. And of thy love, sweet child. Pardon, if
I forget that I grow old.

L. But thou art not
So very old: thou art not gray.

V. Nor blind.

Scene VI.

Varus.—Leda, Apostle Linus* bids me go
On mission to Achaia, and before—

Leda.—How can I bear my secret cross without
My only confidant?

V. Thy only one?

L. Of course, I don't forget the Christ. But
then—

V. WEEP NOT, DEAREST, AT OUR PARTING;

May we meet where Christ doth reign!
Till then thou safe beneath God's wing

Wilt not bear a needless pain.

I am weak and might neglect thee;

God is God forevermore!

Best it is to take thee from me—

All He does we will adore.

* Linus, Bishop of Rome.

Think not miles our hearts can sever ;
Love is like the air we breathe
In set courses running ever
And its bounds it may not leave.
When thy lone life seems the darkest
Know the sun approacheth thee ;
Then look above the mountain crest,
Day will soon break radiantly.

O'er the raging waves it beameth,
Tinted by bright rainbow-wings ;
Day must be heralded by Death ;
E'en now Life night's changes rings.
Once landed on the steadfast shore
Trite will seem the woes of Time ;
Then will our souls together soar
Glorying in angels' chime.

Scene VII.

Leda alone.

I AM TIRED—LET ME SLEEP
Let the silence be deep !
Fresh earth over me heap !

I am tired of pain,
And of smiles that but feign,
And of clouds in my brain.

I shall dream when I sleep ;
So let none for me weep
That damp worms o'er me creep ;

Them I shall never feel,
While the angels' chants peal
Their great joy o'er my weal.

I always love to dream ;
Then thoughts with beauty teem,
And I'm better than I seem.

Calla.—Like simple child, she oft talks to herself ;
No other confidant has she. I'll hark.

Leda.—I ALONE AWAKE TO WEEP !
Winter winds are hushed to sleep,
Earth's blest ones in slumber deep,
I alone awake to weep !
The heated pillow cannot cool my fevered cheek.
I find no sympathy but from yon moon
That goes so trustingly her Lord to seek.
This life is a hard school ;
But its probation will be over soon.
Oh, for the day when passions will grow cool
Beneath Christ's undisputed rule !
For, then shall we the bliss of Eden share ;
The brightest jewels in our crowns the ills
That now, unmurmuring, we bear,
Because our Saviour wills.

My weary heart cannot anticipate ;
Her strength serves only to look back
Upon the ravages of Fate,
Or to watch present joy that dies.
Now I gaze on the moon with tear-dimmed eyes ;
The clouds that look so black

Cannot impede her course to Heaven's high Gate.
Her glory oft can penetrate
The shrouding mist in which she lies.
Up! up! She mounts the skies ;
The zenith almost gained,
Her many sighs, that once her brightness stained,
Now but assist
To blow away the mist.
Before the footstool of her mighty Lord
Soon she will humbly bend ;
My soul, her path attend ;
Like her, thou may'st win a reward.

* * * * *

Oh blessegèd, blessegèd sight !
An image rises from the solemn night.
Is it the song of seraphs that I hear ?
No : but sweet voice is sounding in my ear,
So like the music of another world, I know
That long it cannot last.
Ah, Saviour, with the vision let me go
To thee ! Oh, leave me not to perish in my woe !
Remembrance of the Past,
And fancies for the days to come, in embryo,
Are wrestling in my heart most painfully.
Now, Faith and Resignation, clasp your hands
More firmly round my breast ! Oh ! where are
ye ?
Stop its pulsations with strong iron bands,
Or it will burst ! My God, give Thy commands.
Pray, still its painful throbings ! I am weak.
Is there no place to hide from misery ?
Could I but hear the voice of Jesus speak,

Saying to my vexed soul, " Let there be peace ! "
 Hark ! Hark ! Who speaks ? Oh, surely it is He—
 BeCause the agony doth cease.
 Saviour, my earliest and dearest Friend art Thou,
 I cannot live without Thee now,
 And he I love does Thee deny ;
 Him I can live without ; without Thee I should
 die.

The Cross impressed upon my brow
 Is brighter than the fancied ring
 Upon my eager hand.
 I would not have him now
 Lest he a curse should bring.
 In the blest Spirit-Land
 I shall be his, he mine ;
 Both Thine, entirely Thine—
 Because I think if I resign
 Him unto Thee Thou'l make him Thine.

Scene VIII.

Leda (sings).—FATHER, I AM WEARY,
 Why must I linger here ?
 In these caves so dreary
 Is nothing bright to cheer.
 Oh, how I long to lay
 My head on mother's breast ?
 Dear Father, grant, I pray,
 To me my mother's rest.

Calla.—Poor child ! She mourns her mother
 much. I'll give
 A thought to gentle Marcus ; he shall hear
 The next verse that shall fall most tremblingly,

As if her voice and tears were strnggling hard
For mastery. Now, Leda, sadly sing.

(*While Leda sings, Marcus enters unperceived.*)

L. FATHER, I AM LONELY;
A sister ne'er had I.
Had I brother only
I think I'd seldom sigh.
Father, send thy angels
Quickly from the sky!
I would leave dreary cells
And with my mother fly.
Joy! my heart is breaking,
So I shall soon be free,
And a brother seeking
My home will come to Thee.

Marcus.—Brother? Leda, I will be
More than brother unto thee—
Brother, sister, mother, all!
May I not thee sister call?

L. Dost thou love the God I love?
Never from these crypts wilt rove
To seek Roman's paltry gold?
Canst abide with Jesu's fold?
These Catacombs thy life will cramp,
Their sunlight a smoky lamp.
Wilt thou follow to the death
Him who gavest thee thy breath?

M. Aye; I will abide with thee
In life and Eternity;
And no place to me is dark,
While to thy sweet tones I hark.

L. Not for love of me thou wilt ;
Jesu's blood for thee was spilt ;
Canst thou turn thee from His grace,
But to win a pretty face ?
Thou hast heard my mother's tale ;
Little did the rack avail ;
She lay beauteons body down
On a Cross and won a Crown.*

M. As shadows through the sunlight flit,
Gazing on thee, I've thought of it.
Wondered if thou could'st ever be
Martyred. Tut! who could martyr thee?

L. Such as crucified my Lord,
Such as mother bound with cord
To the rack, 'mid vile abuse.
Not forever is this truce
Though one tyrant lies in dust ;
In no emperor we trust.
And if Satan seems to sleep,
'Tis that dreams o'er us may creep.

M. If there is a God above
He'll reward thee for thy love :
Never will He let man slay
Beauty brighter than the day.

L. Thee I'll brother call no more ;
Such words heard I ne'er before.
Go away, and let me pray,
Sinful thoughts have I to-day.

M. Art thou kind to bid me hence ?
Nay, I won't bear this suspense !
Leave this quarry ; come with me.

* I believe William Penn first wrote, "No Cross no Crown."

Now from presbyters be free ;
Bishop shall outwitted be,
Never more his prey shall see.
Hold ! Thou shalt not run away ;
Yes, sweet Christian ! Thou may'st pray ;
Eyes like thine, turned upward, seem
Like sweet visions in a dream.
Scream not, or I'll kiss thee more.
Venus, help ! Ha ! The air-door !

* * * * *

Now, my fair one, breathe the air ;
How it revels in thy hair !
But, look up, my pretty flower !
Not for shame shall thy head cower.
Look up, Sweet, I am thy slave,
As thou wishest I'll behave ;
Will not kiss thee, till I sue
And obtain indulgence due ;
Thou'l be mistress of my home,
Greatest tyrant in all Rome.
Oh ! thy cheek is very cold ;
Has my fierce love seemed too bold !
Jupiter, all blessings shed
On this lovely, drooping head !
Look up, Sweet ; we're nearly home.
Fainted ? No soft breath doth come
From those lips, like faded rose.
Venus, thanks ! Her eyes unclose.

Scene IX.—In a Roman palace.

Leda (alone).—It may be strange that I, a woman weak,

Should thus be in his power, yet feel no fear ;
But a sweet Voice, as indistinct as dreams,
But powerful as light that drives away
The hordes of fears that congregate at night,
Speaks to my heart, and these the words it breathes,
“ Fear not ; for God ‘ doth give an angel charge
Concerning thee,’ and thou shalt be preserved
From strength of man by superhuman arm.”
Thus I know God is near, and feel no fear.
How shall I be released ? I cannot tell ;
But what must be my fate full well I know.
And I shall die, as did the one who gave
Me birth. I know that persecution hath
Begun again ; from portico I saw
Some tortured victims going to be crowned
With martyrdom ; theirs was to be a death
That I should like ; no ravenous wild beasts
To terrify the nerves, no raging fires
To scorch the ling’ring life, but cooling waves
To soothe the mangled limbs and fevered brow.
Would I might go thus to an easy death !
No ! no ! oh, God, hear not that thoughtless prayer !
Thou only know’st what martyrdom is apt
To waken Marcus from his foolish dream,
And break the spell my untouched beauty holds
Upon his life ; let lions trample it
In the vile dust, and panthers scorn its grace,
And maddened men who’ll come to see me die,
Insensible to its crushed power, hoot at
My agonies if this will break the spell
That makes his fallen heart like unto grim
And frightful demon’s haunt ! Oh, Father ! could

My beauty, rising from the blazing fire,
 Ascending to thy Heaven, lure his heart there,
 Then should I bless the face that now I loathe.
 Too willingly, did I believe that he
 Had been “new-born.” Alas! how could a child
 Unstung know that the bee, which kindly made
 Delicious honey for her daily food,
 Would sting the hand that pressed the flower be-
 cause

That bloomed for both? Oh, I loved him too well!
 No; not too well, for I loved God still more,
 And having given all my heart to Christ
 It mattered not how much I gave to him.
 I can not love him as his Saviour loves;
 But I will die upon the rack as my
 Blest mother had so nearly done, ere I
 Shall be the cause of farther sin in him.
 Christ died for him, and so will I. Blest boon!
 Sweet privilege! Jesus gave up a home
 Of glory for a tent of clay; but how
 Am I to make a sacrifice? for I
 Shall give a barred-up cage for liberty
 Secure, and joy as boundless as my fresh
 And buoyant life will be. Father, how soon?

Scene X.—A Roman soldier enters.

Dives.—Art thou a Christian maid? I prithee
 tell
 Me nay; for my lord now is raging as
 A lion when at bay.

Leda.—He? Where is he?

D. Safe, lady, and thy word can set him free.

L. Free! Free! They would not put a Roman lord

In durance for the sake of Christian maid?

D. They would not care had he imprisoned thee
If thou hadst been a worshipper of Jove;
But it is said he harbors thee not as
A mistress fair—

L. How dar'st?

D. Pardon, I pray!

I'd rather see a sword flash o'er my head
Than such a glance. Art thou a sorceress,
As 'tis said Christians are?

L. No, no; may I
Just tell thee what I am?

D. I would that I
Could linger through the day; but orders must,
My lady fair, now be obeyed. If thou
Wilt speak, speak quickly, and forgive my haste.

L. I am a Christian maid and worship Christ.
I'll tell thee who He is. Some years agone,
The "very God of God" pitied our race,
And wishing to redeem us from the death
Of souls in Hell, became a little child.
He thirty years and three dwelt on the earth;
Then wicked men Him crucified, and thus
He died a sacrifice for sin. Soldier,
What need of holocaust such as thou mak'st
When God has offered thus one sacrifice
To save us from all sin, and win for us
Swift entrance to the skies, where He hath gone?

D. None, lady, none. But how could a god die?

L. The Nature that He "took upon" Himself

Could not destroy the Godhead shrined within
 More than a bear's skin would make thee a beast.
 Nor could the sacrificing of the form
 Of man profane the God ; if they should tear
 Thy garments off and burn them, would it harm
 Thy life ?

D. Oh, no ! But how could God love man
 So very much ?

L. Our God infinite is.

D. Greater than Jupiter or Ares is ?

L. Can your gods talk to you ? Your idols walk ?
 Our God did both before the eyes of man ;
 Nor was that all ; after He died He came
 To life again, and in a cloud went up
 To his great Throne ; there shall I follow Him,
 As I desire, after the Judgment-Day.

D. And so would I if I believed all this,
 And knew that he had loved and died for me.
 None ever loved me more than I could serve
 To please some whim.

L. *He* loved thee well enough
 To leave His Home in Heaven and die for thee.

D. Perhaps this is a pretty fable of
 Thy priests. How shall I know its truth ?

L. Think'st thou
 I'd die for such a God unless I knew
 All that I thee have told ?

D. Then thou wilt die ?

L. Of course. Could I deny the Lord who died
 For me ? Here kneel and I shall pray that He
 May manifest His truth unto thy heart.

(*Both kneel.*)

L. Father, a weary sinner asks for light.
 Reveal to him Thy love. Oh! make him see
 That martyrs would not die so willingly,
 Unless they knew for what they die, and knew
 The life beyond, a fit reward for all
 The woes of this. Saviour, Thou promised'st
 To grant the prayer made in Thy Name—I ask
 In that great Name this soldier's soul. I know
 In Thine own time Thou'll draw him unto Thee.

D. Christ! God! God crucified! Man gone to
 Heaven,

Hear me! (Can'st Thou?) Hear what she asks.

L. He will.

He always answers prayer; He said he would.

(*Three soldiers rush in and seize both
 while on their knees.*)

Scene XI.—A Roman prison.

(*Marcus kneeling to Leda.*)

Marcus.—There is but one hour more of grace.
Leda. A whole
 Eternity. Dear Marcus, rise. Be not
 So mad. I will not save my life. Would'st thou
 Respect and love me more, were I to prove
 A traitor to my vows?

M. 'Tis thus thou lov'st.

L. If emperor would seize my person, say
 Unless I would renounce thy love and curse
 Thy name he would put me to death, should I
 Be nobler then if I should yield me to
 His love and give up thee?

M. Hush! Hush! I can't——

L. And shall I treat a God as it would be
Disgrace to treat a man? No, not to save
Thy life—much less mine own.

M. Darling! Dost love
My life more than thine own! Speak. Speak again.

L. I love thee more than aught except my God.
One kiss, my love! The torturer now comes.
One is enough. No more. Henceforth my prayers
Shall all be for thyself; God will take care
Of me. I do not fear. Ah, yes! I fear—
But I love more. When I have gone up to
My Home thou'l learn to love my Lord.

(*One of the executioners seize her.*)

M. Hold! Hold, bold slave! Darest to touch a
lord?

L. Darling, be still. Thou know'st he has the
right
To wrench me from thy arms. Stranger, I'll go
With thee. Let him but kiss me once, and he
More calm will be. God bless thee, love! I know
He will, and knowing this I'll die with joy.
My new friend, I am glad to see that tear—
Not for my sake, but thine. Now promise me
If when I suffer I make no loud groan,
Thou'l seek to learn about the Lord for whom
I die. Marcus, thou'l teach this man for me.

Executioner.—Strange how these Christians die,
and little seem
To think of their own agonies if they
Can thereby save a soul from death and Hell,
As they oft say! Lady, I'll think of this.

(*He gently leads Leda away.*)

Scene XII.

(*Marcus, alone; faints and sees a vision of souls in Tartarus* and of Leda in Paradise,* beckoning to him to follow her. A crystal gate opens and he beholds for a minute ravishing glories, but suddenly is shut out from her. He is aroused by a man, who brings the dying Leda in his arms.*)

Executioner.—She will not suffer long; the last wrench of

The instrument has done our work too soon.

Leda.—Poor man! May God forgive thee as I do.

Ex. Of me thou would'st make convert now.
Thou shalt do no such thing. The man who led
Thee hence asked mercy for thy pangs, and got
For his reward a scotring. I'll no more
Of thy sweet words.

(*Marcus strikes him.*)

L. Dearest, be calm. I shall
Soon be at rest. Oh, pity him, my God!
He suffers more than I. Darling, say thou
Believ'st in God!

Marcus.—I'd curse Him if I did.

Ex. It is all over now, and thou wert right
To kill her soon. She is too beautiful
And delicate to be torn limb from limb,
By savage beasts that have not fed to-day.
Like frozen orange-flower she droops upon

* See note A.

Thy breast. Best lay her down, or she will freeze
Thy heart out ere her body can be burned.
To see her in the great arena would
Have been a spectacle for gods and lords.
She's more like goddess now than Venus is.
But when I bore her here I knew that she
Would never grace the Coliseum's sands.

Scene XIII. In Paradise.

Calla.—Glory! Glory! Glory be to the Lord!

A chorus of angels.—Glory to God!

Leda.—Glory! Where is my God?

C. There! There! I lay thee in Christ's arms.

L. Saviour!

Scene XIV.

Marcus (Alone).—Go, Memory! I weary of thy power;

Thou hast cast pall o'er many a hapless hour.

Avaunt! Thou tyrant of my heart, avaunt!

'Tis cruel thus my midnight hours to haunt.

Off, Memory! I will not be thy slave.

Alas! a heart that can forget I crave.

I never hear a voice as sweet and low

As distant waters' gently-sighing flow,

But my pulse bounds her long-lost tones to hear;

Then, shivering, draws back in dreamy fear,

Of thy dread hiss, thou hateful Memory!

Thy throne my brain, thy sceptre agony.

Thou hast sworn to avenge the wrongs of Love,

And often, plaintively as the wood-dove,

Thou flap'st thy horrid wings my eyes athwart

And tortur'est with all thy well-learned art.
Woe unto him whose breast is thy pet cage !
There is no Lethe can his grief assuage.
Sometimes I think that surely thou hast flown,
And rashly laugh—the echo is a moan ;
Sometimes I try to sing, and drown thy tone ;
Alas ! I hear then only sadder moan ;
Or gay, or sad, in crowds, or quite alone,
Each word, each thought is echoed by a moan.

Scene XV.

(*Varus singing in the Catacombs : Marcus unperceived.*)

Varus.—SLEEPING WITH THE LILIES,
Thou art free from pain,
I care not for my loss,
Thinking of thy gain.

Thy hands were too dainty
To win daily bread.
Jesus knew that, sweet one !
Therefore, thou art dead.

Thy feet were too timid
For rough walks of men ;
Therefore, thou art resting
In a quiet glen.

Thy heart was too tender
For cross frowns and words,
So o'er thee is floating
Music of the birds.

Now I scarcely miss thee,
For my heart is dead :
In so deep a sorrow
Minor griefs have fled.

But I should like to hear,
Through my prison-bars,
Loving words, like thine,
Floating from the stars.

(*Varus ceases his song as he hears a stealthy footstep. In a few moments he sees Marcus.*)

V. As thou hast taken the best half of life,
I willingly shall give the other half.

Marcus.—Oh, man, by all the love that thou hast felt
For her, I pray thee pity my despair!
Look at my haggard face, and then fear if
Thou canst. Remorse consumes my nights, and love
My days. She told me how thou comfortest.
Now improvise for me, that I may sleep
Ere the day dawns, or else I shall go mad.

V. SAD WEEPER, WHAT'S HID
Beneath this close lid ?

One of the fairest,
Death, that thou wearest.

But pray tell me who,
And what did she do ?

Who ? One who hath cried,
Laughed, languished, and died.

But wilt not tell me
Who your friend may be ?

A woman — no more !—
Who two crosses bore.

Two crosses — that's sad.
Why two hath she had ?

Her God gave her one
When life was begun.

Then He gave her strength
To bear it life's length.

The other Love gave :
What from it could save ?

Ah ! tell me no more ;
I seal the last door.

But she is too fair
To shut from the air.

I'll keep her in peace
Where Love's torments cease.

Thou'l't keep her ? Ah ! where ?
Remember, she's fair.

That doth her God know,
And He saw her woe.

But what will she do
Where all things are new?

Is Love ever new
To earth's faithful few?

Thou mean'st all is Love
In God's world above.

Hearts loving find strange
Naught where she will range.

She, timid, will cower
Like chilled hot-house flower—

That's carried back where
It breathes native air.

Then seal up the lid;
Awhile she is hid,

But to come again—
Our God will say when.

M. (*groans.*) I cannot bear this long. I shall die soon.

V. NONE ARE SO UNBLEST AS I.

Oft a worn-out heart doth sigh,
Thinking not of angels by.

Ah ! if it could only see
 What a brilliant company
 Hangs over path so dreary !

It might then feel less regret
 At the little ills that fret,
 And the greater ones forget.

Was it only for awhile
 'Twould be sweet to let the smile
 Of an angel grief beguile.

Scene XVI.

Two years have elapsed since the last scene.

Marcus (alone).—AH ! IT IS IN VAIN !

So I strive no more.

I feel I cannot rend the clanking chain
 That binds to a “body of death” my heart ;
 I strove to think that Love’s vision was o’er,
 And my darling and I at last could part,
 And I could awake to some other themes—
 How foolish the feverish effort seems !

Not pleasure nor health
 Not learning nor wealth,
 Not love nor beauty
 Bring Lethe to me.

Each pulse of my heart the same dirge doth sing,
 While earth, with its all, is a buried thing,
 And she I love the only one alive.
 Yes, my true Friend liveth for evermore ;
 Forgive me, God, that on earth I can strive
 For love of life never—ah, nevermore !

* * * * *

LAST LINES TO MY LOVE.

I feel thy spiritual presence like
A weight, that lies too heavy on my mind,
And desperate Resolve rises in Work's
Defence, thy phantom-presence far to fright.
In looking back upon these years, I find
Too many happy days were given up
To dreams of thee; so Conscience says the hours
I have thus wasted are forever lost
To the dear Crucified. Is incense of
My heart, that should perfume worshippiingly
The golden air of Heaven, to be by
Memory tossed before a dear Saint's * shrine?
By follower of Christ an earthly love
Thus Deified? She was too dearly loved
And, therefore, early lost. It is not well
For Memory, like an idolater,
Before a mortal's spirit thus to bow
The idle knee as though a woman were
Being Divine. Alas! my heart, too long
Thou roved'st 'mid the trackless, brilliant stars
That silver thy youth's firmament, hoping
To find the wanderer. Knowest thou not
Bars immaterial cannot be rent
By an idolater? Bid Memory
Her censer break at Jesus's feet; then, like
Leper defiled, show thyself to thy great
High Priest; He'll cleanse thee, and thou wilt be
clean.

* Worship of canonized saints had not begun. All early Christians were called saints.

So, like a little child, thou wilt forget
The days that thou hast seen, and calmly wait
For those that are to be—to be for aye.

* * * * *

MY FAIR SAINT, THIS NIGHT FOLD THY WING.

Oh, Darling, I am weary; sing!

Am I to hear thee nevermore?

As loving as it was of yore

Let me hear thy voice's music.

Ah! my poor heart beats loud and quick

But at the very hope I name.

Darling, come now, and be the same

In my soft slumbers of to-night

As thou appeared'st when first my sight

Gladdened with the glow responsive,

Showing that our two hearts would live

Henceforth each one for other's sake,

Bound by such ties as griefs would make.

Come thou in a chastened glory;

Tell me thy celestial story:

I shall listen and believe thee,—

No more shall my teasing grieve thee.

Let me see thee! see thee! see thee!

Come to me in this night's vision;

Far and long thou hast strayed from me,

Fold now o'er me thy soft pinion;

Nearly six years have I hid thee

Deep down within my secret heart—

Darling, it has almost killed me;

And yet I cannot from thee part.

I should like to-night to see thee

Wheresoever thou dost wander.

I must leave my earth-home, weary
 Of the youth I may not ponder
 With hopefulness and joy of old;
 Weary, dear one, yes, of all things,
 And seeming stern, far-off and cold ;
 For my parched soul still to thee clings
 With strength not even death can chill—
 The good God cannot have the will.
 Leda, come to-night to see me ;
 If I could I should haste to thee.
 Now ask the Christ to let me dream
 Of thee, and see thine eyes' fond gleam.

Dear Saviour, let thy Leda roam
 Just this one night to my lone home,
 That to despair I mayn't succumb !

(After kneeling long Marcus rises and sings :)

FATHER, "THY KINGDOM COME!" NO MORE I'LL
 ROAM,
 Weary of all without, I look within
 And find my soul as deeply stained by sin ;
 Dear Father, take me to a sinless Home.

Father, "Thy kingdom come!" No more I'll
 roam!
 To be blest without is to be pure within :
 Eden means a place where dwelleth no sin.
 Dear Father, take me to a sinless Home!

HOW DARE I PRAY FOR REST ERE I HAVE BEEN
 Arrested, tortured, put to death as she

Whose martyrdom I caused ? Oh, could I die !
Because she did, I know that God forgives.

Now to me existence,
Fallen from its high state,
Is a deadening weight ;
Crushing every sense
Into listless pain,
That weighs upon my brain.

Alas ! my heart is sore ;
And e'en the bright sunlight
Wearies my eyes ; the night
Now pleases me much more.

For, ever in my heart doth reign
The memory of joys now o'er ;
It turns each pleasant thing to pain,
The very world to me seems hoar.

Remorse on my heart lies
Like winter on the earth ;
The birds have hushed their mirth ;
Each flow'ret droops and dies ;
Ice streamlets sun defies ;
Every tree is bare ;
Snow is everywhere.

The little children cease to play
Where they can find no flowers of May.
Sweet pleasures flee afar from me
And leave me, tortured corpse, with thee.

Scene XVII.—In Catacombs; Midnight.

Varus.—How happy is she now! How desolate

Am I! The dove that nestled in my heart
Was lamed by wanton boy: Death rescued her—
But her earth-songs, like the last Summer's birds,
Will cheer these Autumn days and nights.

(*Marcus enters*).—May I dare come again to talk
with thee?

For I must talk of her, and long to hear
Thee speak of her, although I'm jealous of
The love thou feel'st for her. But she loved both.

V. She to my heart belongs by Memory's
Sole sovereign right to all the blissful dreams
That star the gath'ring night of bachelor's
Abyss of hoarded reveries.

M. I used
To think thy thoughts ne'er wandered far from
Christ's
Safe company.

V. Conjecturest that He
Is e'er alone? If a bird warbles in
A tree, and I sit quietly to hear, do I
Forsake the tree because I close my eyes
A moment? Oh! Her sweet eye was most like
A distant-passing star, seeming to move
Nearer to God as it insensibly
Leaves our poor earth. That by despair and
spleen
I might not be defiled, our Father laid
Her when a tiny babe deep in the depths

Of youthful, wounded heart. I vowed that by
His grace I of the Church would make her part:
And she is fair enough to bloom e'en on
Christ's Breast. God never breaks the web of love
Begun by pure hands in this world to shield
Them from the littleness of daily life;
And Death but lifts it high above earth-damps
And hangs it close to heaven, the tapestry
Where lie immortal all best memories
In steadfast tints of softest imagery.
Her almost viewless wings us strive to reach;
They to remembrance bring the rosy snow:
Her hand, like flower about to fall, reflects
Soft light of a rose-hue on our wet cheeks;
She drops celestial bloom down at our feet.

M. She oft has told me that thy love for her
Was the first sunrise that her heart recalled.

V. She never knew how feelings changed when
she

Had quickly grown to woman's vantage-ground.
I taught her girlhood all that I could teach
From memory and from the books I could
Not lose—the earth and sky. When next we meet
She will teach me far more than I taught her.
Did her sweet body bear in death the marks
Of torture?

M. When I first could think of how
She looked, I was reminded of the shells
She treasured as her gems—too frail, but fair.
Though cruel Life had drowned the spirit, it
Had left the lovely shell a waif upon
My shipwrecked heart, to murmur of the past.

V. Not of the past, but of the future think.
 Canst thou see the triumphal hosts of souls
 That pass unceasingly upon the bridge
 Where makes the enemy his last attack?
 And as each Christian conqueror, be he
 Adult or child, sets trembling feet upon
 The farther marge, the blare of trumpets of
 Celestial host, led by his guardian,
 Ascends to God, and blows apart the gates
 That shut in Eden; angels' wings form grand
 Triumphal arch, beneath which pass the Saved.

M. Angels have met with sweetest smiles my love.
 She smiles with them, and waves the palm; but she
 Forgets the Cross she leaves to us.

V. To us!

Thank God! Thou wilt take up the Cross that she
 Let fall?

M. Perhaps I long to emulate
 Her faith and truth. O God, if I could make
 Atonement to her manes! I dare not
 Offer such insult to a Christian maid.
 I sometimes think of tortures that she bore
 Until my brain is mad.

V. But at the end

The fragrant dews of death dropped on her limbs,
 Mangled and hot, like dew on flowers that some
 Unwitting child has crushed, but could not kill.

M. My pure, white jessamine, that I broke from
 Its sheltered stem, and hoped to graft upon
 An ancient root! My frozen jessamine—

V. The Saviour lifted to His Breast, and thence
 Receiving a new life, fresh fragrance she

Showers on our hearts.

M. If but in fancy I
Could see her as thou dost! I must see her.

V. If thou dost wish again to be with her,
But learn to love her Home, and thrust aside
The mortal screen now interposed between
Ye. Ever she now joys in fresh delight,
Free of all pain and inclination to
One sin. We can not realize all these
Words mean. Let essence of her life pervade
Thy heart, as lasts the perfume of dead flower.

M. I can not think of her as mouldered clay.

V. I never do. She is not in the tomb.

M. Talk on. Oh, I long to believe as thou!

V. As music of a stream that falls down hill
Mingles with birds' notes, so her voice will flow
From the eternal height of blessedness
And mingle with thy life. The thoughts of her
Will be thy daily bread till thou art strong
Enough to feel that there are none so blest
As those who keep good Spirits company.

Scene XVIII.

Mazza and Calla.

Mazza.—Calla, where goest thou?

Calla.—To take some news
To Leda of her love.

M. It must be good—
Thy face is glorious.

C. The Nazarene
Has conquered by a woman's beauty and
Her bravery. Marcus I knew might be

Redeemed ; a spirit strong as his would be
An honor to Christ's Church, I said, and so
It proves. He has gone forth to preach the Death
Of Jesus to a land distant from his :
And he, who was so delicately reared, now wears
The simple dress of Jesus's priests ; and he,
Who his own sandals once would not untie,
Now bears the weight of a rough cross and is
Without a home ; his palace is possessed
By those who Leda did betray ; and he
Spends his life, night and day, in serving God.
With him two deacons are, one his old slave
With whom my Leda knelt, the other man
An executioner, once scourged because
He begged for mercy when they wrenched her
limbs.

M. How glad will Leda be that tortured was
She on the earth ! O Satan, feeble is
Thy policy ! Short-sighted is thy hate !
Did Marcus not reproach himself that he
Bore Leda from the Catacombs wherein
She was concealed ?

C. Remorse would make to him
A future retribution light, but that he says,
"Thus God doth make mad passions of a man
Praise Him." When I went in room where he sat,
He was repeating verses that I learned
To say to Leda. Would'st thou like to hear ?

M. Aye, verily.

THE CROSS IS ON MY BROW IMPRESSED ;
It cannot be erased,

Though it may brighter grow, or else
Sorely may be defaced,
If mortals' eyes the sign see not,
God and His angels do ;
And whether it is dim or clear
Know Satan and his crew.
If on the earth I keep it bright,
'Twill be my crown for aye.
But if I let sin blacken it,
'Twill add to my dismay ;
For I should have to carry it
Through endless days of Hell,
Branded in black of grimy hue,
That it to friends may tell
That I was worse than were the Jews
Who nailed Christ to the cross ;
They "knew not what they did ;" but I
Their cruelty endorse.
Thought horrible ! O Saviour mine,
Keep my Cross bright, whate'er
Chastisement necessary is,
My King, keep Thy mark clear.

DRAMA VI.

MAPPALICUS AND BONA.

MARTYRS, A. D. 250 (CIR).

Act I.: Scene I.

(*Persecution at Carthage under Decius.*)

Haniel.—Oh ! even on the sin-dyed earth are men
Dearer to me than angels are in Heaven.

Falleen.—'Tis strange thou feelest so.

H. I love to watch
The power of godliness contending with
The power of Hell. I'll tell thee what I heard
A short time since: the air of Carthage then
Was softened by the waving of the wings
Of rosy-footed visitants, who like
To throng where persecutions rage that they
May see how great the grace of God, whose strength
They have no chance to prove.

F. What did'st thou see?

H. Tortured was Mappalicus for his faith;
Men pitied, but we, angels, gloried more.

F. I have oft thought 'twas well we never knew
What anguish is. How else could we stand by
To wait the mortal end of agony?

H. For shame! The men of earth who bear the
most
Are strongest to observe the woes of men,
Because they know of recompense that will
Be theirs. I think we went together once
To Greece to watch athletes preparing for
Olympic games; fathers and mothers urged
Their sons to bear, not only patiently
But joyfully, the preparations for
The coming struggle for a fading crown.

F. And the crown that we wait to give to those
Who conquer in the strife with Satan's slaves
Can never wilt; 'twill freshen ev'ry time
That any one who looks on it will think
Of the great hour when it was won.

H. Hear what

My hero said, "To-morrow ye shall see
A contest for a prize."

F. A man to win!

H. He gained his life in conflict the next day.

F. Did any others walk to glory o'er
That sea of blood?

H. Aye, many did; but more

Were left to keep alive the faith. Bona,
By Pagan husband dragged to sacrifice,
Had her hands held and guided as though she
False gods adored; her words they could not force.
Undaunted by the fear of torture and
Of death, aloud she cried, "I did it not;
That ye have done!" The tyrant banished her:
Then I rejoiced and thought of little birds
Which carry seeds of precious plants to drop
In foreign soil, and gladden weeping eyes.

F. Why, thinkest thou, doth God permit such
woes

To be inflicted on His struggling Church?

H. Hast ever been to earth when He has let
A heathen emperor send many souls
To Him at once? The air is then sublime.
In time of peace the Church is like the lake
Whose waters, calm and beautiful, reflect
The glow of heaven; angels look down and say,
This pleaseth us; for it is very fair.
And as the lake that doth reflect the skies
Is like the Church, I fancy that the land
Around is like the world outside the Fold;
The scum about the shores, although it is
Bathed by the lucid waves, still savors of

The land ; also are some within the Church
 "Of earth earthy" and base ; 'tis fit such should
 Be cast from holy Mother's bosom pure.

H. 'Tis true, and I could almost deem thou hast
 Foreseen the parallel I am about
 To draw.

F. Not so.

H. The rank earth, envious
 Of placid lake, whose purity rebukes
 Her pestilential breath, withdraws her firm
 Support, that unexpectedly the lake
 May have its calmness dashed in seething deeps.
 'Tis so the great Niagara doth plunge
 Down the abyss ; its quiet life is o'er ;
 But chainless and ethereal the spray
 Leaps up to be received into the clouds—
 The chariots of God.

F. In doing this
 It purifies the air : I see what thou
 Dost mean ; when the base earth would fain withdraw
 Her grudged support, she thinks to plunge the
 Church
 Into abyss of nothingness ; but souls
 Redeemed to our embraces fly, and them
 We bear to God.

H. After Niagara
 Hath been cast down from almost regal state
 Of quietude, where is earth's colored scum
 That once defiled her skirts ?

F. Seething in dark
 And terrible despair in whirlpool grim.

FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

Act II.

THE BOY CYRIL OF ALEXANDRIA, A.D. 250.

Parralie.—Hail, gentle ones! I'll lie upon my wings
Awhile with ye.

Haniel.—We greet thee lovingly.
Falleen.—Where hast thou been?

P. In Alexandria,
To welcome mortals to immortal life.

H. Tell us what thou hast seen. I never can
Grow weary while I listen to the tales
Of the great love and courage of the Saints.
Are many more to be tormented there?

P. The art of man in Alexandria
Too often hath been baffled by a child
Or woman weak, whom they can't make deny
The Lord. The end of all their tortures is
To demonstrate how very strong and firm
Is Christian faith, e'en when contested by
The artifice that Satan lends. The rest
Of the poor victims will be put to death
Without a chance to throw contempt on fire
And sword and diabolic instrument.

H. And so hath the Lord triumphed in His
Saints.

P. Winging my glad return to Heaven I passed
Cæsarea, and there I saw a sight
That would enrapture thee, who lovest well
Christ's little ones.

H. Oh, tell me, then! There are
No histories I like so well as those

Which prove how weak is man's or demon's power
In presence of the Holy Ghost.

P. I think,

O angel Haniel! that this was shown
Most beautifully in a little child.
Caesarea, in Cappadocia, claims
The honor of this hero's birth. "He called
Continually on the Name of Christ;"
Nor could harsh threats, or cruel blows,
Prevent him from avowing openly
Jesus is God. His father drove him from
His home.

F. Alas! Ere long that man will sigh
In vain to claim him for his son.

P. Children

Abused the little, homeless boy. To Court
The judge then bade him to be brought, and
said,

"Your faults I'll pardon, child; your father shall
Again receive his son, and you shall have
His wealth, provided you are wise, and take
Care of your interest."

"I joy to bear
Reproaches," Cyril said, "and God will me
Receive. I am not sorry that from my
Old home I am expelled. A better one
I'll have. I fear not death, because it will
But introduce me to a better life."
They bound the little boy, and led him off,
As though to suffer death, hoping that sight
Of fire might overcome resolve. "Cyril
Remained inflexible." The judge still tried

To fright the child, who said, "Your fire and sword
Are insignificant; to better house
I go; to riches far more excellent;
Dispatch me presently that them I may
Enjoy." Then the spectators wept. "Rather
Ye should rejoice," he said, "conducting me
To death; ye know not what a city I
Shall go to dwell in now, nor what my hope."
Thus bravely went he to his death.

H. Oh, child

Beloved of angel-hearts! I shall now haste
With joy to find the hero-boy, and press
Him in my arms. Is not a child like this
Greater than we?

F. And did not he obey
Judge's command to "take care of his own
Best interests?"

H. Yes; wealth untold is his.

ACT III. : Scene I.

ST. LAWRENCE, A.D., 258, UNDER VALERIAN.

Parralie.—How beautiful the richness thousand-fold
Of golden light that sheds itself in wake
Of Haniel's dainty wings!

Falleen.—Swift is his flight:
He doth love children much.

P. Is it not strange
So many tyrants try to banish Name
Of Christ from their domains? Oh, senseless
man!

F. It is as though a thunder-cloud had tried
To quite annihilate the sun : but fools
And clouds alike exhaust themselves in vain ;
God and the sun will shine regardless of
Such petty spite.

Scene II.

Haniel.—What dreadful sight is that ? A man
dragged by
A maddened horse. Oh, Larralie ! I joy
To find thee here. But is not thy face sad ?

Larralie.—Aye. What is horrible to thee as
death
By what men call an accident, fills me
With deeper gloom. By order of the one
Who Romans rules, has that man been bound to
That beast.

H. What his offence ?-

L. Sixtus, Bishop
Of Rome, who glorified Christ in his death,
Unto good Lawrencee, his chief deacon, said
He would be with him in three days. This was
In answer to his pitiful, “ Whither
Goest thou, father mine, without thy son ? ”
The Bishop bade him give the wealth of Church
Of Rome to poor and sick, foreseeing that
It would be confiscated by the State.
Lawrence, in doing this from house to house,
Excited much suspicion, and was seized :
Refused to give account of what he had
Distributed. He was in dungeon thrown ;
There he made converts of his keeper and

His family. To new demands for gold
And jewels of the Church, the Saint replied :

“ Give me

But time to set in order my affairs
And record make of each particular.”

Three days were granted. Then he called the poor
Who were supported by alms of the Church ;
To prefect went and said, “ Come and behold
The riches of our God. You will see court
Of golden vessels full.”

The prefect went,

And finding naught but poor, afflicted ones,
Great wrath he showed. So Lawrence asked,

“ Why are

You angry ? Gold, which you desire, is but
A metal vile taken from dirty soil,
That serves as an incitement to all crimes ;
The true Gold is that Light of whom these poor
And sick disciples are ; and misery
Of body is advantage to the soul ;
The chief disease of all mankind is sin ;
The great ones of the earth are truly poor—
Contemptible. These are the treasures that
I promised you ; now I shall add to them
Some precious stones ; widows and virgins see !
They are the Church’s crown ; make use of this
True wealth for the advantage of all Rome,
Of emperor and of yourself.” “ Dare you
Mock me ? ” the prefect cried in rage. “ I know
Ye prize yourselves, contemning death ; therefore
You shall not die at once.”

Lawrence was stripped.

And to gridiron bound, that he might thus
Be broiled to death by a slow fire. After
A time he said, "Let me be turned ; on one
Side I am broiled sufficiently."

He spoke

This, as I think, to let them see how calm
He was, superior to fire. When he
Was turned, he looked to Heaven, and prayed that
God

To Pagan Rome knowledge of Truth Divine
Would send. This done, his noble spirit soared,
Unsinged by passion or by cruelty.
The gaoler, whom he had converted, washed
His body for last sleep and buried it.
The prefect, hearing this, commanded that
He should be tied to horse's tail, and dragged
To death.

Scene III.

A.D. 370.

H. Oh, Larralie ! I have in Hades been,
And talked with Lawrence and Hippolitus ;
Have told them of God's judgment on those who
Their deaths devised. When Macriannus in
The amphitheatre was seized by death
He gave assembled crowd a spectacle
Of terror, and called on these martyred Saints.
Valerian, after long years of vile
And cruel persecution, was o'ercome
By Sapor and was treated as a slave ;
Made footstool for satrap to mount his horse.
For seven years a prisoner he was :
When eighty-three, blinded and flayed alive.

His skin was studded with straw ; in finest of Persia's great temples was this kept for show.
 How must his tortured spirit boil with rage
 When he sees how his demon-gods reply
 To prayers for fame !

L. Does not his punishment

And that of Macrianus, balefully
 Reflect a lurid light on what they had
 Devised as punishments for Lawrence and
 For Hippolite ?

Act IV.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.—A.D. 361.

Florelle.—Julian is dead. Now may the Church
 have peace !

Hortl.—Long time have I in Western darkness
 fanned

With my light-shedding wings some consciences
 That are “a law unto themselves.” Julian ?

F. Was subtlest foe Christians have had. Nephew
 Of Constantine, brought up as child of God,
 A foundling of the Church, he yet despised
 The foster-mother from whose breast he drew
 All that was philosophic in his life.*
 An unsuspecting sheep hath reared the young
 Of a fierce wolf; hath let it gambol with
 Her lambs; nourished it to devour her own.

H. This doth remind me of a tale I heard
 Told by a statesman to a heathen court.†

* I much doubt whether Constantius's jealousy allowed Julian any advantages ; and his chief instructor was fuller of classical lore than of scriptural truth.

† A fancy.

A lion sat as king upon a throne;
Some royal nurslings in their lair were killed.
The king convened his court to find the one
Who had dared slay his young. A learned wolf
Quite clearly proved a certain sheep had done
The deed; and her white neck was stained with
blood.

She said she could not do such wrong; for God
Forbade her e'er to fatten on the blood
Of suffering. The owl said that the act
Was foreign to her race: he was the judge;
And so the poor sheep was released because
'Twas thought impossible for one made as
She was to eat raw flesh. Then was the wolf
Accused as being guilty of the crime
He fain would fasten on the blameless sheep.
He paid a large sum to the snake, who had this
Sentence passed: This time next year a court
We shall hold on this case, and if within
That time sheep can be found that live on flesh,
This one shall suffer for the crime of which
She is accused. The crafty wolf, bidden
By the wise snake, put one of his own young
In place of a poor lamb he had devoured.
The simple mother thought it must be hers,
For she had borne two sons, but one was changed
So sadly that he almost broke her heart.
When a twelvemonth had passed, to trial new
She and her family were called in haste.
The mother did not like to take one child,
In festal robe of white, the other in
A dingy gown of red, and so procured

A skin like her fair child's, and covered o'er
The wolf with a lamb's fleece ; he was well pleased.
Then, while the young ones played about the
throne,

A weekling of a lioness was put
Between the two. The timid lamb drew back,
But the young wolf pounced on the little one,
And would have it devoured had it not been
Released. Then did the owl admit that sheep
Could eat the lion's young—base hypocrites
Of gentleness ! The poor sheep suffered for
The wolf's rapacity.

Constantius and

The zeal of Arians may bear some blame
Of Julian's sin : those whom his father loved
He hated most ; true-hearted Christians and
Fierce heathen men, by Arianism's rage,
Suffered alike. Julian 'mong Christian men,
Saw vices which in pagan lands run wild,
And thought not that who persecuted those
Who called Christ God had not the Spirit of
The Lord : for never yet have Christians who
Are Trinitarians put one to death
For holding adverse views, and it is those
Who dare deny that Jesus we adore
Is God, who have begun to persecute.
Hast thou met Theodorus yet ? Julian
Tormented him most frightfully ; but he
Was then dismissed unconquered. Since I asked
How he could bear such pangs, nor faint, nor yet
Apostatize. He said at first it was
Grievous and most hard to endure, but soon

Stood by him a young man in purest white,
Who wiped the heavy sweat from his wrenched
limbs

And aching head ; bade him be of good cheer.
Then Theodorus said that when he was
Lifted from off the rack that the release
Was more a punishment than a relief ;
For then the angel disappeared.

F. Strange that
He did not think of and prefer the sweet
And comfortable Presence of the Lord,
Though him he might not see !

H. Of course, he thought
Of Him. Imagine that thou ne'er had'st seen
A spiritual form ; would not such sight
Thee nerve for suffering ?

Act V.: Scene I.

DOROTHEA.

WHEN SATANIC HOSTS ASSAIL ME,

I, nervous worm,

Frail and infirm,

Trembling, wish far from them to flee !

Ah ! no strength have I to conquer ;

They mock my woe :

“ She conquer ! No !

Like strong waves our breaths o'erwhelm her.”

“ Oh, fools, to mock simplicity !

A pure mind's light

Will fiends affright ;

I, worm, o'ercome like polyp bright,

Whose brilliant light
Illumes the night,
Dazzles, confounds the enemy
That it mayn't see.”
Then laughed aloud
Demonic crowd :
“ Dim light doth shine
From heart like thine.”
“ Most true, O Fiends ! but ye will learn
A light within my heart doth burn
That is not mine ;
But is Divine.”

Xantlee (Guardian angel).—E'en as her vivid fancy represents Satanic emissaries, it shall see A brighter vision ere sleep falls on her.

(*Dorothea walking up and down the room repeats :*)

D. OH, CHRIST, IN THY BEAUTY UPON THY HIGH THRONE,

My thoughts and my longings now upward have flown :

My life-thirst for beauty cannot be appeased—
When I lie at Thy Feet each sense will be pleased :
My hands will dare touch the dear holes in Thy Feet ;

The fragrance of myrrh will then be to me sweet ;
My eyes on Thy beauty may gaze as they will ;
And my ears will drink in, “ Poor trembler, lie still.”

X. Now sleep, my precious ward, and dream of Christ.

Scene II.

Dorothea.—I HAD A DREAM—PLEASANT IT WAS
TO ME:

It came when I was sad, and mournfully
Had passed the night's first hours. Then I had
dream
Of even brighter things than a sunbeam.
I thought I loved a Prince, and he loved me ;
'Twas joy to let him know that I would be
His own, and only his, for evermore.
He would have pressed me to his heart ; before
Me stretched a veil invisible, yet firm—
On that side a King's son, on this a worm.
I do not often sorrow in my sleep,
So then, as I remember, did not weep ;
But still my heart was very full of fears,
My brain was misty with restrainèd tears :
Then came a voice, mighty, but very low ;
Before I understood it calmed my woe.
For children do not fret, when one is by
Who will give what they want if they won't cry.
It was the King who spake, and this He said,
“Cheer up, poor child, there's nothing now to
dread.
When thou wearest robe of emerald green,
Embroidered o'er with gold, that may be seen
With pleasure in the Court where thou wouldest
be,
My Son shall come, and He will marry thee.”
When I awoke, I said unto myself,
Let me now consecrate to God my wealth,

That when I lie beneath th' emerald sod,
 My deeds of charity may seem to God
 Like broideries of gold on vesture green ;
 Then will He let me have His Son, I ween.

Scene III.

Xantlee.—Wilt go with me to earth ? For the last time

I come to the celestial court without
 My Dorothea, beauteous ward ! Oh, how
 My eyes will proudly glow when I present
 Her to our King ! Her robes are ready now.
 My friend, hast seen men cleanse asbestos gown ?
 A soiled, stained robe is thrown into the fire ;
 Awhile it burns, and then it is brought forth
 As pure as is thy brow.

Calla.—A martyr, then,

We go to see ; but there are many kinds ;
 Some purge their soiled baptismal robes in fires
 That rage of man has kindled, some in flames,
 That are not seen by any eye, save God's.

X. An angel's heart may treasure up the tale
 Of secret woe that's nobly borne.

C. How will

Thy martyr's robes be purged ?

X. Come now, and see.

Scene IV.—Court of Justice in Cæsarea.

Sapritius (Magistrate).—Bring me the woman
 fair, whose beauty makes
 Fools of the men she has sense to disdain ;
 My eyes and palate like rich food.

Xantlee (aside.)—She comes.

S. Fair maid, thy name!

Dorothea.—“I Dorothea am ;
A virgin and a servant of the Church.”

S. Now “serve our gods or die.” Submit :
Thou art too young, too fair, to give to worms
What I and lesser men must crave.

D. Oh, let
Me die ! Be quick. The sooner I shall stand
In presence of the One whom I long much
To see.

S. Whom meanest thou ?

D. “I mean the Son
Of God, Christ, mine Espoused ; His dwelling is
In Paradise, and joys eternal are
E'er blooming by His side ; celestial fruits
And roses that can't die grow in the fair
And beauteous garden of my Lord.”

S. Thou art
Too beautiful ; I cannot give thee to
The flames or worms ; I take thee for my own.
Back to her prison bear the maid.

Scene V.

Calista.—Christeta, dost thou not feel now as if
Satan's handmaid thou art ? Sapritius knew
None are so vile as those who once recant
The faith.

Christeta.—The faith ! What is it ? I know not.
My only creed is fear of pain and death.

C. And mine now is to win the great reward
He promises, if we will make this girl—

Whose fairness pleases him—do as we did.

Come in. Not such a prison did we have.

Ch. Is that the beauty on yon gilded couch?

Dorothea.—I am a Christian maid, my friend,
and fear

From thy unsympathetic tone that thou

Art not.

Ch. No; I am not mad now, but I
Was once like thee. Give me thy hand; it is
Soft as a babe's, and yields as readily.

Why dost thou shrink from a slight pinch? Surely
Thou wilt not dare the rack.

C. For shame! Christian,

We are sent here by Governor, whom thou
Hast fascinated with thy eyes, to lure
Thee to recant. Thou hast a gentle heart
If voice and eye we e'er can trust. I am
Now almost starved; at home a wailing babe
Waits for dry breasts, and thou canst give us food.

D. Here is my veil; all I have now that is
Not needed for defence of modesty.

C. That will not feed us long.

D. I have no more.

C. Sapritius promises much gold if we
Persuade thee to renounce the faith.

D. Oh, sad

That woman should try to exchange her soul—
That must forever live—for food, that can
Not feed the flame of life, when God says, Die!
Listen, poor heart. I am to wed a Prince;
Give me thy babe, and he shall be His page;
Want he shall never know. Don't kiss my robe.

C. Christeta, hear ! She yields. Sapritius she Will wed—is he the Prince?—and my child will Be a great man some day.

D. But he must lie

Upon my breast when I lie on the rack,
And when I've ceased to breathe, hungry and cold
He'll die, and I will carry him to God
And he will be with the first martyrs * classed.

C. While his poor mother goeth on her own Vile way to Hell. Thou meanest Christ is Prince.

I will

Not sell my soul to give my baby milk
Lest he damnation drink in greedily;
And all through terrible Eternity
Should curse me that I had prolonged his days
On earth, to cheat him of his father's faith
And heritage. Maiden, I'll die with thee
And leave my child to God.

Ch. The more fool thou !

Fair woman, thou art rarely beautiful,
But thou wilt see thyself matched brilliantly
In gilded halls by chisel and by brush
Of artists famed. Handmaidens will attend
Thy least desire; and know, thy handsome slave,
Sapritius called, will like thee better for
Extravagance and luxury. I pray
Thee let me then walk after thee.

D. To Hell ?

Poor creature of base appetites, what has
Sapritius done for thee that thou should'st wish

* The Holy Innocents form the first class of Martyrs.

To cast thy soul and mine in flames that aye
Increase, to please his lust?

Ch. The only thing
He ever did for me was to sit by
And laugh while I was scourged.

D. Small service this.

Ch. But he will make me a fine lady if
I can persuade thee to receive his vows.

D. Look here! This is the Cross on which thy
Lord

And mine has died, that we might love and long
For Him. He was stretched on the Cross to teach
Thee how to bear the rack for Him.

Ch. Then we
Are even—are we not?

D. If thou wert queen
And did'st from undimmed splendor step down to
A servant's low estate; for poverty
Did'st give up wealth—which thou, as it appears,
Esteemest earth's chief good; if thou didst leave
A body that could feel no pain for one
Most sensitive to ev'ry mortal pang;
And then for three and thirty years didst bear
Quite patiently the stinted portion of
A poor man's child; if thou did'st give thy cheeks
To blows, thy brow to crown of thorns, thy feet
And hands to nails, thy heart to bloody spear,
And all for one who spurned and spit on thee,
And tried to make thy friends thy enemies—
Then Christ and thou are even, Thon dost
weep.

Ch. Put up that Cross. My dying mother's eyes

Have haunted all my nights since I denied
The faith : last night she brought a Cross and said,
My daughter, thou hast nailed thy Maker and
Thy Saviour thereupon. I shrieked and woke,
Went out, and soon I saw a messenger
From base Sapritius. I forgot the dream
When he threw golden bait. I, too, will go
With thee before the Governor to bear
My witness that the Cross outweighs his gold.*

Scene VI.

Calla.—Xantlee, hath Dorothea suffered yet ?

Xantlee.—Aye ; she hath been beheaded by the
man

Who tempted her in vain ; revenge he wreaked
Upon the fair, soft limbs that cheated vile
Desire : but Christ will raise her up ere long
In beauty that will please in Heaven more
Than it hath done in Cappadocia's court.

C. And what became of women who were sent
By the bad Governor her to beguile ?

X. He had them burned.

* Sapritius sent to her two sisters, Calista and Christeta, who, from terror of the torments . . . renounced their faith in Christ. To these women he promised large rewards if they would induce Dorothea to follow their example . . . Dorothea reproved them . . . When they left the dungeon they proclaimed they were the servants of Christ.—*Sacred and Legendary Acts.*

DRAMA VII.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

SECOND CENTURY.

Act II.: Scene I.

Zelah.—Come, Admar, let us listen to the talk
Of this most picturesque old man, whose beard
Is white enough to tell us that his life's
Experience is rich with buried gems
Of thought.

Admar.—Not always thus speaks a white beard;
Sometimes it hangs between the present and
The past to hide but hideousness, while awe
Prevents the young from seeking to know more.

Z. There is a youth by him, and neither seems
To fear to lift the curtain that conceals
The past. Trust me, this old man's beard falls
not
Unworthily o'er heart debased, as sheet
Doth cover o'er the loathsomeness of death.

A. I better like the young, who have not strayed
As far as most old persons from our home.
But, as thou wishest, let us hear his words.

Scene II.

Remus.—And when her pure and balmy love fell
o'er
The shaggy roughness of my barren life,
E'en in the eyes of angels it was fair.
The early Spring-tide of my days had been

As cheerful and as verdant as the trees
In their fresh robes of green. Flowers bloomed
for me,
And birds sang joy to me. Then the hot rays
Of passion's fervid sun stole o'er my soul,
And all my freshness died. Yea, though men
praised,
My parched and thirsty heart longed for the hours
Of Autumn, sere and gloomy though they are.
But when life's dull Fall came, and honors fell
From off me to enrich the place where stood
My enemies, waiting to seize my crutch,
I cursed the barrenness of my bright days.
Then came the Winter of a solitude
Icy and drear; but I would own no life
Better than mine, or worthier of man.
I breathed some years, but did not truly live;
And so was judged fit jailor for the warm
And overflowing hearts of Christian maidens.
I doubt if e'er I looked at them, or heard
Them speak; I never cared for women's chat.
The numbness which had long oppressed my heart,
Began to penetrate the springs of life:
'Twas said that I must die, though why no man
Could reasonably tell; nor did I care
To know.

Some of the captives hearing of
My state, remarked that one of them was skilled
In use of medicines and, doubtless, would
Be glad to render good for ill. My own
Attendants mocked; but one physician asked,
Is the maid fair? and he was told she was.

Let her come here, he said. She came. A white
And fleecy veil enveloped her whole form ;
She had been brought captive to Rome from some
Far distant tribe, and for her mother's sake
Wore veil like hers.

The doctor stood by me,
Called me aloud ; I woke, opened my eyes.
She had just raised her arms and thrown aside
The veil. I did not move, nor speak, but let
Her presence fall upon my blighted heart.
I let the soft beams of her holy eyes
My numb brain permeate; I felt the sun.
She moved her lips ; I did not understand,
But my heart scarcely beat for fear some tone
Would pass it by. She laid her cold, thin hand
Upon my temples, and they thrilled with life.
She to the doctor signed and passed away.
I did not speak, lest when I should be wide
Awake, I might forget my dream. A dream
Is prized by a man who has had but one.

(A pause.)

Lucius.—Can't not thou tell me more ? For I,
too, love
Fair vision thou hast seen.

R. Alas, then, that
I should have told thee this ! What if she should
Prefer thee in the Eden ? Then God's word would
Be broken even there ; there would be death.
I live without her now only because
I know that she is mine. I feel her still
As blind man feels the noonday sun.

L. My friend,
Thou didst not understand ; my heart is lost
On earth, as thine is found in Heaven.

R. Then I
Shall tell thee more ; the man who speaks but once
Must tell all then. It was not very long
Before she came again ; counted some drops
And put a spoon—the handle was a cross—
Unto my lips. Had I known that it was
Draught poisonous, yet I would still have drunk,
Quite satisfied to part with life if it
Left me my dream ; I was a Pagan, then,
And thought to bear to the Elysian Fields
Last dream I had. A day or two passed by,
And I sat up, and took new interest
In everything near, for she was part
Of all. Thou hast seen forest bare and dead,
Where nothing lived but torpid snakes, and then
Came noiseless fall of snow and all seemed pure
And beautiful : no harsh deformity
Could then be seen. Such change came over me.
I thought that I was pure and gentle as
The life I breathed ; nor knew that it was hers.

L. It was not hers ; she breathed it from above
And but transmitted it to thee.

R. It may
Be so. I cared not then to think of aught
But her.

L. Had'st never loved before ?

R. Sported
With flowers I had ; the sweet ones were too plain,
The beautiful were not quite sweet enough,

And so I wanted none—not in the Spring,
Summer, or Autumn of my years.

L. Strange that
A Snow-Flake falling on thy heart should wake
Its life. She must have been most beautiful.

R. Of course.

L. Her features faultless, and her skin
Like marble statue under rosy veil.

R. Ah! Was it so?

L. I did but guess; tell me,
Then, how she looked.

R. Like fall of snow, I said.

L. I cannot comprehend just what thou mean'st.

R. Not unless thou hadst felt her presence as
I have—and loved. But what her features and
Complexion were I cannot say. Am I
A boy to be caught by such trash? It was
Her presence that I loved—Ah, my Snow-Flake,
That melted in my arms! Dost think that she
Was racked! I gave her stupefying draught,
And watched her presence floating from my grasp.

L. Thou hast not told me why she was con-
demned

To die.

R. Too rapidly she braced me up; fools said
She used enchantments; so she did, but not
The ones they meant. A Christian sorceress
Was racked, that heathen ones might learn her
arts.

Let them ice to warm water add and bring
Forth a Snow-Flake! Snow comes from heaven,
Whence came all the enchantments that she used.

When they dared tell me that she was condemned,
I raved like madman in his chain. Oh, God!
I felt before I spoke I could not save
The maid, yet was impelled to try. I urged
Her to become my wife, my queen. The while
I prayed and wept, she smiled and gently said,
Wife of a heathen!—No. I knew it would
Be so. How could I hold a Snow-Flake in
My arms? It may seem very strange, but I
In presence pure as hers dared not appear
Other than what I was.

L. Didst not then learn
How sinners feel when they before God stand?
Thou gav'st a stupefying draught, thou saidst.

R. Yes. I knew she would never stain her rare
And tender purity with blood profane
Of heathen sacrifice. I could not save
Her life, nor shield her from the rack, but I
Could numb her brain that she would suffer less.
The torturers said that she must soon yield,
Being half dead with fright ere they began.

L. Oh! Thou didst wrong the One she served
when thou
Mad'st it appear He could not give her strength
To bear all Satan's rage could do—so she
Would say.

R. Then I have done her a great wrong—
I would have gladly died ere wronged her faith.

L. If she had been thy wife wouldst thou
have liked
To have it said she was afraid to bear
Torture and death for thee?

R. I would have thanked

The man who strove to blunt her agonies.

Would it not be a greater proof of grace

That she would rather die than do a crime

E'en when she suffered so from fear of pain ?

L. How did it end ?

R. Art thou a Christian and

Canst speak thus of a death ? Long ages hence

Maidens on earth and spirits in God's World

Will view her sacrifice, and praise her Lord.

Before I gave her to the demons' arms

I watched her presence fading like the light

Of a strange star that beamed when all was dark.

Her veil they dropped as they uplifted her ;

I wrapped it round myself, and felt that it

Was just as much a part of her as was

The almost lifeless form they bore away.

Like distant star, whose beams illume the rough

And unknown way of baffled traveller,

Years after it has been destroyed, so she

Her presence left with me, and it fills all

The air. Here is her veil ; I wear it in

My robe when I breathe air of common men.

See ! Now it covers me like fall of snow.

I wrap it over me when I would sleep ;

I slip my hand in it when sin is near.

L. 'Tis strange to see such an old man so young.

R. My hair is gray, and yet I am not old,

For my Snow-Flake hath made me young for aye.

NOTE.—Only imaginary characters : the poem was suggested by a snow-storm.

DRAMA VIII.

CHOSROES THE SECOND.

A. D. 591.

Act I.

Jarrelle.—In Persia's glory and decay I have
 Been interested much, and yet to see
 A wondrous sight in other sphere I long
 Have stayed ; and Persia I should think is now
 But a remembrance on the earth—so great
 Her sin. Canst tell me ought of her ?

Olee.—Chosroes,
 Her haughty king—

J. Chosroes ? I never heard
 The name. How long a time between the king
 Darius and this one ?

O. Oh ! centuries,
 As man counts time ; more than six hundred years
 Have been since Christ was born.

J. How passing strange
 This thing that men call time ! What did Chos-
 roes ?

O. He conquered Egypt and took Chalcedon—
 Thou know'st that town from tales of martyrs true.

J. And for its Council, where some braves
 stood up
 For Truth.

O. A war there was between Rome's king
 And Persia's despot lord. Heraclitus,
 Who was a murderer, had been well scourged

By God's decree, enforced by Satan's skill ;
 Humble and penitent, he sued for peace :
 Chosroes replied, " To that I'll not consent
 Till you renounce Him Who was crucified,
 Whom you call God, and then with me adore
 The sun."

J. Satan had gone too far. God now
 For honor of His holy Majesty
 Must interfere. There is no sin he seems
 To hate more than the pride which rebels dare
 To flaunt before His great Omnipotence.
 Sennacherib rememb'rest thou ?

O. Chosroes

A second was to him, and so as such
 God treated him. " Heraclitus He raised
 From his abatement of humility,
 And gave him great success." The Persian king
 Was vanquished : still he sinned. Unlike his foes,
 His pride refused to bow itself to God :
 By his son he was slain, as the good Lord
 Had chastened him in vain.

J. In vain ! God do
 A thing in vain ! He showed His power, and made
 Of this man's pride and blasphemy, as of
 The disobedience of Lot's Wife, pillar
 Of salt*—memorial to last for aye.
 Has Persia's pride still heritage of power ?

O. Almost forgotten thing is she ; she left
 No monuments of her benevolence

* A pillar of salt means a lasting monument.

To bless the world, and why should it think of
Her uselessness ?

J. To read a lesson of
Humility and fear. The Gospel once
Was offered her ; mercy of God she scorned.

O. He gave her to fanaticism then,
The scourge that cuts the deepest gashes in
Fierce, man-exalting, God-o'erveiling pride—
The laughing-stock of all posterity.
Mahomet's followers were welcome guests
Of those who Christ's Apostles scorned.

J. But some
The Word of Life received ; surely the seeds
That God once planted have not yet died out ?

O. They bloom in loveliness, and Earth one day
Will be an unexpectant witness to
Effects of acts that an Apostle wrought.

J. Heraclitus, thou saidst, was saved from rod
Which God thrust from presumptuous hand ; but
when

His sorest need was o'er, did he prove true ?

O. No. So another power tore from him what
He last had gained—"the fairest provinces
Of Eastern lands"—and reaped the triumphs of
His arms in Persian fields.

J. Thus God contemns
In presence of the world, those who presume
To dally with His favors and His grace.

ACT II.

SCHISM.

Olee.—Dost thou remember brilliant light that glowed

In Africa, after Apostle Mark
Raised the thick veil of murkiness that hung
O'er altars which smoked with fierce pagan rites,
And let the rays of Star of Bethlehem
Illuminate the ransomed land ?

Jarrelle.—Clemens,

And Origen, great Athanasius there
Long lived and taught.

O. And Cyprian, also

Augustine learned. 'Tis strange how human minds
Seem to recoil from an excess of light
To hide in wilful darkness deep.

J. There is in man such constant tendency
To sin that a quagmire the Church would be
If the strong winds of wrath Divine did not
The turbid waters move.

O. Afflictions are

The signs of God's true love, not of His wrath.

J. Of both : as the same wind, that plants the seeds

Of death in one whose constitution is
Battered and broken down by appetites
And rage, invigorates the man whose life
Is pure and strong. Carthage has been the seat
Of much that was abhorrent to the great
And holy God, and so a breath Divine

Went forth to purge the air that the Church
breathes.

O. She must have been inoculated with
The dreadful pestilence; for even now
Base schisms are not healed. How can man rend
Christ's Body thus apart? As cruel such
As those who nailed Him unknown to the Cross.

J. His burning, bleeding wounds were cooled
and healed
By air of the damp, dismal sepulchre:
So will the Church, pent up by tyrants' rage,
Be healed of "wounds and putrefying sores"—
The world shut out that Christ may enter in.

O. The Saviour's body bore the marks of nails
When he returned to life and light and love;
And thus, I fear His spouse, the Church, will show,
E'en in her resurrected purity
The gaping rents schismatics there have made.
And worse than schism is foul heresy;
'Twas typified by the cursed lance which pierced
His heart upon the Cross. Ah! His life-blood
Was poured from that deep wound, water and
blood;
And as this showed He was a real Man,
The Church's power to live after such wounds
Proves she is half divine.

DRAMA IX.

JOHN THE ALMONER.

7TH CENTURY.

Act I. : Scene I.

Jarvine.—Some news of Man's world I should like to hear.

Oleen.—Strange that I was then pondering of John

Surnamed the Almoner, a Bishop of Rich Alexandria. Persia had laid Her treasures waste, and carried into base Captivity her sons; then daily he Administered to the necessitous, By Persia scourged, who fled before despot's Rapacity e'en to Jerusalem. John sent relief, captives of war redeemed; Wounded and sick placed in the hospitals And tended them himself.

J. Do heathens for Their destitute provide?

O. Not oft. Christians, Or those who imitate their deeds to win Their name, have made a science of kind deeds, Made it a part of life. Some say John is Too generous, but such forget God's gifts To him. He said, "If the whole world should come To Alexandria yet could it not Exhaust the treasures of my Lord." His faith

Was not the offspring of his lips, he showed
He trusted in God's boundless largesses ;
For, seven thousand and five hundred poor
He fed out of God's Hands, and never feared
That they would eat his share. One had for all
Enough. His ear was always ready for
Complaints. He said, "That God His House will
let

Us enter at all times ; and if we wish
To be heard speedily, how ought we to
Conduct ourselves with brethren of our race ?"
There was one thing he could not tolerate ;
Slander was most abhorrent unto him ;
If any so offended him—offered
Such insult to his charity, "he would
Give the discourse a gentle turn ;" but if
The slanderer persisted, then he told
His servant to let that man in no more.
Backbiters were the only ones his house
Was never opened to.

J. Why should it be
Defiled ? Thou knowest we would not admit
Such men in our abodes.

O. Hither they would
Not wish to come ; pleased audience they like.
Alas ! There is a world where slanderers
Are welcomed as fit guests ; some men are like
Tormented ones, and some are more like us.

DRAMA X.

“THE VENERABLE BEDE.”

Scene I.

(*Bede sitting up in his bed writes:*)

OH, TO DIE,
That I may live!
Never more to sigh,
Nor all night long to grieve!
Oh, to be blest, be blest
In an unbroken rest!

Oh, to die,
That I may live!
Never more to vie
With demons, while they grin
With great delight, delight,
Thinking I'll share their night.

Oh, to die,
That I may live
With my Lord on high!
Nor longer have to strive
With great care, with great care,
Daily to live my prayer!

Scene II.—In Heaven.

Damah.—There enters one who will enjoy the Christ.

Quarlee.—And who is he?

D. The “Venerable Bede,”

Is name oft given him. I saw him die.

Q. Born into light and love thou mean’st!

D. Thou say’st,

“Glory be to the Father, and the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost; as it was in
The beginning, is now, and ever shall
Be so. Amen.”—these his last words on earth.

Q. The fittest words for entrance-song to Heaven.
Of such a man I should like to hear more.

D. I cannot tell thee much. Only a short
While ere he slept to wake to blss, Zaneen
Called me to go and see how little men
Feel pain when suffering for those they love.
His love was Christ, and so the pains He sent
Were welcome guests, albeit something rough
In their kind haste to waft him home.

One day
Bede said, “If so my Maker please, from my
Flesh I will go to Him Who when I was
Not, formed me out of naught. My soul desires
To see in beauty Christ, my King.” Again
He said, “To see the Face of God would me
Suffice; there shall be nothing more; nor is
There call for more when he is seen—He who
Is all above.”

J. Bede is another link
Of the great chain of saints within the Church;
Although she totters she will never fall;
For Christ is Truth—He is with her for aye.

D. Yet I have heard that what thou call’st the
Church

Aspires too high, will fall by her own weight.

Q. But not until the chain of sainted souls
Will be transferred to other base.

D. Meantime

We'll seek and find them in this gorgeous Fold.

DRAMA XI.

A L P H A G E,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A.D. 1013.

Act I.

Karrelle.—Lar, I should like to hear somewhat
of new
And peaceful conquests made by Christian lives
'Mid savage hordes.

Lar.—Nobly the English priests
Have borne the Gospel seed to Denmark wild,
Sweden and Norway, too. The Danes embraced
Salvation with much zeal!

K. And yet how cold
All seem to us who better understand
What they escaped and what they have attained.
Cry Heaven and Hell, and men will only stare;
Cry loss and gain, they comprehend. Oh, “fools
And blind.”

L. The Swedes, most obstinate in their
Idolatry, “murdered the good Eschelle
While he was preaching Christ.” But England
dared
To persevere in efforts to reclaim

From Hell these northern lands, requiting good
For ill. Much she had suffered from men of
The North. Unconsciously, in doing good
Without a selfish thought she reaped reward ;
In course of time the savages became
Christian and civilized and stayed at home
To cultivate the arts of peace, and so
Had England rest.

K. Much I should like to search
For good Eschelle : wilt go ?

L. And as we fly

I'll tell thee of another Saint who has
Afforded me true joy—the braye Alphage,
Archbishop of fair Canterbury once.
Oft did the Danes invade poor England in
Their restlessness. His city they besieged ;
Kind friends entreated him to save his life.
Then answered Alphage : "God forbid that I
Should tarnish my fair character
By deed inglorious, or fear to go
To Heaven because a death from violence
Across the passage lies. Some great men of
The Danes I have converted to the faith,
And if this be a fault happy am I
In suffering for it. Captives have I
Redeemed, supported some in bonds. If Danes
Be angry that I have reproved their sins,
I must remember Who has said, If thou
Warn not the wicked then his blood will I
Require at thine own hand. Hireling is he
Who leaves the shorn sheep when the fierce wolf
comes.

Therefore I'll stand the shock ; submit to God." He did submit as loving child, and God Decreed the humble should exalted and Remembered be. Fair Canterbury will Preserve his name ; she calls a church for him. The Danes great cruelties committed in Good Canterbury ; Alphage rebuked those Who had the power to smite him low. He said, "To soldiers brave the cradle can't triumphs Afford. Better 'twould be vengeance to take On me, whose death celebrity may give." And more he said till the Danes seized and bound The old Archbishop fast, and kept him months A prisoner ; then offered liberty For payment from King Ethelred and him. The sum was too large to be raised, he said ; Firmly refused to drain the treasures of The Church to save his life. He thought it wrong To give to pagans what was gathered for God and the poor. So the Danes, merciless, Stoned him to death the while he prayed for them.

K. Him thou wouldest call a martyr, I suppose.

L. A real one, who much preferred to die To doing thing unjust.

K. First martyr he

For honesty I've heard of on the earth.

L. The church, of which he the Archbishop was, Keeps fast of forty days in memory Of Jesus's Fast, and to prepare itself To celebrate Palm Sunday that will know No end, because the palms that the Redeemed Will cast at the God's Feet, will grow from hearts .

Of grateful memories. The first time that
 I Alphage saw I went with Rure, who was
 His Angel, and I saw him write a song
 That I laid by in my remembrance, as
 Oft pilgrims of the earth from Palestine
 Take shells called for St. James and lay them up
 In distant homes, reminders of a new
 Experience. My relic wouldest thou see?

K. Aye, verily.

L. This was the hymn he breathed,

IN LENT.*

Why should I care for the festivals of earth?
 A grand Paschal Feast is preparing for me.
 How hollow earth's revelry! Torpid its mirth,
 But at the great Feast true joy there will be.
 Women who prepare for holidays of sin
 Have a weary time; their pleasure costs them
 dear.
 So, if Lent seems too long I will patience
 win;
 Happier I'll be when bright Easter is here.
 The Bridegroom of souls will pay a visit then;
 On my Paschal garment I should spend much
 time
 For alas! it hath caught many stains from men,
 Though in Blood I washed it once free of earth's
 grime.
 Lent is the time to rewash it and prepare
 For angels whom at Easter I'll entertain.

* I hope the good Saint won't be scandalized at a modern
 calling him a versifier and attributing such rhymes to him.

The Last Supper-time may come ere I'm aware;
I'll wash now and be cleansed from the year's
stain.

K. Strange to my ears such songs. The sphere
in which

I have been sentinel, differs from Earth.

L. Wouldst like to see another scallop-shell?

K. Much it would please.

L. These verses too are his.*

CONTENT.

Dim and disjointed though my life may be
I know, O Father! that it leads to Thee.
Though I have longed for all that earth can give,
I've learned now simply in content to live.
The treasures that I grasped at proved beyond
My reach; I fold my hands now in the bond
Of cold necessity, nor care to weep
For the dead past; but calmly onward creep;
If also upward, that is quite enough.
Nor do I care, although the way is rough.
I know I'll surely find what I have lost,
When earthly woof with heavenly warp is crossed.

Act II.

PAOLO OF VENICE.

Adelle.—Strange, as we talk of this, here cometh
one

Who can add interest to our discourse.

Paolo,† wilt thou tell us of thy work

* See note on preceding page.

† I don't know anything of the origin of the Mosaics of St. Mark's: Paolo is only a figment of my brain.

In the true Venus sprung from the sea-foam,
Queen of the civic beauty of the earth?

Paolo.—Mine it cannot be called; to me God
gave

But one great thought; other than mine the hands
To which he gave the skill to execute.

Verrar.—As I know naught of thy design, nor of
What Adelle speaks, enlighten me.

P. I was

A citizen of Venice, and in youth
Was sent to fair Byzantium to learn
How to make pictures of bright cubes of glass,
Impervious to damp or time. This was
In the eleventh century;* before
Men could have Bibles in their homes; but my
Compatriots, noble, sea-faring men
And merchants, who felt that they owed to God
Their wealth, were anxious to make offering
Of part of it to Him. I knew that they
Would not grudge the expense. To me He gave
Taste, industry, love of the beautiful
And a desire to preach to men long as
My native place was moored to Italy.
I thought to put chief poems of God's Word
In pictures that could never fade. A church
Had been erected on the spot where once
St. Mark had lain, before the edifice
Had been consumed, and with it (as was well)
The ashes of the good Evangelist,
That men adored. Poor men, who are so prone

* Kugler.

To worship living dust, or ashes dead !
But to my great dismay, I found I was
Slow scholar ; though my brain could dream, invent,
My hands were stiff and awkward, and my work
Would not adhere. My master gave me up ;
But my Creator saw my tears—they came
Not from offended pride, but flowed because
I could not carry out my plans for Him—
At least, so I thought in my first despair.
For weeks I haunted St. Sophia and
The other buildings of Byzantium
Until my disappointment softened to
Sweet resignation to God's will. I went
To an old monastery, and I was
Allowed to read for months the manuscripts
God gave to man. To Venice I returned
And sketched designs,* to cover new St. Marks
With revelations God had made to us.
In portico Creation's work, the Fall,
The Deluge, and some episodes in lives
Of Patriarchs and of the Jews I gave.
Having passed in the church, a solemn light
Softens the alabaster gold and gems ;
The windows in the nave—as they should be †—
Are in the roof, so as men look not on
The haunts of wealth, but at the floor of Heaven.

* When I was in St. Mark's, I saw naught of this design : but reading Dr. Guthrie's Article on Venice, in *Sunday Magazine*, for December, 1870, it seemed to me absurd to hold with Kugler that there was none.

† Only Gothic churches should have windows in walls.

Over the central door is Christ upon
His Throne (not in a mortal's arms). He holds
A book, on which one reads, "I am the Door ;
By Me, if any enter in he shall
Be saved." Lower the Virgin stands, and in
The marble cornice is inscribed, "Who He
Was, and from whence He came, and at what
price
He thee redeemed, and why He made thee, and
To thee gave all, consider thou." Beyond,
Beneath first cupola, the Holy Ghost
Appears as He o'er Jordan hovered once:
Around, the twelve Apostles to receive
The typifying fire. Three angels bear
On tablets the word "Holy," and a fourth
Shows the word "Lord." This the commence-
ment of
The hymn ; around the border of the dome
Is written fair, "Lord God of Sabaoth,
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Hosannah in the highest. Blessed He
Who comes in the Name of the Lord." On both
Sides acts of Virgin and Apostles and
Christ on Mount Olivet, while under Him
Is read, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand
Ye gazing into Heaven ?" This question might
Be well put to earth's many dreamers, who
With folded hands do naught but gaze upon
High mysteries. Let such here answer find:
"This Christ, as He is taken from you, shall
So come the Arbiter of Earth, trusted
To do judgment and justice." So, forward !

Work, ye idle dreamers, lest He come
 And find but empty hands, wherein He should
 Have found flowers for His crown !

Two sermons I

Have left for all the after-time : “ Christ is risen ; ”
 And “ Christ shall come.”

Q. But will men heed thy words
 When they read those that their Redeemer spoke,
 And turn aside to sleep ? However, we
 Shall hope they may. Proceed.

P. Not to detail

Too much, I shall but say one may read here
 Most of the chief events in Jesu’s Life,
 That consummated is by His Last Honrs
 Upon the Cross, and ends with His Ascent
 To Heaven ; the gates of Hades shattered at
 His feet ; and in one pierced Hand Banner
 Of Victory ; and He “ the One in Whom
 We live ”—draws after Him to Paradise
 The one in whom we died.

DRAMA XII.

THE TRUE CROSS.

A.D. 1187.

In Hades.

Cania.—I hither come to ask thee for the tale
 Which I have heard thou tell’st—how thou didst
 find
 The relic sad that men the Trne Cross call.

Helena.—Then float thee by my side while I relate

What some conceive the grand achievement of My life. I had thought of Christ's sacrifice, Until a mad desire to kneel down by His blessed Cross and print my lips upon The place to which His feet were nailed, urged me To journey into Palestine ; perchance, E'en I might find the holy wood.

C. It does

Not seem to me that I should so have longed For what, though blended with His Death, was yet No part of Him.

H. Heaven-born, thou canst not know What 'tis to live a life-long banishment From Him whom thou dost with thy eyes adore. Oh ! if a child of earth thought that he might By watching all the night, behold ere morn Arose the faintest shadow of His feet, He ne'er would will to sleep. How canst thou know What 'tis to pine like a parched flower in dry And sterile plain for but an echo of A far-off whispering of rain ?

C. It must

Be sad to live on earth. Unhappy men ! Who have to dwell for many years where God They cannot see.

H. Unhappy ? No : not while He seeth them and they can talk to Him.

C. Well, tell me, Pilgrim for a fancy sweet, How thou didst find the Cross !

H. I heard there was

Tradition old, that in neglected spot
Near to Jerusalem it had been cast
On night that our redemption was complete.
From Bible-history I knew that where
Mount Calvary crouched low 'neath curse there
were

A garden and a sepulchre. That pit
I caused to be examined, and within
Three crosses lay; on one, inscription that
Weak Pilate wrote. Two of the blessed nails
I had wrought into iron crown unique
For my son Constantine. "Rome's Royalty,
By wearing crown made of the iron that
All men believed to be the instrument"
Of Jesu's agony, acknowledges
Supremacy of Him whom Roman lord
Had crucified, because He said that He
Of Jews was King. Ah! very many men,
Gazing on fragments of that wood, have lain
Down to their rest as quietly and full
Of faith as were the Jews of olden times
Who gazed on brazen serpent in the wilds.
Moreover, Pagans had defiled the spot;
For Hadrian, boast of the Infidel
Philosophers, his magnanimity
Proclaimed by striving to efface from minds
Of men the memory of Calvary;
And where the Cross had been a monument
To death—that there was vanquished by the Lord
Of Life—did Hadrian erect fine fanes
To Jupiter and Venus vile. At this

Time none of Jacob's seed permitted he
In Elia Capitolina but
To set a foot, and possibly men might
Have then forgotten where Golgotha was.
But when the pride of philosophic schools
Returned to dust (sooner than toga that
He wore) the Christian Jews went back, and knew
The place that spite and hate had marked.

C. Perhaps,

'Twas well for them that rites profane repelled
Their feet from spot idolatrously loved.

H. When my son Constantine was seated on
The Roman throne he ordered to be razed
Temple of Venus, and that the soil near
To its foundation should be carried off.
Then was the Holy Sepulchre revealed,
And temple was replaced by church. "The nave
Inlaid with precious marbles, and the roof
O'erlaid with gold; the dome supported by
Twelve pillars—one for each Apostle—with
Vases of silver for bright capitals."*

*C. There is one human feeling that I can
Not comprehend—the way the senses cling
To things inanimate.*

H. Herein have we
Advantage over spirits pure; ye can
Not know how thrilled my heart to touch that
Cross—
He had hung thereupon—tortured for me.

* The East.—*Spencer.*

Darelle.—Cania, I have just come from where
they keep

Commemoration of their Saviour's Birth.

My ward since the last Christmas lost her love,
But felt she should not therefore slight the
Christ;

And while she decorated her old home,
And tears fell on the evergreens, she sang:

MY BELOVED SEETH ME,
And sweetly he smileth.
Looking most tenderly,
Fondly he beguileth
My stagnant thoughts, that pine
For his bright home afar,
As my sore fingers twine
The cedar cross and star.
Thus he bids me adorn
The tent that I dwell in,
Though it may be forlorn,
With meet types of my Home,
To help to banish sin
And lead my mind to roam,
Culling immortal flowers
Even in week-day hours.
He tells me by the Cross,
That minds me of my sin,
Of sorrow and of loss.
I must hang the green star
Which pointeth to the Inn,
That is not very far,
The anteroom of God

Beneath the verdant sod.
Lighted by that star's ray
Over the desert-way,
I soon may lay me down
In shadow of Christ's Crown.

* * * * *

I CANNOT SWEETER OFFERINGS BRING
Than Christmas songs the children sing,
When on the cedar-cross they gaze
And think of him who died to save
Their souls from an eternal grave;
No brighter offerings will blaze
Upon the altar of my love
Consecrate to one above—
Than grateful incense of their thoughts,
As the green star new life imparts
Swiftly to their young, grateful hearts,
To think of Jesus who was born
For them one bright Christmas morn.

C. Once I saw gentle girl with wooden cross
Worn underneath her robes, touching her heart.
I asked her angel-guardian if that
Was badge of superstition's foolish sin.
Larl smiled, and answered, No; I can't explain
The girlish feeling of that human breast;
But I can tell her tale. She lover had
Whose coming was like rising of the sun.
Her presence was to him as balmy cloud,
That chastened the effulgence of his love.
And yet they could not be made one, Larl said.
Why not? I asked. He answered, Both were poor.

The lover kissed her little hand, and thought,
That must not work too hard for me or for
The children God may send. Kind friends have
made

Her lot an easy one; I love too well
To make her life a sacrifice to mine;
And so to sea he went, to gain the means
For making her his wife. Ah! he came back
No more, but the kind winds blew to the shore
The wreck of the death-consecrated ship.

Her cross is made of piece of Alfred's berth;
She knew 'twas his, because her name was on
The board. That small love-dedicated cross
Once saved her from sale of herself to wealth.
After four years had thrust lost happiness
Before her weeping eyes, tired she became
Of her dependence on an uncle proud.

A wealthy suitor wished to take her for
His bride, albeit her poor heart was cold;
She told him this, but promised to be his.
He pressed her to his breast as though he had
A right to guerdon won by only love:
While thus he clasped, the wooden cross gave her
A thrill of pain. She grew so pale and stiff
He loosed his hold and asked the cause. She said,
I saw *him* there; he turned from me with scorn;
I have profaned the covenant of love;
But life-long widowhood shall expiate
My crime.

H. Man, by gross senses led, may fall
In sin; for this God's compensation is,
That senses purified and touched by love.

Whether it be or human or Divine,
Are tendrils that his life puts forth to draw
In spiritual nourishment from things
Arounnd.

Chosroes, the Impious, once bore
The Cross away, but when Heraclius
Had vanquished him he to Jerusalem
Returned barefoot, in sackcloth, carrying
The holy Rood. In Calendar is still
The anniversary of this glad day,
Memorial that kings the God-Man serve.
Jerusalem's last monarch bore the Cross
To Hattin's battle-field. Salah-e-deen
Had sworn Jernusalem should fall. Then wore
The crown "proud and weak Guy of Lusignan."
I do not like to tell of the great fight
Near Tabor; but De Maillé is a theme
For worldly poet's verse. When nearly all
His brave companions lay upon the field
He rushed upon the foe, calling aloud,
"That for the Cross! That for Jerusalem!
And that for the dead lady of my love,
For Marguerite!" I'll not tell of his death.
Another battle followed soon. The Cross
Was borne in thickest of the fight. 'Twas by
A bishop of fair Ptolemais held
On a slight eminence, "bravest of knights
Around. Templars of great renown and bold
Knights of St. John vied with each other in
Great bravery." Like storm of hail came down
The wingèd messengers of death, but still
The bishop sang the *De Profundis* till

He fell. Another seized the Cross with his
 Left arm and with prodigious strength he threw
 Himself upon the foe. Then sought the eye
 Of Salah-e-deen for the Cross, and he
 Smiled bitterly ; but Lydda's bishop, with
 His left arm held the precious type of Sin
 Forgiven quite close to his heart, and with
 His right fought well ; a great crime had he once
 Been guilty of ; his punishment had been
 Long priestly years of solitude and grief.
 Now murmured he *her* name, grasped closer still
 The Cross, and clasped still nearer to his breast
 A heavenly maid ; and so he died. The Cross
 Was lost on Hattin Hill, in Galilee.

C. Hast not heard of it since ?

H. Salah-e-deen,

When truce was made by Richard, Lion of
 Old England's throne, refused to yield it to
 Those who would worship it : a follower
 Of false Mahomet thus rebuked the Church.*
 In venerable city † where I first
 Saw Paul, and heard his story of the Cross,
 I afterwards Salah-e-deen observed.
 The day before he left the earth (that he
 Thought but a chess-board where the men were
 pawns),
 Through all the streets he caused his shroud to be
 Borne by an emir, who proclaimed, “ Behold
 All Salah-e-deen, who is conqueror
 Of Eastern lands, taketh away with him ! ”

* Some historians say that the surrender of the Cross was one of the terms at the Capitulation of Acre, A.D. 1191.

† Dainascus.

C. Was not the rage of warrior and priest,
Monarch and peasant for crusades, a thing
Most wonderful ? As if God had not been
In Europe as in Asia ! To suppose
He would be pleased to have His earthly haunts
Profaned by murder, superstition, hate !

H. Yet incidents touchingly beautiful
Often occurred : poets expressed themselves
In deeds ; swords carved originals which men
Of later days transcribe as poetry.

C. Give me some reminiscences of such.

H. At Antioch, defended by a host
Of turbaned Infidels, great valor won
Little success. Peter the Hermit ran
Away quite secretly in great despair ;
But Tancred brought him back, lest his
Defection would dishearten more the troops ;
Tancred's fine courage never quailed. Once, while
A battle raged he made his squire vow that
He never would reveal exploit of his ;
He wished to garner all his fame for Heaven.
He, when Jerusalem was captured, tried
Much to restrain the soldiers fierce and sent
Mohammedans under his pennon to
A mosque ; some Christians murdered them and
great
Was Tancred's ire, his honor compromised.
Godfrey de Bouillon also was a knight
Whose fame is like pure flame in sooty smoke.
When Holy City by unholy strife
Was won, helmet and gauntlets laid aside,
Feet bared, he went up Calvary. He wept

For joy, and knelt down where his Lord had lain.
 Next day the English monarch's son
 Was chosen king, but he declined the crown ;
 Then, quite unanimously Tancred was
 Elected. He accepted office, but
 He would not wear a golden crown where his
 Redeemer wore one made of thorns ; nor would
 Be called King of Jerusalem where Christ
 Was taunted with like name ; his title was
 The Baron of the Holy Sepulchre.
 He reigned a year and kept a spotless fame ;
 Then hither came and cast all his renown
 At feet of Him to Whom it doth belong.
 Near where Christ slept two days, he sleeps ; his
 sword
 Is there preserved,* and was for a long time
 Used to dub knights of Holy Sepulchre. †

DRAMA XIII.

THE BRUCE.

Act I.—In Hades.

Bruce.—How strange a thing was I a few short years
 Ago ! Can it be possible ? Is that
 My heart ? Was that disgusting thing the well
 From whence once flowed my life ? Alas ! I must

* Miss Yonge.

† Irenæus Prime, in his Travels, gave me most of these facts.

Have been an idiot, even in death
Quite mad to touch the Holy Land, that I
My heart might tomb where it had longest lived!
Wallace, my noble friend, thou best-beloved
On earth, dearer to me than angels of
The skies! Ah, if thou couldst but hear me
now!

Then I would bid thee—faithful one!—carry
My heart back to the tenement that God
Designed for it, and let it rest in peace
Until the Resurrection-Morn.

Calla.—What is
It that the man thou lookest at hath thrown
Amid the Saracens, crying aloud—
And yet I think in somewhat trembling tones—
“Onward, as thou wast wont, thou fearless heart !”

B. My heart.

C. I’ve seen the springs of life that beat
In infant’s breast when I have rested there ;
But that thing is—

B. My heart. Wilt hear
My tale ?

C. Most willingly. But dost thou like
To think of foolish days that passed on earth ?

B. I would not wipe away the much-prized
Past;

Deep in my memory are pictures grand
Of tempests wild, when oft all hope had fled,
And only fears, thinking that night had come,
Flew moaning mockingly around the bark
That scarcely served to save me from the waves.
But suddenly the tempest grew quite bright

With the glad flash that said my God had come
To guide my fragile skiff where He would have
It moored. And that light in my memory
Is quite as bright as are the halos that
Now play around our brows. Who cometh here?

C. A spirit I know not. (*To stranger.*) Dear friend, a kiss,
And after that thy name.

Donald Gray.—Two kisses give
I thee; one in return for thine, and one
To please myself. I am called Donald Gray.

B. That name doth sound familiar to my ear.

G. Aye, Sovereign King—

B. Silence! Oh, hush! Why wilt
Thou mock me here? I am ashamed of what
Once seemed regality. How couldst thou call
Me king when thou hast seen the only King?

G. I shall not mock thee more. A while I did
Forget that we are now like men who have
Outgrown the children's make believe; but 'twas
To talk with thee that I have sought thee now.

B. How willingly do I lend ear to hear
Of aught that minds me of my still-loved home.

G. When I was but a child, my granddame
told
Me many tales of thee, speaking of thee
As Robert "the good king," and early I
Was taught to bless thy name.

(*To Calla*) Now wherefore falls
He on his face?

C. Speak reverently, friend.
He now gives thanks to God that He by His

Good Spirit guided him, so as when he
Has passed into Eternity his name
Is blessed.

NOTE.—I certainly should not have written this if I had
then known the particulars of Bruce's history.—'69.

DRAMA XIV.
JOAN OF ARC.

A.D. 1431.

Act I.: Scene I.—Rheims.

(*Aidann and Zelreen flying by, see a crowd around a stake to which men are binding Joan.*)

Zelreen.—They will not let her die! Quickly,
Aidann,

Tell me men are not fiends. The torches burn—
Thinkest we've lost our way and are in Hell?

Aidann.—In Hell? A creature such as that in
Hell?

I've seen this maid before, and heard her tale
From angels who have watched her from her birth.
I did not know she was to die to-day.

Z. I have not learned her story, only see
A being beautiful, whose looks proclaim
Her innocence and bravery of soul—
Her eyes inspired by faith. Would she could wear
That smile in Paradise. Must it lie in
The dust ere made immortal, glorified?

A. Ah, cruel torturers! They bid her wait
Until some great lord comes to see her burn.

Z. What an absurdity to us are the great lords,
Who are not worthy of the name of men!

A. She turns aside to hide a coming fear;
I'll not look at her now.

Z. Rest on this cloud
And tell her history.

A. In Domremy
A gentle shepherdess caressed white lambs
And nourished sickly ones by day and night.
She had no company but her sweet thoughts
And rippling stream near where she kept her flock,
Though guardian angels often talked to her
Not in words audible to lamb or ewe,
But to her heart. She never knew them face
To face, but sometimes saw their shadows on
The clouds as they ascended far above
The trees, when they forgot her gaze in their
Swift flight to heaven.

Z. How could they leave her side?

A. It is not long since thou hast been, and so
Hast never stayed away great while from God.

Z. I thought we could not go away from Him.
Do mortal maidens love as angels do?

A. In their capacity: first comes the bud,
And afterwards bloom full and glorious.
But Joan hath not loved a mortal man.

Z. Oh, I am thankful that God kept her for
An angel's heart! I'll kiss away her breath.

A. Thou hast no right; God has not bidden
thee;
By her both of her guardian angels are.

Z. Why hath she two?

A. Carola watches when
Marruna goes away.

Z. Art sure that she
Hath never loved?

A. In her calm, lonely woods
Passion's hot breath could never heat her cheeks,
Whose glow is too ethereal for love
Such as man dotes upon. I'll go where I
Can better see.

Z. I will not go. That stake!

A. Is naught to me; she doth not think of that,
The sparkling dew on the rose-leaf comes in
The dark, though visible at morn, and so
Her tears are not for what we see, but what
Has been. She thinks of her old home and
friends
Of youth.

Z. Oh, tell me more of them! of her!

A. No; not of them. She knew no selfishness,
And therefore was prepared for sacrifice:
She heard a grievous tale, and pity robed
Her for her fate, for martyrdom. The king
To her is God's vicegerent on the earth,
And those who injure him the enemies
Of God. His crown at England's feet, his robe
Of royal purple trailing in the dust,
Always insidious foes about his path,
Moved her to tears and prayers, and these brought
dreams

In which she thought that God appointed her
To go forth in his name, armed champion
Of loyalty. She was like child who heeds

What she thinks father's will, without a word
Of questioning. She bathed in tears her crook
And laid it on the grave of her pet lamb,
Hung her straw hat upon her tree beloved,
Kissed all the little lambs, petted the sheep,
Donned armor of a man, and went forth GRAND.

Z. And God—was He well pleased?

A. That I know not.

Z. Perhaps a demon tempted her in dreams.
But had she had no warning?

A. None, and God

Doth not judge one by others' conscience, friend.
Her parents and her priest may have to stand
Before God's bar and answer make for her—
I say may; there are none I dare condemn.

Z. I'll try to catch some words from her firm
lips.

Oh! I know God is pleased with her; she dies
For what she thinks His will; to live now would
To her seem treason unto Him; nor hath
She wilfully her conscience shut in from
The light of offered truth. Her enemies
Did well to build the funeral pyre so high—
Grand queens should have quite elevated thrones.

A. Enthroned above the heads and hearts of
men

Who dare to look upon her death.

Z. But who

Is he who kneels beside her now?

A. A priest

Of her own faith. And now they light the wood.

Z. She's glorious. She does not tremble yet—

But warns her friend to haste from the swift
flames,
Even in death trampling on thoughts of self.
Firmly she closes those grand eyes ; her hands
Upon her burning breast are crossed in peace ;
Renunciation was the doctrine of
Her life, and her last whisper is, “ God’s will
Be done.”

A. Even in death a blessing ! See
Those men, who scarce have wept since they were
grown,

Imagined that they were half brutes, now weep.
Many in death will thank God for to-day
That dawnd on fiendish hearts, to set on eyes
Grown dim with weeping, voices hoarse with prayer.

A. Behold ! There is her dove, her carrier-
dove ;

It came too late to rest upon her breast.

Z. It follows her winged soul : now it is lost
In murky clouds.

A. An eagle pounces on
Its prey—poor dove ! In life and death like her.

Z. By whom was she condemned ? By English
lords ?

A. Aye ; but Burgundians first gave her up ;
French king no effort to release her made ;
And the Parisian University
Demanded that as sorceress she should
Be tried, and asked for letters patent from
The king of England, which “ reluctantly ”
He granted it. Many of English in
Authority unwilling were to see

Her die: at last, the University
 Prevailed—it was unanimous—by priests
 And bishops ruled—that all her acts begot
 By diabolic inspiration were:
 She must be burnt. The Bishop of Beauvais
 On scaffold read the sentence to this girl
 Of twenty years; bade her submit unto
 The church or burn. She, greatly terrified,
 A recantation signed.

Z. Recanted what?

A. Her dreams. She was to prison sent; she
 found

A suit of man's apparel there, tried to
 Escape. The Bishop of Beauvais thought that
 More reason she should be condemned, made haste
 That the first sentence should be carried out.*
 By soldiers, priests and monks surrounded, she
 Was to the market-place of Rouen led.
 The rest thou sawest, friend.

Z. And so it is

The Church of France that has condemned her as
 A sorceress, Envy the advocate.

A. She died not by the sword, traitor to king
 To whom she no allegiance owned; but as
 A witch, by sentence of the church that calls
 Itself infallible. Yet not the less
 There will be stain on English fame whene'er
 Joan of Arc is named. Slaves to a vile,
 Abhorrent superstition, they are now
 Unworthy of the swords they wear, and e'en
 In death has the maid proved that she above

* New American Cyclopædia.

French treachery and English fear, false friends,
And superstition, soared afar. If she
Misunderstood her dreams, the church has now
Her error well confirmed.

Act II.

RAPHAEL.—A.D. 1483.

Scene I.

Adalla.—O God! I see the star of Italy
Hath almost sunk 'neath Time's horizon; yet
Before it is quite down, let us shed on
The brains and hearts and hands of men some
rays

(Reflected from a distance that is well
Nigh infinite) of beauty and of high
Sublimity, that Thou hast lavished on
Our blessed forms; but even such can cheer
Men in their weary banishment from us.
Often in sympathy quite pitiful
Have I watched while they tried to lay small cubes
Of colors to fill up crude outlines that
They angels call. How mortals pant for us!
And one of them, who is called by our name,*
Oft had a glimpse of us, but through such fogs
Of earthiness, he could not well discern
Our gleeful grace and ever-active love;
Only our purity and peacefulness.
Now, great God! let us go to Italy
And visit Raphael in his sleep, and let
Him read—of course, at a great distance, Lord—
Some of the poetry of Heaven, and some

* Fra Angelico.

Few scenes that were upon our minds impressed
In Palestine. Of all the pictures that
I have received the holiest and by
Far the most wonderful is of Thyself
When Thou becamest Babe and on the breast
Of mortal Virgin lay. Let me one night
But touch his eyes in sleep, and stand before
Him while He gazes on this picture stamped
Upon my heart. It is so beautiful.

Scene II.

Verrar.—Why Italy didst thou select
To be the birthplace of a genius rare ?
Of all earth's governments Rome vilest * is ;
Pollution in God's Sanctuary sits
And blood cries from beneath the altars, “Where
Hath Justice hid ?” The people, ignorant—

Adalla.—But not by their free will ; they are
the slaves
Of brutal power and superstition's might ;
Still they have hearts like children's, full of life
And merriment ; and since the martyrs have
Been taken, they are left to lose their way
To Heaven, while they strive their entrance there
To purchase. Though God hides His Face in wrath,

* If any one doubts this let him read only the Roman Catholic writers of the 15th and 16th centuries. For instance, “Cellini's Autobiography” for hints about the characters of Pius III. and Clement VII., whom Romans called the Devil. Machiavelli says, The apostles if they returned to earth would suffer martyrdom under the vicars of Christ, who have destroyed all the morality left by the heathen. Letter to Buondelmontius. See Guiccardini.

Let them some reminiscences of us
Still have. Though they are not allowed to read
The books writ by their countrymen, and may
Not have much profit by the telescope
Or press, their rulers will be glad to let
Them have grand pictures, as in the cold North
A mother hangs on walls of nursery
Rough, simple prints to cultivate the hearts
Of children small.

Scene III.

A.D. 1520.

Verrar.—I have been told Raphael, thy boasted
charge,

After short life has gone back to his God.

What sort of man was he? What work did he?

Adalla.—His mission was to show what woman is.
If he can elevate the mothers he
Will elevate the race: man is what she
Who bore him and who weds him are. Not Jove,
But Aphrodite, typifies the soft
And pleasure-loving tribes of Greece, and in,
Minerva are the wise men symbolized.

V. Woman to ancient art was not revealed:
Venus is silly, fit for but boys' love;
Diana and Minerva without heart:
Trite must have been the minds that such adored.
The sculptured gods were not superior
In love and intellect; the bodies were
Quite perfect; but if there was mind there was
Small sensibility; if feeling, small
Was the intelligence portrayed: and was

This strange when cunning was of Deity
Oft a chief attribute, and filthy lust
Was on Olympus throned ? Quite easy is
It to account for this. The sculptors do
Not oft originate : what poets sing
That they define in stone. Scopas * but shows
The terror Homer drew ; Praxiteles
And Phidias what he revealed, or what
He handed down from common talk, transformed
By his rich fancy and his eloquence
To poetry. But Raphael is our theme.
He paints not a false deity with fair
And swelling breasts and supple, fragile limbs,
With eyes and lips that have no language but
Of flattery and soft frivolity.
No ! Raphael's Mary is not wife to yield
Her conscience to another's keeping that
She may luxuriously languish ; nor
Is she a mother who cannot say no
To crying pet ; she is not one to lead
Her child to Hell because the path to Heaven
Is steep and troublesome. Wondrously fair
Is she, because she's pure and true and wise.
Men linger lovingly before her ; for
Their own ideal of what they desire
In wife and daughter is made visible
By Raphael's glowing brush. He painted not
Cook, sempstress,† tiller of the ground, still less

* The sculptor of the Niobe group.

† I do not refer to women who earn their bread and with it my respect ; but to fine ladies, whose days are spent in making finery and cooking big dinners.

A votary of foolish fashion, or
 One who could flaunt her charms of body or
 Of mind to win the superficial praise
 Of brainless men ; her childlike grace
 Is based on her unconsciousness of power ;
 For modesty is crown of womanhood.
 Her purity, her love all conquering,
 Her steadfast will that even vision of
 The Cross can't shake, her intellect, that grasps
 The problem of the ages but to bear
 The overwhelming thought to foot of God,
 Are what he has portrayed and men adore.

V. But that is foul idolatry.

A. Alas !

There are men who will worship anything
 But God ; better for such to bow before
 Pure Mary, who holds in her arms the Christ,
 Than to a Venus or a mistress vile.
 Before my ward was born men worshipped her,
 And the Franciscans teach she is divine ;
 They say that she was not conceived in sin.
 If not, one parent must have been a God,
 For all of Adam's race are born in sin,
 Except the ONE Who was begotten by
 The Shadow of the Holy Ghost.*
 Do not they pray to her in all lands now ?
 If she hears all she Omnipresence has ;
 If she can grant petitions then she must
 Possess Omnipotence, and all of this
 My charge was taught ; but he has given her
 No attribute not warranted by Word

* Luke i. 35.

Of God.* If she can tread the air, it is
No more than angels do. If she is full
Of pity and would fain help man, why, so
Are we; and she who bore the Saviour is
Above us all who would not dare embrace
The Deity. But she sits at Christ's feet
And dares to touch His hands: so do not we.
He never wore our angelhood; but He
Vouchsafed to dwell in woman's womb, and lie
Upon her breast and to draw thence the life
That He bestowed. He did not choose a man
To cradle Him: Virgin, not sage, His choice.
Raphael taught other lesson by his brush:
Perhaps the most incurable of Earth's
Many-hued forms of selfishness is that
Of mother for her child. What matter if
Another one be wronged, if it is hers
Who profits by the base deception or
The covert injury? She won't confess
This to be selfishness. Not for herself,
But for her offspring dear, she willing is
To scheme and sycophantly flatter if
Its happiness or wealth is thus increased.
Observe, in Raphael's Holy Families
The Virgin generally pays as much
Or more attention to St. John than to
Her Boy: if but one is caressed 'tis he.
Although the Babe Divine sits on her lap
The eye and outstretched hand are for the
sweet

* Perhaps this assertion is too bold.

And modest child, who while he waits to play
Adores.* Another lesson, too, I find
Is taught most charmingly by Sanzio—
Love for the beautiful about the paths
Of work-day life; the common shrubs and flowers
Are pictured with caressing touch, and with
A fondling care are finished, for he thought
That what God found worthy of His Great Hand,
Is not too mean or trite for man's.

*V. Why hath
God brought him home so young?*

A. Thou hast discerned

The passion of some minds for what is old.
In Rome are buried grandest monuments
Of ages that have passed like meteors
And of their glory left no vestiges
But stones deep in the soil. When men find these
Imagination is exalted—for
They know but little of what has been done
Upon their tiny globe. Although defaced
By age or conqueror, who had no time
Them to admire, these scattered marbles are
The letters out of which they will invent
A history or tale. But luxury
Of Papal Court, and of few nobles is
More prized than trade and business; so the land
Around the city, once so populous
In men, fertile in fields, is now a waste
Where Retribution sits upon the throne
Of Idleness, that celibacy breeds,

* In my photographs of Raphael's Holy Families I find this true in two-thirds of them.

Breathing malaria o'er Papal realm.
 Raphael's imaginative mind was so
 Aroused by relics of the Golden Age
 Of Art that he his strength outworked, and thus
 Was easy victim to the poisoned air.

V. I fancy that cause of his leaving Earth
 Is quite suggestive to poetic mind.
 Canst tell me anything of him as man?

A. His whole life was a strain of harmony.
 The artists, else like instruments that are
 Too easily unstrung, when they lived with
 My ward, subdued their jealousy and kept
 Base passions down,* as at a concert men
 Unconsciously agree that they will merge
 All the peculiarities that give
 Offence in silent sympathy. Knowest
 Why Mother Mary in his pictures looks
 So full of tenderness and willing help? †
 It is because dear Raphael's soul was full
 Of kindness: oft he left a picture that
 Will last for aye to help a friend draw some
 Poor thing—no picture but for his free aid.
 And when he went to Papal Court he was
 Accompanied by fifty men, perhaps:
 His friends took a delight in honoring
 Who honored all of them.

V. Pictures of his
 Thon saidst would ever last: how can that be?

* Vasari.

† I gave here only my own impressions; since writing it my reading has almost convinced me he owed more to Perugino and Da Vinci than I had perceived.

A. They are impressed upon immortal minds.
 In camera obscura men can keep
 An image that hath passed; so after Earth
 And all the perishable it contains
 Have turned to naught, on some minds thou wilt
 find
 His pictures are preserved; thus mothers keep
 Portraits of babies that grandchildren may
 See the first buds that have produced such
 fruits.

V. Will scholars left behind now carry to
 Perfection principles he taught?

A. Ah no!

Not one is lovely as was he..

Act III. : Scene I.—Isle of Ischia.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND VITTORIA COLONNA.

Zamar.—Hath God made scenes like this to
 reconcile
 Man to his banishment? Or doth he give
 Slices of Paradise to Adam's sons
 To stimulate imaginations that
 They may oft strive to crawl up to our height,
 As boys will scramble up high cliffs to see
 An eagle's nest when she a feather has
 Let fall down at their feet?

Mazza.—As boys may find
 Instead of life and strength a wounded bird
 Beside her dead, so will you in this Isle.
 A widow mourns for a slain husband here.
 Wilt hear some of her cries of agony?
 If so, we'll fly into her room and read.

Scene II.—Room of the Marchesa of Peschiera.

HIS HOME THAT ONCE MY HOME HAD BEEN
When his bright spirit dwelt within,
Has now become a grave to me:
As dead as he I seem to be.
While loud shrieks through the whole house rang
I was not conscious of a pang.
Why I was calm I do not know:
It was a mystery of woe
That I, who felt the need of crutch,
Should madly at his coffin clutch.
They looked, and "Natural," they said
He was to them; but to me—dead.
I saw no love in his closed eye;
He gave no sign that I was by;
And yet I held on to the form
When last seen with a fond heart warm.
But I don't think I realized
The truth; I was too agonized
Because I knew that he must go
So soon and leave me in my woe.
On his dumb form I lavished love,
Nor had much time to look above.
I only thought to honor him,
Cared not much then that life was dim
As death, and cold as churchyard-clay.
I put the flowers upon his breast;
For a few hours I watched his rest,
And thought—he sleepeth sweetly—ah!
If my bed-time was not so far

Off, over dreary wastes of life,
Whose Marah-waters flow through strife !
Little I cared what should befall
The future, since I had lost all.
Oh, if I could but feel to-night
His presence make my dark room bright !
But God won't let him come to me,
Because I yield to agony.

(*Mazza.—Wilt read another groan prolonged in rhyme ?*)

I WANT THEE, OH MY DARLING ! WANT THEE
 NOW,

I long to lay my hand upon thy brow,
And feel thy touch with life my heart endow,

For it seems dead within me ; it is cold.
No wonder, for a corpse it doth enfold ;
I smile, and friends think I have been consoled.

Consoled ? O mockery of blessed word !
No greater mockery hath my ear heard.
The one who could console me is interred

Beneath the sod on which I kisses press,
And smooth with hands that once he did caress :
Having known love like his I can't take less.

Tears tremble 'neath the lids that keep them back ;
And nearly all the time my brain's on rack
Of faithful memory, throbbing for lack

Of tenderness that once was ever mine.
It cannot be replaced; not Love Divine
Is like it, for all human, dear, was thine.

Thou lovedst with an upward glance, like child,
As though to thee I were quite undefiled;
And God looks down and sees my heart is wild:

A cruel doubt doth gnaw my spirit through—
Is he with thee, O God? If I but *knew*
He is, I'd smile at all that fate can do.

I had a mother once; to Thee she went;
Sweet certainty, with resignation blent.
But now a Cross without Crown Thou hast sent.

The Crown may be here, but I cannot see;
And only certainty can rescue me
From my blind grief. Say, God, is he with Thee?

If not, he is alone; for never he
Had with the wicked any sympathy.
O God, if Thou wouldst let him come to me

In dreaming vision of a wakeful night,
With open wings* and eyes like angels bright,
But smiling on me with their old love-light!

Then I could bear to be unloved, and worse,
Could bear to feel within my heart the curse
Of loveless quiet, as though it were hearse

* See note B.

To carry each hour as it comes to me
To keep the dead Past silent company.

Zamar.—Read me some more; for human life
to me
Is what Renaissance is to ancient art.

Mazza (*reads* :)—I SIT ALONE IN MY CEDAR-BOWER,
And this the blessing that I crave:
I wish the graveyard flower
That gives a bud to lie on my Love's grave
Soon to lay one on mine.
In rosy morn when the glad sun doth shine,
I wish the emeralds upon his tomb
To smile on rubies glistening on mine.
And when the black clouds lower o'er his dear
grave
I wish mine wrapped in gloom.
There was no human power could save
His beauty from an early grave;
Then why may I not die, with him to be?
So heavily the long days pass,
So gloomily!
I often look upon my glass
To see if I'm not growing old.
My youth and bloom have passed away;
I feel my heart has grown as cold
As though my hair was gray;
My eyes have shed as many tears
As those that sink deep in the head
Of feeble age:

The dragging hours are endless years.
I oft turn to the page
That we together read
In life's bright May.
The letters dazzle me ;
I cannot see,
But turn my eyes away
And hear his voice
Reading the book that aye was our first choice—
That once I smiled to hear ;
But now my lips are pressed where his head lay.
(Francesco dear,
Surely love can't decay !
Wilt thou not come for me soon, very soon,
To bear me to the Land of Day ?)
I take up the guitar he kept in tune ;
But since his hand grew stiff alway
There is discordant note
That cannot be attuned to harmony—
In hours gone by it was the first in glee.
I often look at the bright star he wrote
Abont in poetry ;
He bade me know whene'er I sought its light
It was because he thought of me.
Among the stars it seems to float
With memories laden, a golden boat,
It only bright,
Illuminated with his name :
And as through clouds appears the prow,
I wonder if the one whom he loves now
Can be the same
As she with whom he walked in earthly bowers.

I weep because I may not surely know—
This agony of doubt the greatest woe!
The dried-up flowers
That I have kept for years,
Which always lie upon my breast,
Oft need the watering of tears;
And so I bathe them late at night
And when the early morning-light
Disturbs my broken rest:
They were the last he culled.
Last night I had sweet dreams; my griefs were
 lulled
By angel-harmonies to sleep.
His voice I could not hear; I turned away to
 weep:
I would not list to angels' serenade
If his sweet tones no music made.
Then felt I on my brow his kiss,
He gently chided my false fears;
He stood by me in cloud-like robes arrayed,
Within his eyes supernal bliss
That dried up all my tears.
My trembling steps he led with tender care
To his bright home, where all is fair.
Then he left me alone;
I woke up with a moan—
'Twas week-day morn,
Francesco gone!

Scene II.

(*Vittoria alone ; she takes up her guitar.*)

THERE'S NO HOME LIKE EDEN, THE LAND OF DELIGHT !

There's no home like Edén, where faith's changed to sight !

Where severed hearts union gain,
Forgotten earth's sad pain

And the flowers there bound round the brow of the bride

Were nurtured and cherished by Love Crucified.

Or sleeping or waking, where'er I may be
My thoughts aye are turning, sweet Edén, to thee !

Where bitter tears all are dried
At the loved one's dear side ;

Where the one whom I love will claim me as bride
While we kneel to be blessed by Love Crucified.

(*Throws down the guitar.*)

V. It is in vain. I cannot sing off grief.

(*After walking about, takes up her pen.*)

GONE ! GONE ! AND I SHALL NEVER SEE THEE MORE

On this earth, once so beautiful to us.
Yet it does seem even the dead might hear
The startling groan that often doth escape
From my fast-breaking heart ; even the dead
Might feel the crushing pain that will wear out
My storm-tossed life. Oh, would that it were done !
The earth is drear, for in the grave thou art ;

In horrid grief, love and despair beneath
Their feet have trampled happy hours, fright'ning
The dreams I prized the most to calmer home:
And yet each day doth bring its thought of thee.
I see thee standing on the ship that bore
Thee from my sight. Darted thy loving smile
Its rays of light about my less'ning form,
As thine eyes fixed on me and mine on thee,
The sighing waters dashed loud waves between
Our aching hearts, chanting their farewell hymn
To setting sun, and trembling in alarm
At coming night. Like the prophetic sun
Our hopes were sinking in their graves, and death's
“Night-thoughts” were slowly rising from black
depths

And shadowy; like veils of cloistered nuns
Were shutting out youth's beauty from our sight.
The twilight lasted long; thy manhood strong
It did not terrify, and little thought
I of the coming night of grief and death;
My life had been too bright for me to fear
It could be aught but beautiful and fair.
Ah! while earth's twilight shadows closed around
My careless heart an angel came for thee,
And thy grand form was laid in the cold ground
When I had pressed a farewell kiss on lips
That ever smiled on me. Thy dying look
Was full of brightness of foretasted bliss;
The trusting smile that said, God is my friend,
Taught us that Eden's life began ere thou
Wert numbered with the dead. Thou numbered
with

The dead, and she who loves thee numbered with
 The living! My every earthly joy
 Hath fled, and memory doth naught but sing
 The cherished happiness of vanished years.
 But, looking up, I see waving above
 My brow wreaths of celestial flowers, and in
 The lingering of thy fond smile they glow
 With radiance that is not of this sphere;
 And on the night-air flow sweet voices of
 Angelic mirth: this is the chant I hear:
 Lo! thy bridegroom doth come to woo thee home;
 And flowers we bear to his longed-for bride
 Were culled from earth's woes by a Father's Hand.

Scene III.—Rome.

A.D. 1536.

Aidee.—Come. I shall show thee sight magnifi-
 cent.

There is no statue of the palmy days
 Of Greece that will in future ages make
 Impression more sublime than will the man
 Whom now we fly to see.

Farrelle.—We are in Rome.

A. In artist's studio. Does not he look
 Like rough gnarled oak that has fought with the
 storms
 Of years and conquered—not their might, but self.

Michael Angelo (*soliloquizing*)—“I have no
 friends, need none, and wish for none.”

In my whole life I have not had one day
 Of perfect joy.*

* I have somewhere read of his saying this.

A. How little does he know
Himself! I ne'er saw youth who struggled more
For love and sympathy; the contest was
Shut close within his breast, and so he was
Defeated by himself. Sixty is he,
And now he has made up his mind to win no love.
Mount Blanc ought not to blame the little men
Who live about his feet because they do
Not strive to penetrate the chilling fog
That separates him from the world. Those who
Are eminent in mind and character
Must reconcile themselves to solitude
Of mountain-peaks.

F. Alas, that even they
Are separated by chasms of thought!
Those who are nearer God, and whom we oft
May visit, should be satisfied.

A. A joy
Surpassing that of our invisible
And silent love awaits my Michael now.

F. Michael his name?

A. After Commander of
Our hosts: the Chnrch of Rome hath pretty
whims
About her patron saints. The doctrine is
Rooted in truth: but on its later boughs
They tie dead, artificial flowers.

F. He goes forth; shall we go?

A. Aye; for it was
To see his parched-up soul refreshed that we
Have hither come: his thirst not less because
He long has ceased to search for springs of love

To cool the working fever of his brain.
Now in Vittoria he soon will find
A never-failing fount of intellect
And sympathy.

F. And love ?

A: That I know not ;
But do not think he will ; she has loved once.
Her husband rests on Hades' shore of peace ;
Never a spirit there has filled her place.
When he was killed she went to Rome to take
The veil, but Clement wise forbade the nuns
To dress her for the rite. Her angel will
Recite to thee some poetry she wrote
To ease her agony. Her family
Had injured Roman property, and all
Of hers she offered to repair the ill
That they had done. A crown was proffered once
To her brave husband, but Vittoria
Counselled against acceptance ; for he had
Need of no diadem to be the king
Of her free soul in chosen vassalage.
She argued thus : " Virtue may raise you high
Above kings' glory. Honor that goes down
To children is derived from qualities
And deeds. I would be wife to general,
Who is by duty done higher than king."*

* Woman's Record.

*Scene IV.**Michael Angelo, alone :*

IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT .

Fell a string upon my heart,
From a shattered harp it fell ;
But the broken chord was bright
And it fell with magic art,
Sounding mystery's sweet spell.

Swiftly darkness fled away,
For the string was twined of light
That from cherub's wing was shed ;
And I knew the mystic ray,
That in darkest hour of night
Glorified the cross-crowned head.

When my life wore flowers of May,
Carelessly I swept the strings
Of the harp I treasured not ;
Soon the master-chord gave way :
But its echo ever rings
Round about my lonely lot.

When thy broken harp-string fell,
Angel-led, it touched that chord,
And brought forth a melody
That in my stilled heart doth dwell,
Keeping ever watch and ward
O'er a blessed memory.

(*Throws down his pen.*)
What an old fool I am ?

(*Picks up his pen, and smiling at his own weakness, writes :)*

IN MY SLEEP I SAW A VISION—

One I did not dare to grasp :
But I hovered on Love's pinion
O'er the form I would not clasp.

When a boy I played with bubbles,
Found their beauty was but air ;
Now a man, weighed down by troubles,
I'm afraid of what seems fair.

I desire to dream forever
That an angel waiteth near ;
Did I grasp her I might sever
Into truths the vision dear.

I shall go back to work. A gnarled oak's not
The stuff to whittle Cupids out of. Bah !

*Scene V.**

Domenico and Vittoria Colonna.

Domenico.—Pray, who is thy new friend, this
Angelo ?

Vittoria. A man.

D. That does not tell me much.

V. But more

Than I can say of many in this Rome.

D. Presumes he to aspire to hand of one
Who is Colonna's daughter ?

V. No. That man

* Altogether imaginary.

Would not presume did he sue for a hand
That sceptre sways. Ye, Roman nobles, boast
Of pride of birth: most of your houses are,
As the world knows, founded by those on whom
Rests stain of illegitimacy. Bah!

He might be rich if he desired, and found
A house; for all nobility is based
On wealth; all our progenitors were first
Rich parvenues, whether they gained their gold
By heritage, or kingly gift, or war,
Or trade: whate'er the honors they obtained
By war or statesmen's craft, or guile, or love,
They were but parvenues until on wealth
They laid foundation for a family.

“Founded a family!” But, pray, who was
The father of the founder? No one knows.

D. This is true of all lands alike. I wish
Not such a hot defense of Angelo.

V. Dost not? What prizest thou most in the
world?

D. Dear Liberty; and to see my Rome free
From Papal yoke how gladly would I die!

V. And canst not recognize a kindred soul?

D. I do in thee and honor thee e'en as—

V. Thou shouldst Buonarotti have. Surely
Thou knowest of the help he Florence gave
When she strove to cast off the Medici.

D. Is he the Florentine who fortified
The city, and whose talents were to her
More than a regiment? The same who scorned
To purchase Alessandro's favor by
The plan of citadel for tyrants' lair?

V. Yea. Is not he a man ?

D. And worthy to

Wed a Marchesa if she be not called
Vittoria.

V. My sacred widowhood
Should save me from impertinence. Farewell.

(*Alone.*)

STILL HEAVIER GROWS EARTH'S AIR,
And flowers seem less fair
When eyes with tears are brimming
Every glory dimming.
Father, must I longer roam,
Straying farther still from Home?

He I seek long hid with Thee,
I with death and misery !
Earth it is not hard to leave ;
Harder far it is to breathe,
When disease and languor make
All my nerves with sore pain quake.

Father ! Father, let me soar
Where weak men can't tease me more !
Send Thy angels after me ;
Then will all life-shadows flee,
Swept afar by rainbow-wings,
Vibrating to song one sings :—

“ Long-expected Wife of earth,
Come and share celestial mirth !
Wipe the sweat from clammy brow ;
Friends, kiss ; quick ! I must kiss now.
When my lips her lips have prest
She will have eternal rest.”

After long weeping Vittoria writes:

MY GOD, WHY WILT THOU NOT WITHDRAW
The iron bands of earthliness?

My heart to agony they press.

With feelings near allied to awe

I go amid the gay and young,
Fearing that heavy step like mine

Is discord where love-songs are sung—

Grim Fate beside “the tuneful Nine.”

The young girls’ mirth the hours recall—

Forgetfulness Time hath not taught—

When my life too with bliss was fraught,

And earth to me was brightness all.

Such splendor I no more can see

Since husband dear hath gone from me,

Now always pineth my sad heart

For joys divine where, God, Thou art.

They cannot die like those of earth;

The sweetness of life’s daily flowers
Sickens with threat of coming dearth;

It minds me of the happy hours—
As musical as song-birds’ breath—
Ere I knew Grief and sterner Death.

Then, God, withdraw life’s iron bands
That I may rise to fairer lands!

* * * * *

OH GOD, MY WEARY WORK IS DONE!

I feel that it is nearly o’er,
And that another Summer’s sun

May shine upon my quiet grave,
And the next Winter’s rains may pour

Down on my calm, unbroken rest—
The sleep my wearied spirits crave.
I seem to see a presence blest;
And opened wings low hover now
Most watchfully, though silently
About the room and over me.

I feel their presence on my brow
As it grows cool and free of pain;
Not so great pressure of life's chain.

I did not finish that last sigh
For then One to my side drew nigh:
He—that blest One—kissed it away
And whispered words men could not say.

I see his gentle smile again
Such I ne'er had from other men.
As loving as it was of old;
Dearest, thy spirit's bride enfold
Within thy tender, fond embrace
And take me to the blissful place
That Jesus hath prepared for me—
The one that He hath given thee.

Scene VI.—1564.

Miehael Angelo.—“The fables of the world have
robbed my soul
Of moments given for the things of God.”
“Now standing on the brink of life's dark sea,
Too late I learn, O Earth! thou promised'st
Peace that can never be, and the repose
That dies in being born. A retrospect
Of life brings only errors to my view.

The greatest bliss on high belongs to Him
 Who early dies." My head has done its work
 And it is satisfied; but empty heart
 Is craving as in youth for what it can
 Not have. Oh, Love! My hair is white and thou
 Return'st again. My will thou oft has thrown,
 Then let it have the reins. Now thou hast spurred
 Me as a horse to fleetness wild, and then
 Hast let me cool.* Like animal that long
 Has been left to himself, I have grown shy.
 But I must bolder be, or else can't win
 The blessing I much crave. I tire of self.

Scene VII.

Michael Angelo and Vittoria.

Vittoria.—“Far higher than your works we rank
 yourself;
 And those who know them only value that
 In you less perfect than yourself. Much I
 Admire the way that you seclude yourself
 From the vain conversation of the world
 And princes' offers, that yon may dispose
 The labor of your life as one great work.”†

M. Angelo.—This praise is undeserved; but here
 I shall

* The idea of the horse is expressed by Michael Angelo.

† All in quotation-marks is quoted from Grimm's “Life of Michael Angelo,” translated by Fanny E. Bennett. In the conversation of Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, I use you instead of thou; for Grimm says there never was any mention of love between them.

Complain of the reproaches brought against
 The men of genius. Some say they are strange
 And not to be approached : the opposite
 Is true ; none are so natural, so full
 Of sympathy. But should an artist, quite
 Absorbed in his own work, take from it time
 And thought to drive off other men's *ennui*?
 Few do their work with conscientiousness."

V. The starving minds, ne'er fed by books or
 thoughts,

Wish to be kept alive on the rare crumbs
 That from rich tables fall, forgetting that
 Those who can such afford have delved for
 food
 More eagerly than ploughmen cultivate
 Their soil.

M. "How seldom do we meet with minds
 That understand ideas! Oft the Pope
 Upbraids me that I do not show myself ;
 But I reply, I work for him in my own way,
 Instead of making false parade like those
 Who nothing do. Sometimes I put my hat
 Upon my head, forgetful quite that he
 Is by ; and he lets me alone, instead
 Of cutting off my head."

V. His Holiness

Is well aware, though he can open gates
 Of Heaven and Purgatory, that he can't
 Call thence another Michael Angelo.

M. But Angelo would answer to the call
 Of the Marchesa, could she ever find
 Fit place in Purgatory and were he

In Heaven ; and it would be but just, because She often raises him from depths of foul Despair (and that is Satan's kingdom—is It not ?) to sit by her in Paradise.

“ He blockhead is who likes to live alone And calls it happiness.” But artists can't Be always with Vittorias, and so,

“ Why be unjust to one who naught demands From any one, because he is not false ?

Why wish by force to make him take (fool's*) part In killing time,” when he has not enough Wherein to shape his ends ? “ He quiet needs ; There is a mental work which the whole man Requires, and he can't give to any one The smallest part of his free soul. Those who Great artists are with no man would exchange ; They envy not the rich, thinking that they Are wealthier. A mind schooled in high art Perceives how empty is the life of those Who think themselves the mighty of the earth, Whose glory ” will be but their winding-sheet. “ Pronder is artist of his work than is A prince of vanquished lands.”

V. “ May I presume To ask enlightenment upon your art ? ”

M. “ Your Excellency but commands and I Obey.”

V. “ To me the German painting seems In character much more devout than onrs.”

M. “ It best suits the majority who call

* Word inserted for rhythm.

Themselves religious, for it moves to tears
 Whom ours leaves cold. It suits the very old
 And young, ecclesiastics, nuns. It does
 Attract the eye with pleasant themes,
 Is pretty, but is not true art, for it
 Has not the inward sympathy, and it
 Possesses not meaning or power; only
 In Italy is painting genuine. Fine art
 Is made religious by the mind that it
 Originates. Naught makes the soul so pure
 And good as to endeavor to create
 A perfect work. God is perfection, and
 Who strives for it strives for a thing divine."

V. As we may say a taper is a light
 And the sun is a light.

M. True painting is
 Faint shadow of the pencil God paints with,
 A striving after harmony.

V. And He

The music is.

M. And the most perfect sheet
 Of melody that He kindly allowed
 To float to earth is she whose presence is
 A song, and I, who cannot sing, am in
 Despair. Can't I be taught? I have been told
 How you have raised D'Avalos* from a wild
 Boar's youth to man of intellect and art.
 Improve me now. "For the first time have I
 Experienced what happiness it is
 To yield to woman." † I am blessed now.

* Husband's nephew.

† Grimm.

Not Pole, nor Contarini, Occhino,
Nor Tolomei find in you what I find—
A second self.

V. The “New Opinions”* I
Share with these friends.

M. And I share them with you.
“Now on one foot and then on other I
Am balancing, virtue and vice the weights.
Anxious and wearied I salvation seek,
Like one who errs because the stars are hid
In clouds. I know not where to turn. Oh, take
My heart’s unwritten page and write on it
What most it needs! All that I crave in prayer
Disclose to me.”†

V. I see as one who wakes
In dazzling light, nor yet perceive the lines
That I must draw around the Truth.

M. I leave
With you this trash I wrote. I see some friends
Draw near. Farewell.

V. Take them with you. I care
Not for their chat while my soul hearkens to
The surging thoughts you have aroused.

V. (alone) reads:

“THAT THY BEAUTY MAY NOT DIE
Nature now asks back each charm ;
One by one takes them away,
Gives them to a woman warm ;

* In religion, Michael Angelo was a disciple of Savonarola, and Vittoria favored the “new opinions ;” yet neither were “heretics.”

† From Michael Angelo’s sonnets.

With thy countenance adorns
 Lovely form in the bright sky ;
 Ev'ry grace of thine she has.
 Her the God of Love doth try
 To give heart compassionate.
 Kindly He my sighs receives,
 Gathers up my bitter tears,
 Gives them to one who much grieves
 For her love, as I for thine.
 Happier than I he'll be ;
 Touched by my pangs, she will give
 What thou hast denied to me.”*

I HAVE TOLD HIM I SORROWED FOR LOST YOUTH.†
 How beantifully would he me console
 For my fast-fading charms ! God takes them all
 Up to my future home to keep for me
 In everduring life. My Angelo,
 Thy comfort I accept ; but will not fill
 The outline of thyself. My husband and
 Myself shall have thee for our gnest for aye.

Scene VIII.—In garden of S. Silvestro.

M. Angelo.—“ As I was still in Rome you should
 not have
 Placed Tommaso between yourself and me.
 More for your ladyship I would have done
 Than for another in the world, and he
 Who loves sleeps not ; ‘ a loving heart needs not

* F. A. B.’s English translation I turn into rhyme.

† When they first met Michael Angelo was 59, and Vittoria 45 years old.

Be urged.' I wished to give surprise by what I bring. Of this sweet boon I am deprived."*

Vittoria.—I am ashamed of having feared I was Forgotten in the deep abstraction that Your work demands. I shall offend no more. Yet, would it be so very strange if rose, Whose bloom has fled, should fancy that the bird That sang to her in the night-hours, forgets Her when the day shines, and his brood requires His care ?

M. False illustration, Lady mine !
Hath your bloom fled ? Were brighter in your youth ?

You may have been for others, not for me.
Beauty of face and form my hands create ;
But intellect and sympathy God lends
To me in thee. I need not now explain
My ordinary thoughts, and so fear not
To be myself, that is, alone with you.
I am like one who has been dumb till late,
Because now I am heard by equal mind.
I shall not offer you this crucifix,
For all I do is yours ; all flowers belong
To Spring. Tears, fair Marchesa ? Why ?

V. I have
No other words for gift like this, my friend.

M. "A thousand works from mortals such as I
Cannot repay what God has granted you."
I love my work. Do you love yours ?

V. I do

* From a letter.

Not comprehend. I cannot say that I
Feel very tenderly to tapestry
Or cake.

M. Mock me! That's well: perhaps it is
Time I should learn you are a woman, too.

V. I do not laugh at you, but jest, as do
The children when they would be wise
As those who question them, and know not what
To say: I do not understand.

M. It is
First time that you are deaf to me, and will
Not comprehend.

V. Forgive me now. Be good.

M. "When a man's art has into being brought
A form so graceful none can fear for it
The rudest shock of time, does he love it?
In humble mould I lay, to be by you
Renewed, and to a work more perfect brought.
You gave me what I lacked, and filed away
All roughness. Yet what tortures have I to
Expect if you begin to curb and tame!"*
You do not seem to hear.

V. I am absorbed
In wondrous beauty of this crucifix.

M. It is but rough design. I brought it but
To show I needed not a Tommaso
To make me think of you.

V. I do beseech
You spare me more reproach. It could not have
Been a good file I used your roughness to

* From Michael Angelo's sonnets.

Smooth down. But what your haughty modesty
 Is pleased to call rude draught is yours no more ;
 Among my dearest treasures is it now,
 And I will trust it to no man : he who
 Designed this can another draw. I can
 Not speak my thanks for this and all you do
 And are to me.

M. “ Too great is the reward,
 Sweet as it is, that chains the soul ; and now
 My liberty complains that you are kind.
 You injure me more than a thief could do ;
 Too little often grows out of what is
 Too much : I cannot suffer this.” *

Scene IX.

Aidee.—Our Angelo of earth dreams now before
 A portrait he hath painted of his Love.
 Wilt hear his thought ?

Farrelle.—Aye ; very readily.

M. Angelo.—One portrait have I painted—only
 one.†

Vittoria, the lovely, on my brain
 Shone in her splendor and reflection true
 My canvas gave me back—so shines the sun
 On ocean tempest-tossed, and it doth still
 Its turbid rage, and makes itself a glass
 But to transmit its brightness in a mass
 Of shivered rainbows, gathered at his will.
 No teasing child, or girl in giddy teens

* From Michael Angelo’s sonnets.

† Grimm says he painted one other portrait ; but it was after Vittoria’s death.

Is empress of my soul—a woman old
 In years, but young as Homer's tales, though
 told
 Were they to buried race. For he who gleans
 Where woman like Vittoria sows seeds,
 Asks not for youth ; she answers all his needs.

Scene X.

Vittoria.—Is not our Virgin Lady in your
 great
 Pieta young to have a son Whose years
 Were thirty-three ?

M. Angelo.—“ Know you not, women chaste
 Fresher remain than those who are not so ?
 How much more one who never has been led
 Astray by sinful wish ! And to her aid
 Came Power Divine so that the purity
 Of maidenhood appeared to all the world.
 The Son, like us in all save sin, must show
 His age.”

V. There is a work of yours I have
 Not seen—bronze statue of Pope Julius.

M. More than my other tasks that tired me ;
 for
 A patron, not my genius, did command
 The work ; it was “ my father's prayers that kept
 Me well,” until I finished it. Have I,
 Marchesa, your permission to show you
 A work of mine you have not seen ?

V. Indeed,
 How gladly I shall go !

M. Not far. But let

Sweet pity guide your steps, and hear not me,
Who cannot softly speak, but my desire.
Ah no ! I cannot read it to you ; I
Must go away and leave the paper here.
Have pity on me, as you had on poor,
Dumb boy to whom you gave an alms. Farewell.

(*He goes, and Vittoria reads.*)

AN ANSWER TO MY BROTHER.

Thou caust not see how I love her, facts being as
they are ;
Thou sayest thou couldst never love, though beau-
tiful, a star.
Imagine now that hearing music sad and sweet
and low,
Thou shouldst walk up a dark church-aisle with
footstep calm and slow,
And gaze with others on a face seen through a
casket's glass,*
Let Love be born, and backward then with the
crowd slowly pass.
And from that hour the sculptor Death hath bound
thee to a bride ;
She is so beantiful that thou henceforth wilt dwell
beside
A grave-stone angel that doth hold to thee a
marble Cross ;
Beneath its shadows thou wilt sit to brood upon
thy loss ; .

* I dare say this is an anachronism ; but I can't alter it.
I don't believe he would have answered such a question
had his brother put it.

And never eyes of romping girl, or grace of maid demure
Can banish from thy death-chilled heart the beauty of the pure
And silent maiden lying calm beneath the grass and flowers :
Better to thee than midnight-dance the church-yard's lonely hours.
'Tis so I love, without a hope that I her breast can warm :
When first I saw her I knew well that spiritual form
Smiled to her in the evening calm, and in fresh morning's thrill ;
Spirit she loves ; yet I love her, and have no power of will.

V. A POET'S LOVE ? CAN IT BE TRUE ?

Since I read this how very new
The risen splendor earth puts on !
New beauties Nature now adorn.
This pretty song to me hath proved
More than his spoken words could do—
That even yet I can be moved ;
Not that to dead Friend I'm untrue,
But that 'tis right to still the pain
That tortureth too much the brain ;
Which lately made my heart a nun
That saw no glory in the sun
Because day hath not any stars ;
That saw no joy which graced the earth
Except through death's cold, steadfast bars,
Through which my heart, a faithful serf,

Gazed at the lot she longed to share
With one who was enthroned where
My Saviour lives—oh, to be there !
My liege lord, shut behind the stars,
Hath hid from me his talents bright,
Safe where no dimming stain e'er mars :
He left me shrouded in the night
Of grim and lonely cloisters,
Counting my beads of happy hours
As a pale, veiled nun counts hers ;
While, shivering, she cowers
Beneath mandate of higher powers :
So trembled I 'neath stern decree
That barred my liege and priest from me.
But sweetly now a poet sings,
And slyly to my cloistered heart,
He enters by poetic art.
Then startled Fancy, trembling, flings
Aside the worn-out mourning-veil
That hid all beauty from mine eyes ;
To list his songs I hush my sighs
Joys, which have grown in darkness pale—
Their sun concealed in clouds above—
Now stretch their feeble tendrils forth,
To be sunned in the vivid light
Of fascinating love.
Rapid their unsuspected growth
Under true sympathy's fond might
Since they have felt another sun !
I cannot love, as I have proved,
For I with wedded love have done ;
But ne'er had praise my spirit moved

As thus to see he can imbue
All things with beauty ; he has won
The poet's right to talk to me
Of all that's beautiful and true,
And I shall listen willingly.

Scene XI.

Vittoria (alone).

MY WEARY HEART AGAIN—AH, FOOLISH THING !
That it to earthly happiness may cling
Once more its drooping claspers forth will stretch
After the pictures that a man doth sketch.
Tendrils of fallen vine will interlace
A branch of the same tree, whose fond embrace
A bough decayed forgot when it did fling
It on the earth, and little birds will sing
Again for it. Now, half-unwillingly,
And half-afraid of what again may be,
Must I confess that I am like the vine.
Is it not far better again to twine
Its tendrils round a bough that's not decayed,
Blessing the wearied traveller with shade,
While children gather beech-nuts at its roots
And the tired pilgrim blesses its cool fruit,
Than to live in a dusty tomb of dearth
As reproach and dark blot on God's fair earth ?

* * * * *

Dead lips have stamped their signet on my brow :
And to one friend my heart will ever bow :
Fancy immortalized hath not decayed—
Beauty that's eternized can never fade.

But may I lie in gloom
Dreaming of a dead Friend
Through night that knows no end
Save in the silent tomb?
I'll make another heart
Upholder of my grief,
And when one sings relief
With sympathetic art,
I'll rise answeringly
From the abyss of woe.
He blessedness will know
Of Spirit's company;
I'll chant for him
Songs Spirit sings,
While echo rings
In twilight dim
From pain to sudden bliss;
And when with woe vibrating
Quickly reverberating
From cavernous abyss
Will mingle with his bliss.

Our pure hearts joined in such harmonious strains
Will drink in peace as thirsty plants soft rains:
By triple cord of love together bound
We two on earth will be by Spirit crown'd,
Until we join the triple harmony
That floats around God's throne eternally.

(*Vittoria works at her tapestry for a time,
and then again writes.*)

A WOMAN'S REASON.

Ah! "Why should I love him?"
Because when he is near
My heart grows quite childlike,
And I feel not a fear
Of the changes time brings.
He can draw out the stings
That other souls will shoot
At my exposèd heart.
His spirits can recruit
My life, so often wounded by Death's dart.
Not by superiority to men
Who've loved or courted me time and again
Has he an influence
Upon my daily life.
His life is pure, and thence
I should not shrink if he would call me Wife.
He gentle is to me; I should not fear
To let my timid heart
Lay out my thoughts on his as on a bier—
Thoughts from which I can't part:
But he can help me bear
Their stupefying weight to my own tomb;
And meanwhile he will scatter flow'rets fair
About my path of death and lonely gloom.

(*After Vittoria has spent nearly a day
dreaming over Michael Angelo's poem,
at sunset she sits at her window.*)

EVE'S DREAMY BREEZES O'ER ME FLEW;
Rosy clouds flitted through Heaven's blue
And dyed my thoughts in their bright hue.

I yielded to the influence
Which steeped in languor every sense
While spirit grew the more intense,

Illimitable as the view
Which seemed to stretch through endless blue;
And yet pursued I where love flew.

At times I felt that it was weak
Earth's happiness again to seek
Only to be wrecked on the bleak

And cheerless shores of common life;
Long have I rested from its strife,
Heedless of stirring drum and fife,

Which summon to the joyous fray
Those who desire to be the prey
Of hopes that bloom but to decay.

I sat aloof and smiled upon
Those who love's brittle armor don;
It was regret they took for scorn.

Useless my will; I can't resist
Love's spirit pleading from fame's mist,
Where pride and trust each other kissed.

Scene XII.

Vittoria alone, holding the miniature of the Marquis.

TO-NIGHT IT SEEKS TO ME
His face looks cold and stern,
As if he knew my heart
Is now an empty urn.

I cast his ashes out
 And have tried hard to plant
 A living root of love
 In his place — but I can't.

Look, sweet, at rival flower,
 And feel no jealousy ;
 It never had a root ;
 I did but try to see

If I might not have blooms
 About my widowed life.
 I throw the dead weed out
 Of thy urn : I'm true wife.

(*After a pause, she sings to her guitar :*)

AH, MY HEART BINDS
 Whatever it finds
 In grim Time's domain—
 Regardless of pain—
 With a clanking chain
 To the present hour
 As Memory's dower.

* * * * *

Thou Who hast known anguish of grief,
 Give earth-bound memories relief !
 Thou'st promised rest to those who know
 That life is but a pilgrimage
 To worlds of joy, through one of woe.
 My body is an iron cage,
 Wherein my spirit oft sings snatches
 Of celestial songs to the airs of earth,

As a glory sometimes lightly flashes
 From the far land of angel-mirth.
 When gleams of such brightness draw nearer,
 Rises the song clearer and clearer.

* * * * *

I SEE ON HEAVENLY SHORE THE RADIANCE CAST
 By the bright beacons of my earthly past.
 Though where I watched the flames is now but
 smoke

The brilliancy they caused Fate can't revoke:
 So when the West grows dim in sober gray,
 Gorgeous reflections in the East oft play.
 But I need now no beacon-fires to guard
 Youth's realm, o'er which a skeleton keeps ward;
 Yet it cannot appal a heart still young—
 I've naught to lose, for all to Death I flung.

Scene XIII.

A.D. 1547.

Aidee.—Let us go now to Earth, to visit whom
 Vittoria hath left disconsolate.

No man would dare console him: who so bold
 As to press finger curiously on
 A giant's wound that he thinks is concealed.

M. Angelo.—“There's naught I so regret as that
 I kissed

Only her hands, and not her brow and cheeks”
 When her proud eyes were closed in death.

“When she,

The aim of every hope and prayer, was called
 To Hades, Nature, that ne'er made a form

So fair, stood there ashamed" to see her best
 Mould broken and no cast remain to show
 What she could do—how far surpass the Greek. -
 "We—all of us—shed tears," and molten lead
 Were mine. "Oh, cruel Fate, that quenched my
 dreams
 Of love! Oh, Spirit blest! Where art thou now?
 Thy limbs most fair are on the earth, but thy
 Thoughts have found home above. Yet not e'en
 Death
 Could hush the sound of all thy virtue, and
 Not Lethe could wash out thy record. No!
 Even Death brings back thy powers divine,
 And thy immortal thought."*

DRAMA XV.

BISHOP HOOPER.

BURNED A.D. 1555.

*Act I.: Scene I.**Feldah, (Hooper's guardian :)*

THE STRAIGHTER STANDS THE ROCK
 The higher dash the waves;
 The nobler is a character
 More fierce the storm he braves.

I love to hear him sing his morning-hymn.

(Hooper sings.)

"FATHER, MY TIMES ARE IN THY HANDS,"
 I lie down at Thy feet,

* From Michael Angelo's sonnets.

Bind my strong will with stronger bands
Till I can prove them sweet;
Cast down all thoughts of bettering self
Before Thou biddest me;
Nor let me plunge in mental delf
Of infidelity.
Let no false wish of serving Thee
My restless heart allure
To sigh for what's not given me;
At least, I can endure.

Father, "my times are in Thy hands;"
I fear my path to choose;
Bind me to Thee with tight'ning bands
Lest I Thy gifts abuse.
Ne'er let me ask too many joys—
Thou knowest what's enough;
Nor let me fear what most annoys
While treading pathway rough,
That leads me to a star-lit-road
Where angels safeguards are,
Where I shall drop fatiguing load,
And nothing more can mar
The perfect bliss that will be mine
Where all is sympathy—
In unison with the divine:
Father, my path mark out for me.

* * * * *

COME, DEATH, MY SWEET!
I weary of hoping
And of groping;
Come, Death, my Sweet,

Immediately!
I long to meet
With thee, yes, with thee.

I weary of pining
Where no hopes sing ;
Come, Death, my Sweet !
Grant me release,
I long to meet
With thy calm, cool peace.

I weary of lying
All night sighing ;
Come, Death, my Sweet !
Bring me the rest
That I shall meet
On my Saviour's breast.

I weary of turning
Pillow burning ; *
Come, Death, my Sweet,
With the cool air
That I shall meet
On thy bosom fair !

I weary of loving
Hearts which oft sting,
Come, Death, my Sweet ;
With angels bright
Whom I shall meet
In the land of light !

* Not probable he, in prison, had a pillow ; but I had.

I weary of sinning
 For fiends grinning;
 Come, Death, my Sweet,
 Bringing the grace
 That I shall meet
 In my God's embrace!

(*The Bishop rises and walks across the room.*)

READING THE PRESENT BY THE FUTURE'S LIGHT
 All death-bound griefs seem short and slight;
 When I have learned the triteness of an earthly woe
 Where my great Lord hath gone before, I too, may
 go.

Scene II.

Feldah.—Oh, Murah, here! and I shall tell
 thee of
 A late ascended saint.

Murah.—Glory to God!

F. Hooper of Gloucester is the saint I mean.

M. The noble man who for the love of truth
 But a few years ago broke all the bonds
 Of home and friendships dear, and crossed the sea
 To keep his conscience clear?

F. Him God hath since
 Rewarded with the care of the small flock
 Of saints at Gloucester. Noble Bishop! Friend
 Worthy of thee! He would not yield one jot
 Of all the truth God had revealed to him
 In His pure Word, and so he was cast in
 A prison vile, whose stench I never could
 Have borne had I not worn upon my heart

Sweet flowers plucked in Heaven, that put to flight
All noxious fumes.

Ah! How he panted for
The air of our pure world! But never let his
Senses move his mind from view of God.
And when his jailer said he soon must die
Where he had taught, greatly did he rejoice
That God would favor him, and seal his words
With martyrdom within the sight of those
Who would grow steadfast to keep the great truths
Which he had taught to them, seeing his faith.
For never did he doubt the Lord's great power
To hold him constant to the end. Gladly
And like a conqueror he mounted horse,
His head by enemies masked in a hood
That none might see the beaming of his face.
They little thought how many angels saw
E'en through the hood, and to all ages would
Make their report. Then when he came to his
Own bishopric soldiers with weapons had
To force his loving flock back to their homes.
The night before his death he calmly slept
A little while, pillow'd on breast of Him
Who passed a night in sad Gethsemane.
But soon the prelate rose and prayed till day.

M. And did his friends sleep as his Saviour's did?

F. Hath Jesus ever given cup like his
To follower?

M. But a drop now and then.

F. Much did good Hooper's friends both weep
and pray,
And all that night the angels joyed and sang.

M. But, tell me. Said he aught that we should like

To cherish in bouquets of our sweet thoughts?

F. He said a little while before he came To us, "I know that death is bitter; life is sweet; But death to come is bitterer and life To come more sweet; for love of this and fear Of that, firm in God's strength I shall pass through The torments of the fire now waiting me, Rather than to deny the truths of God."

Then some one pitied him, to whom he said, "Be sorry for thy wickedness, O man!"

For I am well, thank God! and death to me Is welcome for Christ's sake." To one he said, "I am not hither come enforced to die;

I might have had my life with worldly gain. I, willing, come to offer for the truth

My life." In going to the stake not once Was he allowed to speak unto the throng That mourned most bitterly for him; "he looked Upon such as he knew quite cheerfully."

Never before, when favored bishop in Their midst, had he been seen as joyful and As bright as now. When he beheld the stake He smiled: then he kneeled down, praying upon Each portion of the Creed for a half-hour.

They then brought him a proffered pardon from The queen. "If you love me away with it," He cried. Again he prayed to Christ, "Thou art Ascended into Heaven; receive me as Partaker of Thy joys! Well see'st Thou, Lord, What cruel pains are here prepared for Thy

Weak creature, such as without strength of Thine
None patiently may bear ; therefore, of Thy
Great goodness strengthen me." He asked that all
Might be allowed to say with him Christ's prayer.
When the time came to bind him to the stake,
With calm superiority he said,
" Ye have no need to trouble yourselves thus ;
For I doubt not but God will give me strength
Sufficient to abide the fire ; but do
As ye think good : the flesh is weak."

The man who was to light the wood implored him
to
Forgive. " Me thou dost not offend, may God
Forgive thy sins." This said, the sticks were
brought
That were to start the flames. " Have mercy,
Lord,"

He often prayed while the slow-burning fire
Cruelly tortured him ; nearly an hour
Thus passed and then he prayed, " Jesus, receive
My spirit," and straightway the Saviour sent
Us to bear Hooper brave in triumph home,
And now he rests beneath the Altar.* His
" How long, Lord !" is a daily prayer for his
Deserted flock.

M. Thanks for thy tale. I shall
Haste now his brave soul to congratulate.

1859.

* Rev. vi. 9.

DRAMA XVI.

B U C E R .

BURNED A.D. 1551.

Act I.

Culdah.—How nameth man this convent dark
and grim?

Zelleen.—The Augustine of Heidelberg. Go in.

C. Who sitteth by the Luther that we love?

Z. He of the pensive eye and glowing cheek?

I know not. Let us hear what Luther says.

Luther.—Bucer, brave seeker after truth, write not
My words so carefully, for God hath more
In store for thee; He'll write them on thy heart.
My soul is sad; so, dear friend, sing to me.

B. PATIENCE, HEART! GOD IS NOT DUMB.

Courage! Do not now succumb:

When in Heaven thou wilt see
Through woe's wondrous mystery.

Thou so much hast bravely borne,
Falter not though thou art torn
Into quivering and sighs;
God on thee hath set His eyes.

Faith to try He seems to sleep—
Just to see if thou wilt keep
In the trying hours of night
All the Christian's armor bright.

Patience, heart! Keep on the race
Whose bright goal is Jesu's face;

And ere long He will remove
Clouds that now thy courage prove.

L. If it were only I who suffer. But
Bethink thee of these fearful wars that are
Religious called. How many more must go
To join the armies of the dead before
We can be free to worship God in peace !

Bucer.—With your leave, friend, I'll sing to you
again :

BLESSED ARE THE SLEEPERS
Whose weary work is done ;
Not so blest the weepers
Whose strife hath but begun.

Peaceful are the sleepers
Who for their country fought ;
Feverish the weepers
Who in vain rest sought.

Mourn not for the sleepers :
They themselves are dumb ;
But pray for the weepers
To whom Death hath come.

Scene II.—Smithfield, England.

A. D. 1557.

Culdah.—Whom doth the Bloody Woman burn
to-day ?

Zelleen.—Let's closer fly. The men bound to
the stake

Seem void of life.

Darrelle.—Cerula comes from there.
 Cerula, hail! What “soldiers of the Cross”
 March through those dreadful flames to victory
 And life?

Cerula.—The bodies that ye see are of
 Bucer, the theologian wise, of whom
 Great Cambridge boasted but six years agone,
 And of Fagius the learned, who came with him
 To seek a refuge here when Edward reigned.

D. Are the men crazed who corpses burn?

A Demon.—Crazed? No.
 They're wise as we of Hell.

C. But some whom there
 Thou seest in the crowd, God will yet win
 From demon-guard.

Act II.

BRADFORD THE MARTYR.—A.D. 1555.

Cothelle.—Angel, as I was passing through the
 air
 Thickened with fog—that from the Thames doth
 rise—
 As with much superstitious chaff are hearts
 Of the inhabitants, who here in proud
 And busy London dwell, I glanced aside
 At the soft, lambent light which through the
 bars
 Of this poor Poultry Compter rayed, and so
 I hither come to ask of thee why this
 One spot is brighter far than elsewhere in
 All London grim. But now I see the rays

Of angels' wings within the cell where sleeps
A wasted man. Pray, who is he ?

Dalla.—Bradford,

Of Manchester. In Bloody Mary's days,
Before the fagots eloquent and swords
Persuasive reconverted men who had
Been taught the truth in Edward's time, a priest
Preached at Paul's Cross too openly of things
Distasteful to the populace ; moreo'er,
Late king of blessed memory, did he
Revile. A tumult rose, and Bourne, the priest,
Had not escaped with life but for the one
Who lies here bound. When the Lord Mayor and
Brute Bonner both had tried in vain to still
The boisterous waves of indignation just,
This man stood forth ; and then the people cried,
“ Bradford ! Bradford ! Bradford ! God save thy
life !”

And at his gentle words, anger was hushed ;
Then he walked with his gown outstretched be-
hind

The priest whom Rogers went before. One in
The crowd called out, “ Bradford, thou savest him
Who'll help to burn thee yet, and were it not
For thee I'd thrust him through.”

*C. Bourne has not brought
The martyr to his chains ?*

D. A gentler man

And better is he since that day. But for
Sedition—

(Demon.—Ha ! ha ! ha !)

Bradford's arraigned.

C. Sedition !

D. Aye. For a mere fellow of
Old Pembroke Hall to do what Bonner and
The Mayor could not do is said to be
Seditious.

(*Demon.—Good!*)

D. When tried the other day
Bradford was asked, " Mercy wilt thou ? " He said,
" Mercy with mercy of my God do I
Desire ; but mercy with God's wrath God keep
Me from !" The prayer was heard and he will die :
To-morrow to the Newgate he will go.

C. Attended by such officers of state
That Bloody Mary would die but of rage
And jealousy if she could know.

(*Demon.—Tut! tut!*)

My master sees that all the time she is
Attended well ; she wants not company.)

D. Cothelle, on Monday next thou must go to
The place where men are canonized by God.

C. To Smithfield then I'll go.

D. See, Bradford stirs.

C. He heard our words and he will tell a dream
And some will wonder at its truthfulness.
Ah ! but it will be grand to watch how he
Will die. The English needs must travel miles
Of weariness to view the grandeur of
The Alps, with glaciers most sublime ; * but to
Old Smithfield is a worthier pilgrimage.

* Perhaps this is an anachronism.

Scene II.

Bradford wakes and sings,

OH! WHAT WILL IT BE TO BE THERE?

To be free from sin,

Far from the world's din;

To gather flowers fresh and fair,

At Christ's feet lying,

Fragrant, undying;

Oh! who does not long to be There?

Oh! what will it be to be There?

To be free from pain

Of spirit or brain,

And never more to know a care!

Our hearts laid to rest

On our Saviour's Breast;

Oh! who does not long to be There?

Oh! what will it be to be There?

To dwell with my Lord,

My heart in accord

With angels—with whom I'm co-heir;

To praise Him ever,

To leave Him never;

Oh! who does not long to be There?

(*After silence and prayer, he says:*)

ONLY OF CLAY, THOUGH GILDED O'ER

I am a vessel* warped awry;

And I get crooked more and more;

I can't grow straight although I try.

* Rom. ix. 21-23.

Therefore, great Potter, break and crish
 Me until I am ductile quite.
 My lips are shut each groan to hush ;
 No pity take on my sad plight
 Till I can be poured in a mould
 That pleaseth and will honor Thee :
 I cannot—as can vase of gold,
 Because there's naught but clay in me,
 Yet I may seem good in Thine eyes
 If I celestial form assume,
 The potter simplest vase may prize,
 Because it holds a rare perfume
 Which he has made to put in it.
 A favor sweet he may accord—
 It may stand near where he doth sit.
 Only one prayer grant me, dear Lord,
 To recompense me for the pain !
 Let me but bear the Potter's name
 Stamped on my life ! I've proven vain
 The gilded vase of earthly fame.

Act II.

FRA ANGELICO.—A. D. 1406.

*Scene I.—Fiesole.**Karene.*—Namuda, whence ?*Namuda.*—To watch a nebula
 Evolve new suns and worlds. Wilt not thou
 come ?*K.* I shall rejoice to keep thee company
 As far as Earth. Shall I show thee my ward ?
 In boyhood and in youth Giovanni has

Been devotee to beauty of the bright
Young girls, who liked to have him fix their
glow
Of happy thoughtlessness, or tender thought
On canvas, that when they are old and worn,
Or haply 'neath the sod, grandchildren may
Beg for the story of their fair granddames.
A kiss was often only pay he claimed
And had from those who liked to kiss a flower
Or bird, but called Tosini "man without
A heart." He with an only brother lived,
And worked, and dreamed, almost unconscious—as
Is wont of youth—that he had soul. Why sigh
For higher beauty than of dark-eyed girls
Who petted him, but did not spoil, because
Not yet enshrined the fair ideal, who
With her soft praise alone could satisfy?
One day his brother from a trip returned,
Told him of her who soon would be his bride,
And bade him put their house in readiness.
Added, "All things can women do, Giovanni; I
Was free as any bird, and now am bound,
Hand, foot," and heart. He told much of the
maid,
And as he ended said: "The ring put on
My hand by the dear little one hurts me.
Wilt wear it" on thy slender finger? So!
Giovanni said: "It fits as though I had
Been measured for it. I shall keep it safe
For thee."
The elder brother went away,
And left the younger to prepare the bed

Wherein he should transplant his virgin flower;
And all the while Giovanni could not help
But feel that she who came would come for him.
Next to his studio was her boudoir,
And the carved chair, wherein he meant that she
Should daily sit, was placed where he could watch
Her when she sewed. But when his hands had
done

Their office, then his heart began to dream.
He made himself an idol that he loved.
His brother and his bride long lingered while
Giovanni dreamed the more; and he was so
In love with a presentiment that he
Refused all orders for new work, but liked
To paint in missals, where he could depict
The one ideal head at hide and seek
With fancy in the brilliant leaves: always
The eyes were downcast, for their light he could
Not catch. But he was happy for a year
With his sweet thought. His prayer was, "Grant
that no

One me molest." He dreaded much the time
When the new wife would come and take the chair
Whereon his Dream-love sat. But he resolved
To hide his selfishness, and welcome her.
The day she was to come he went for flowers
To deck her chair. When he returned the Dream
Had waked to life. This time he saw the light
Of the dark eyes that hitherto had e'er
Eluded him: he gave a cry and let
The flowers fall at her feet.

"Gindetta, give

Thy hand," the husband said. It was he who
Had given young Giovanni his troth-ring.
Husband and wife lived ordinary life;
But still Giovanni dreamed, and as he watched
The graceful mother's golden head bent o'er
Her babe, perhaps he thought of Virgin and
The Holy Child. He could not paint her now—
She was another's wife—but his brush made
Quite visible in martyrs' faces pangs
That gnawed his brain. This little town is fair
Fiesole.

Scene II.

Guilio.—Giovanni, thou hast dropped the ring.

Giovanni.—It has
Rolled to thy feet. There, brother, let it lie.

(*Giovanni springs up, and throws himself on Giulio's breast.*)

Gio. The saints give me a sign. I see my
way.

Let me depart, and then both shall find peace:
As to a priest, I shall confess to thee;
Bless me and shrive; for I fear I have sinned.
Give me one kiss; soon I shall be a monk.

Gui. No! My fine jewel, no! Not thou, but I.
Thou art too young for cloistered cell; thou shalt
Be happy. Let me go again upon
My wanderings. I've seen thy love. Take her
Whose ring, too tight for me, fit thee. I love
Thee more than wife or child. Ere long thou
wilt

Be happy, dear. Now go to Rome. As soon
 As baby can his mother spare she may
 Join thee. The Holy Father will feel for
 Our woe, and dispensation grant.

Scene III.

A. D. 1600.

Namuda.—Karene, as soon as at God's words,

“ Let there

Be light,” I saw the evolution of
 A system unlike any thou hast seen, I turned
 My wings to find thee and thy ward. Greater
 Is soul of man than any system in
 The universe, and one man suffering
 On the sin-swathed Earth doth interest
 More than development of worlds where man
 Is not. Has thy Giovanni been received
 At Court?

Karene.—Aye; and the fancied angel's Painter
 has

Now passed a century in gazing at
 The King: His beauty fills the human soul;
 And few could take in half as much of it as Fra
 Angelico.

N. Tosini was the ward
 Of whom I spake.

K. The same. What was the last
 Thon saw'st of him?

N. When we flew in the room,
 Giovanni held upon his knee the boy
 Whose father he was not, although the one
 Who bare him was his spiritual wife.

Pure as a dove, albeit there was spot
Of blood on broken wing; but the dove made
No moan; nor did heart-broken lover stoop
To lift her up, because his brother was
The sportsman who unknowingly had wronged
An innocent. Giovanni pressed the babe
In farewell earnestness, and gave him to
His mother to take off to bed: then he
Revealed to husband and to father
His racked heart. I think I never heard a tale
By any chronicler of earthly lives
That showed such brothers' love; none of the
grand,

Rare tragedies of love touched me as did
The drama Fate played on three hearts, because
They all were innocent and helpless, too,
Until the husband yielded right he had
No power to cast away; but reared in Church
Of Rome, he fancied that the fiat of
The Pope could marriage-bonds annul. Did it?

K. No. For Giovanni's silent rectitude
Had eaten all strength of the inner man;
And when a few days' travel wearied him
He sank on the road-side to die. Some monks
Found him and bore him to their cloistered home.
After long months of illness, when all thought
The hour of his perfecting had arrived,
They sang o'er him last mass, as they supposed.
Giovanni roused himself and asked to paint;
They brought his palette, colors, brush, and he
Fixed on the canvas face of the fair boy
On whom three lavished love one dared not tell.

I knew his nephew had just flown to God,
And told Giovanni in a dream ; so he
Would paint the cherub for the parents who
Wept for their beautiful, yearning to call
Him back to grow up as a common man.
By night-time portrait true was made : the old
And silly Abbot bade them close the doors
Lest the enchanting cherub should fly off.
All day while he was painting the pure babe
Lay in his heart, and cleansed it from the woe
Of earthly love, as Holy Child had by
His Presence cleansed Bethlehem's manger ; when
All the fevered blood of love was drained
Out of his heart Giovanni slept. Next day
He convalescent was. As soon as he
Was well he was received in order of
St. Dominic.

N. What of the parents thus
Bereaved ?

K. They had refused to let men bear
To burial their death-chilled flower, and sought
To warm it by their clasp, when entered to
Them friar, bearing poor Giovanni's gift.
Gindetta, like a frantic woman, had
Been calling for the soul of her one joy ;
But when she saw his picture, she exclaimed,
“I've found his soul : now may his body sleep
In the cool earth.” When he had been interred
The mother dried her eyes to pluck a flower
From tree that grew above his grave, and said
To friar who had the picture brought, “Take this
To Fra Angelico : it is as greeting and

A sign of gratitude of sister" true.
The husband said, "We shall henceforth call our
Belovèd one Il Beato; for Heaven
Has blessed him as an angel who can give
Sweet consolation to the sorrowing.
Tell him, my wife and I pray that we may
Be reunited with him" after death.
Few monks could equal Fra Angelico
In purity, in penitence and prayer,
In charity or sweet humility.
Nicholas Fifth soon summoned him to Rome
To paint, and offered him a bishopric,
Which he refused. Once, as he passed out of
The Vatican down-stairs, where people stooped
To kiss hem of his robe, on the last step
He saw a veiled form that stretched to him
Appealing hands. He had no breath to use
In blessing her: but while he trembled she
Threw back her veil and said, "My husband dead,
I am with thee. What wilt thou have me do?"
He summoned tones enough to his pale lips
To say, "A sister be. In praying for
The dead, remember me until we find
Each other in the Heaven. For we shall meet
And part no more." Upon her forehead he
Made sign of Cross, and hastened to the bed
That gave no rest. But I watched him all night;
When morning came he smiled and went to work.
Gindetta's face will be remembered till
The Angel of the Judgment lights last fires
That will consume all works of art; for he
Has painted her as Mother of the Lord.

In one of his fine pictures, he in dress
 Of pilgrim kneels, his brother by, and over both
 Gindetta as an angel bends.* When God
 Bade me fly for his soul, I found him at
 His sweet work in the Vatican. I touched
 His hands, and weary, they were glad to rest ;
 And now he has no need fresh beauty to
 Create.†

FEBRUARY, 1873.

DRAMA XVII.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Act I. : Scene I.

Zarma.—Lartan, whom watchest thou so wistfully ?

Lartan.—A man whose nobleness of heart doth put

To shame the lower instincts of his life.

A strange, strange boy was he, and yet so bold
 And true, my task of guardian was to
 Me pleasant thing, although at times a grief.
 Rememberest thou Spirit who when first
 In Eden, said, “There is no languor here ?”

Z. Aye, very well ; and Wharton is his name.
 A learned scholar and a pure divine ;
 A herald who proclaimed the true against

* The Meeting of the Blessed.

† To M. A. P. Humphrey I owe the emotion that produced this poem ; yet I doubt whether this is more poetical than her sketch.

The false ; opponent of Rome's mysteries.
But he wore out his life in studies that
Were too oft multiplied.

L. Perhaps. Yet now
How he enjoys the love laid up on earth ?

Z. But more pure Spirit's power to learn for
aye,
And never to wear out.

L. There are few of
Earth's authors who are saved, whom when
He meets he knows not something of. One he
Will thank for solacing sad hours, and one
Will stop for discourse on a theme that both
Have loved. And of another he will swell
The fame in angels' ears. Some whom I knew
But as the gentlest saints, he told me were
The boldest warriors for liberty
And truth. Compare the satisfaction of
His present life with yonder soul who spent
His manhood in a whirl of wine and cards,
And then at the eleventh hour sought and
Obtained remission of his sins. They both
Are happy perfectly; but Wharton is
Most blest.

Z. 'Tis true. But tell me of thy charge.

L. This Wharton wrote his life.

Z. I know now whom
Thou mean'st, the bold and noble Smith, who
went
With good intent to civilize the World
Which men call New.

L. How little those men know.

America's an older land than is
The continent that they call Old.

Z. Finished

In earlier geologic age. But of
Thy hero, Lartan, tell me now.

L. I loathe

To call him a bad boy, and yet he was
Not good ; his father's death saved him from life
At sea. Thus the GOD ordereth men's ways.
His courage and his instincts true led him
At first to fight for Prince Maurice against
The bigots of the Spanish realm, and next
I followed him to Scotland's shores, and there
He built a "lodge of bonghs," and by a clear
And purling stream he settled down to think.
Only a servant linked him to the world
Of living men, as I to angel-life;
He through his books held converse with the
dead,
And laid up in his mind good lessons for
An active day, the while in solitude
His heart could better learn his prayers ; and here
He furbished well the shield of faith that was
To serve him yet in many battles with
The Devil's liegemen on the earth. Of great
Men dreaming, longed he for great deeds, and so
He went to help Rodolph the Second of
That name, sovereign of Germany, against
The Turks, whose devastating sword made war
Against the followers of Christ.

Z. I know

Enough of Turks : tell me of calmer theme.

L. Robbed, friendless, poor, one day he lay him down

To die.

Z. Friendless? Ah, no! The child of God

Can never want a friend.

L. Most true; therefore,

There came to Smith a messenger from God,
And like the good Samaritan furthered
Him on his way. Embarked for Italy,
'Mid crowds of Romanists from many lands,
A storm arose, and soon he was pronounced
The Jonah of the ship, who must be cast
Into the sea to hush the rage thereof.

The men who threw him in were going on
A pilgrimage to Rome, and so they had
No wish to find one disobedient
Among themselves. "Cast out the heretic,
The God-forsaken one!"

Z. Often doth God take in
Whom man casts out, and those whom men es-
chew

Often with angels walk.

L. And so it was

With Smith. A Father's Hand threw him upon
St. Mary's Isle, and thither next day for
Him sent a ship. As of the Turkish wars
I must not speak—nor do I wish to tell
How Three Turks' Heads became his crest—
Let this suffice thee now: the God who cared
For David shielded Smith from death.
Once when he fought with warrior he was

In simple coat of mail, a type of Truth
That can withstand vain Error's fiery darts ;
But his opponent, decked in gold and gems,
And bearing on his shoulders garnished wings,
Was type of Error bristling for a fight,
And trusting to the subtle aid of Hell
To triumph o'er her bold antagonist.
But "there were more with" Smith than with the
Turk,

Named Turbashaw; for Heaven hath always two
Where Hell hath one. In battle wounded, once
My charge was left for dead.

Z. And here I can
But think how often Truth is left for dead
While enemies exult, thinking that she
Is smothered 'neath the reeking corpses they
On her have heaped; and for a night she, stunned,
May lie in helpless agony until
Some friend—who loves her better even when
She seemeth dead than Error rampant in
Her silly vanity and great display—
Goes in the morning dawn to weep o'er her
He mourneth for, and thinks to serve no more.
And then, oh, joy ! He findeth she doth live,
And only waited for her servitor
To help her rise. Pardon my many words.
What more of Smith ?

L. His fortunes various,
At last he found himself a slave, but his
A mistress fair, and young, and pitiful,
Quick to discern his worth, and ready to
Applaud his tales of travel and of war.

She pitied first, then loved ; and hers a heart
An angel only can appreciate ;
Because unconscious of her glory is
The one who entertains such lofty theme.
Such woman thinks no more about her love
And self-negating nobleness than doth
A spirit of celestial air—it is
But natural. And those who love and reap
The rich rewards of love can never sink
Their plummet of success into the depths
Of heart that doth ignore itself. Angels,
Whose spirit-mates are yet on earth, only
Can understand in their quick sympathy
The Christ-like nature of such women's hearts.

Z. But what of Smith ?

L. I constantly forget
That thou dost not know, as I do, his tale.
Tragabigzanda, fearing lest her love
Should work him woe, forgetting she could feel,
Sent him away to one she thought would care
For him and treat him as became a man.

Z. And she ? I think I see her fading like
A flower which a too-early frost hath nipped ;
None may suspect her woe, for she will weep
Only in hush of night; therefore, their care
And nauseous medicines can nought avail.
When she will close her eyes for the last time
No doubt they'll weep that one for whom the earth
Is fair surpassingly, the one for whom
Life has no thorns, should have to die so soon.

L. Whether your fancy be or true or false
I cannot say ; but we will seek out in

A lower atmosphere some guardian
Of heathen who are counted worthy to
Attain our rest. I love her well, and fain
Would press her dainty hand in gratitude.
Ere I left her Christ granted her a boon—
Answer to prayer: then there fell over her
A holy calm, that, like a bridal veil,
Would shield her from the love of heathenesse;
Men seldom wish for cold japonica,
And say it hath no odorous grace; but we
Perceive the subtle aroma that tries
To drown itself. But Tragabigzanda
Had much misjudged her kith; the Tartar chief
Was cold and cruel as a rapier's point,
And one day Smith became a murderer.

Z. Oh, woe! Great woe! And still thou lovest
him?

L. And so does Christ, who pardoned his sad
crime;

But angels cannot always pity when
The God forgives; nor canst thou now forget
This violation of His laws, therefore
I shall not dwell on it; only I would
Have thee remember that his master was
More harsh and cruel than is Lucifer
To those who wait on him. Mounted upon
The Turk's swift horse, robed finely in his clothes,
He flees across the plain, a sandy wild,
And finds himself a guest in Russian fort.
But we shall no more follow him in his
Adventures in the Olden World. Now I
Shall tell thee of a fresher theme. Wilt hear?

Z. With all my heart.

L. Nations have dreams as well
As men, and madder ones; and so the thirst
For gold and silver and for jewels rare
Forced Reason's self to sleep, while it beguiled
The waking fancy to a revelry
That wise and pious men could not withstand.
The air of far America was blue
With hope, irradiated by a tinge
Of golden light, so deemed the worldly-wise.
The poets sang of birds whose plumage bright
Best harmonized with rich and fragrant flowers
Of that fair land; Europe had never such,
They said; the sensuous would faint in air
So laden with perfume it took the breath
Away.*

Z. Oh! can it be that Christian men
Thus selfishly could dream of joys the while
The Indians perished in their sins?

L. Does this
Astonish thee? Look at the earth. Is not
The same done ev'ry day? What thought have
men
Or women—e'en the Christian ones—for those
Who minister to them their luxuries?
Pray, is it not enough if they are but
Well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed? And what
care they
For the immortal souls of those who serve
To pander to their selfishness? Oh Earth!

* I have no authority for such exaggerations.

Oh earth ! Great GOD, how long ere Thou as king
Wilt rule that world ? But all were not like these
Or those ; for there were hearts that panted to
Redeem the Red men from their heathenness,
And thither went with that intent ; and some,
Who went there not for this alone, were good
And true and kind, and thought where'er they were
To serve the Lord and, as He taught, bless men.
Noblest of those who came only for deeds
Of love was Robert Hunt, the first but one
Who north of the Great Gulf told Indians
Of God.

Z. Who was the first ?

L. Chaplain Seymour,
Who came with the first colony that Sir
James Popham planted on the Kennebec,
First consecrated spot in the New World.
Hunt was the next who under Western sky
Blessed Eucharistic Elements, and on
This hemisphere offered the prayer
For the Church Militant. Honor to him !

Z. Gladly I'll honor him—one of the few
Who came solely for others' good, not for
Himself or his. In winter of sixteen
Hundred and six adventurers set forth
To found a colony in the New World. Five
months

Were they tossed on the sea. Great discontent
Prevailed ; Smith was the only man who had
The innate power half-mutiny to quell.
Then Envy did her work ; for thirteen weeks
In irons he was kept, yet murmured not.

For Isle of Roanoke they steered, but God
 Had set apart another home for them,
 And drifted them in Chesapeake's grand bay.
 Nor did they settle till on Powhatan *
 They found a lovely spot fit for a home,
 Though very wild.

L. It doth appear God hid
 This new-found land for noble ends, and frowned
 Upon La Roche, who with French prisoners
 Would fain have peopled it. King James—a man
 Of peace—sat now upon the English throne,
 And so the quickest way for men to gain
 Distinction was to go to a fresh field.
 Smith, crowned with laurels of the old regime
 Of fame, sought from a virgin soil to pluck
 A fadeless flower; though not to be displayed
 To gaping crowds, but rather to be nourished in
 The heart that he had consecrated to
 His God; therefore he landed in the wilds,
 A pious knight, who feared naught but the Lord.†
 Where they found comfortable anchorage,
 Comfort they named the Point. 'Twas here
 Beneath the live-oak trees—stunted somewhat—
 That Smith, lulled into holy quietude
 By faint and gentle hymns sung by the sea,
 Composed his restless mind for commune with
 His God. I fancy even savages,
 Who had familiar grown with spirit of
 The ocean's depths, were gentler and more full
 Of nobleness than those who inland dwelt.

* The ancient name of the James river.

† See note on page 267.

Z. Ah, true ! I always like to have the maid
Whom I watch o'er, make yearly pilgrimage
To ocean ; for it makes her nobler for
A whole twelvemonth : the fittest emblem of
Eternity is the grand sea, mighty
And fathomless, all-powerful, and yet
As docile at command of GOD as child
To father's word.

L. The Indians met with
A welcome true the strangers pale and few,
And feasted them right royally. Then to
Another Point—called New Point Comfort now—
The English went, and there they saw a chief
Savage in nature as in taste ; therefore
The GOD of Smith softened his heart, and he
Received them well.

Z. An Indian chief I
Have never seen. Describe him, please.

L. He came,
Playing a flute of reed ; upon his head
Was crown of red deer's hair, twisted in shape
Of rose, and fastened to a knot of hair :
There was large plate of copper on one side ;
Two feathers long, in fashion of a pair
Of horns, were in the centre of his crown.
His body painted a bright crimson hue,
With brilliant blue his face was tinted deep,
Sprinkled with what appeared like silver ore ;
From his ears hung birds' claws thick set
With gold, and over these were placed gold rings.
He as a prince the English entertained ;
Modest and proud was he. His mat outspread

Upon the ground, he sat down thereupon
To smoke a calumet.

Z. The English must
Have laughed at his grotesque appearance then,
All unaware that their own king was quite
As ludicrous in angels' eyes.

L. And those
On earth, who laugh at pomp and pageantry
Of crownèd kings, in their turn make themselves
Absurd to angels' minds by bowing with
Subserviency vile to all the whims
That fashion, squandered time, or useless wealth
Can undertake, provided that they be
The last in vogue.

Z. Oh, blind absurdity!

Scene II.

Zarma.—Hail, Lartan, friend! Glad am I that
we meet;
For since we parted I've oft thought of thy
Bold pioneer who was in irons put
Because he was too great for company
Of little men. Wilt tell me more of him?

Lartan.—The colonists explored the forests, then
In fair magnificence of vernal leaves;
May's flowers and fruits perfumed the healthy air;
But Smith in ship was kept* until they felt
The need of his strong, skillful hands; above
Revenge, he took his share of toil—more than

* The apparent discrepancy between the two passages is to be accounted for by a similar one between his biographers.

Another's work. He asked for trial and
The men, who were suborned him to accuse,
Their base employers now betrayed. One of
The latter was the President, and he
Was fined and had to pay to the wronged man
Two hundred pounds, which Smith presented to
The settlement. Good Pastor Hunt prevailed
To have him in the Council put, and on
Next day all took the Eucharist, type of
Love reconciled. Soon Smith and Newport went
Up farther to explore and treaties make:
At falls of Powhatan they landed first;
A chief for whom the river then was named,
Received them with much dignity; his was
A figure quite majestical, stern face:
Two thousand warriors waited his nod;
For sixty miles the land was his; he had
A guard of fifty savages, tall and
Well-knit. The crafty chieftain made them gifts
And they returned well pleased. It was not long
Before the colonists, inactive and
Therefore inclined to envy and to spleen.
Upbraided Smith with inactivity:
Such men as he hardly injustice brook
And rather would be eaten up by wolves
Than stung to death by bees; better bold foes
Than peevish friends.

Z. Better the greater sin?

L. I mean not in itself; but men bear it
More easily, and so our hero felt,
But also proved patience had been for him
The wiser course. River called by Red Men

The Chickahominy he next explored ;
The natives there surprised his men and took
Some prisoners ; Smith they assailed, but he
His red guide for a shield strapped to his arm,
Then killed and wounded some of his fierce foes.
But seeking his canoe he sank into
A marsh, from which they drew him forth and
chafed
His limbs benumbed with cold and weariness,
That he might have capacity to feel
The vengeance they would wreak.

Z. They murdered him ?

L. He had not finished his work yet, nor lost
His faith in Him who only has the power
To save. An audience requested he
Of chief, and showed his compass to the tribe.
The needle, that they saw beneath a thing
So next to nothing as the glass appeared,
That yet they could not touch nor understand,
Seemed to them passing strange, and he tried to
Explain to them its nature wonderful.

Z. Savage with civilized ! How like to men
With God ! A something unperceived, obtrudes
Between the object of their scrutiny
And them ; much time they pass in marvelling
Why they cannot lay hold of mystery,
That's shielded by a glass or film. Pleasant
Would be the contrast if the savages
Would bow down to the man who holds in hand
What to them seems a miracle ; although
'Twould be idolatry 'twere better than
Contemptuousness proud that fools bestow

Upon the Holder of all mysteries.
How little are the men who think themselves
Too wise e'er to acknowledge what they can
Not understand !

L. If angels could despise
It would be them. But in this case of Smith
Humanity's reproach was not redeemed.
He was tied to a tree while painted, fierce
Barbarians stood near, well-pleased but stern,
Intent to pierce with arrows this true heart;
Another type of what the Worthiest
Hath oft received: Smith would have paved the
way

To lead these heathen into Heaven, and they
Could find no answer but of barbèd darts.

Z. I thought thou saidst he was not yet to die.

L. The nobler chief the compass held aloof
And then the Indians shamed brethren white,
Threw down their arms, in triumph led him to
A little village by name Orapax ;
These children of the woods now showed their craft,
Sparing his life that he might help them to
Attack Jamestown as they had planned. And one
Macassater, brought him some furs to save
Him from the cold.

Z. He suffered then as well
In body as in mind.

L. What if he did ?
Thou know'st when the good suffer God is by
And waits but the right time that so he may
Turn evil machinations into good
Results. The wild Red Men had planned to take

The feeble settlement; God sent a spy
Into their camp. Smith urged them not to risk
Their lives before guns and the cannon's mouth;
The warlike engine he described and then
Proposed to them to send braves to the fort.
Assent was gained, and he a letter wrote
Warning the settlers of the danger near,
And bidding them send to him certain things.
The messengers were frightened when they saw
Men come to meet them as Smith had foretold.
They left the paper so mysterious
And fled. After a while they came again,
And in its place the things Smith had desired
Awaited them. From this they all believed
That he a prophet was, or else the note
Surely a thing "possessed." They dared not war
Against a superhuman power, therefore,
Jamestown was saved, and the great oracle
Was carried through the land, exhibited.
Finally, at Werowocomoco,
Seat of King Powhatan, they came to end
Of their triumphal march, and gave him up.
The Red King sat upon a throne * in robe
Of raccoons' skins; the tails made fringe around

* This description is taken almost verbatim from Hilliard. Lewis H. Morgan and Judge R. A. Wilson maintain the Indians never had kings. I presume they did not; but a poet need only regard popular and historical ideas on subjects in which no great principle is involved. Though I believe this is the only instance in "*The Cloud*" where I have written against even a literary or archaeological conviction.

The border ; chains of pearls formed contrast
strange.

Two hundred warriors about him stood ;
Next him were graceful maidens of his house,
Modest, and free, and proud. Hundreds of men
Passed to and fro, staring at the Pale Face.
One maid of royal blood brought water for
His hands ; another, tuft of feathers to
Wipe with. Then quite a feast was placed
Before the captive, but none with him ate.
Soon was a council held and he was doomed :
A lovely girl of but a dozen years
Implored his life ; her father, stern to all
But her, gently refused. Huge stone was brought ;
Smith's head laid thereupon. Strong men, with
clubs

Uplifted, waited beck of Powhatan ;
Instead, as swiftly as an angel's flight,
Young Pocahontas threw herself between
Death and the captive doomed. E'en savages
Then held their breath in great amaze. How
did

She dare her father's ire ? Yet she prevailed,
And Smith was given her for slave : but God
Had not preserved his life so many times
For such a fate. Ere long he was sent back
To Jamestown where he was received as one
Returned from death. New regions to explore
He often went, and frequently for corn
To save the colonists from famine grim.
The Susquehannocks, clad in skins of bears
And wolves, witnessed God's public worship in

Their woods and wished to offer reverence
To Smith, beseeching him to be their king.

Z. I should have thought that Satan would have
been

Too subtle in his jealous hatred of
The human race to let the Christians take
Possession of a land once given up
To worship of his crew, while Indians
Were saved from him by a credulity
Like that which had caused their delusion first.
He superstition should have kindled to
Hostility.

L. At Keoghtan he did
Too soon. Where Hampton's Christian church
now stands*

The friendly words and ways of Smith and of
His men were answered by insulting scorn.
He had been ordered by the Company
At home not to make war upon the tribes
That roamed o'er Western wilds, and for a time
They lived as brothers should; but when their
stores
Exhausted were, they went for more and were
Refused. Must they now starve? Smith fired into
A crowd, the muskets levelled so as none
Were killed, but the affrighted Indians
Rushed in the woods. Smith passed into their
town;
But would not let his eager men despoil

* This was written before the church was burned by the
U. S. troops during the war of 1861.

The wild man's home, nor touch one grain of corn.
In a short time the warriors returned,
Some painted black, some red, some pied, some
white,
Singing and dancing, bearing their Okee
As talisman.

Z. And what was the Okee?

L. An idol made of skins, stuffed, painted,
chained;

The men had arrows, bows and shields, and felt
Quite confident that they should win the fight,
The while their god was borne triumphant in
The van; for they feared not to match Okee
Against a God invisible. But

Soon a volley of loud musketry dispersed
Their band. Okee was thus disgraced, and so
The cruel demon, who suggested it
And named it for himself, incensed, was most
Revengeful made. But he bided his time.
They came to sue for peace, and to get back
Their idol, left in fright upon the field.
All that they asked for they received
And more as price for corn, until the boats
Were filled. Without Smith Jamestown would
have starved.

Three thousand miles he travelled in canoe
And on foot safely through the heat and cold,
Tempests and winds as razors keen. He was
Elected President. There was not one
Of them who worked as hard; he shrank from no
Exposure, fast, fatigue; inspiring all
With faith in enterprise and constancy.

To break the men from using words profane,
Vulgar to man, abominable to
The GOD, he introduced new plan ; each one
Daily of others' oaths kept strict account ;
At night all the offenders had a pail
Of water cold poured down the sleeve as oft
As they had sworn or cursed. Malice he could
Not bear, though base ingratitude was coin
With which they paid his salary. Others
To serve was his chief thought ; the church he
built

Anew, another fort put up ; equal to all
Demands of daily life. The savages
From enemies to friends he turned ; they felt
His power and honored that they feared. Newport
Returned from England with fresh men,
Anne Burras and a Mrs. Forest brave,—
First women who had dared to cross the sea.
The captain brought a good supply of food
Most needed in the woods. Newport urged Smith
To go with him to visit Powhatan.
Though he was not at home his lovely child,
Bright Pocahontas, gave them welcome true
And entertained them for two days until
The chief returned, when Newport put on cloak
Of scarlet o'er his shoulders proud and set
Upon his head an English crown of gold—
For which he would not kneel. He in return
Gave Newport his old moccasins and robe.
Hair-breadth escapes were common life to Smith ;
Once wounded by explosion, very weak,
He lay asleep when hired assassin came

Up to his bed and cocked his pistol at
His head ; but GOD was there ; a tremor seized
The ruffian base, and he walked quickly off.
Smith never punished him, nor those who had
Hired him to do theirs and the Devil's hest.
His wounds got dangerous ; he felt he must
Surgical aid soon have, or lose his life.
The London Company had him removed
From Presidency, so he felt that he
Could leave the Colony of which he'd been
The nerve more than two years. In England he
Lived quite retired, his life almost despaired
Of by his friends, yet busy all the while.
When he no more could fight, or hunt, explore,
Build, govern, he took up his pen and wrote
Some books. In sixteen hundred and fourteen
With two small ships he sailed again to seek
New lands ; Virginia he passed by, and named
The country north of it New England, and
Of it made a good chart. On his return
To London he gave that to young Prince Charles,
Who thought to honor him with title of
An admiral—child's play ! Ere long he weighed
Anchor for a third cruise ; then went Northwest ;
His ship was captured by French man-of-war
And for a summer he was prisoner ;
So to beguile the time he wrote account
Of his two journeys to America.
When the ship anchored at Rochelle he found
That he was not to be released, therefore,
Escaped one night in a terrific storm
And in a crazy boat twelve hours was tossed

Upon the sea. Then God threw the frail craft,
Laden with precious freight, upon an isle,
Whence he was rescued by some fowlers kind.
The night he freed himself the captain of
The man-of-war with half his crew was drowned.
Smith heard men speak of his bad luck and said,
“ Some fortune-tellers say unfortunate
Am I. But had they spent their time as I
Have done they rather would believe in GOD
Than in their calculations” false.

Z. No man

Has had ill-luck who has done work that was
Appointed him. What is man’s record of
Success to God’s “ Well-done ? ”

L. For nineteen years

He labored steadily to benefit
The settlements on Western Hemisphere,
And did not own one foot of ground, nor e’en
Receive for recompense a pound ; died poor,
The hero of disinterestedness.

Z. Of Pocahontas tell me more.

L. When Smith

Was back to Jamestown sent, she with some maids
Used to go to the fort ev’ry few days
With corn and other food. Besides the time
I told you of, she saved Smith’s valued life.
Once when he was her father’s guest it was
Decreed he and the friends with him must die ;
Stealthily crept she to the sleeper’s side
And lightly touched his arm, bidding him rise
And make a quick escape. Were I man I
Should blush to tell of her reward. Her acts

Of friendship to the Whites estranged the mind
Of Powhatan, and to escape his wrath
She hid herself in hut belonging to
An ancient couple of the Potomacs.
One Argall, trading captain of a ship,
Thought to secure good terms with Powhatan
If Pocahontas were but in his power;
For copper kettle bought her of her host,
Enticed her on the ship and she was made
A prisoner.

Z. A fact to brand with shame
All who heard this and did not rescue her.

L. At first she wept, but soon remembering
The services she rendered, grew composed
And felt she would be safe at Jamestown, where
She was conveyed. Soon to her father word
Was sent that she would be released when he
Gave up his captives, guns, and swords. Three
months

She was held prisoner at large, the while
Negotiations were kept up until
John Rolfe redeemed his people's name, and with
Heart beating with respect and love, offered
To take her to his noble breast and shield
Her from all ills that man's arm can ward off.
Consent of Powhatan asked and obtained,
She wedded whom she loved in Jamestown church;
Lady Rebecca her baptismal name,
And Dale, the Governor, wrote thus: "Were it
But gaining of one such I think my time
And toil and stay well spent."
Long as her father lived there was between

English and Chickahominies no feud.
In England she was treated as a queen ;
Smith wrote to Anne of Denmark, James's wife,
To ask the only favor he e'er craved
Of royalty—for Pocahontas true.
At court she was received, and Rolfe reproved
For daring to wed one of royal blood.

Z. Can anything be more absurd than kings'
Great notions of their own prerogatives ?

L. But twenty-two was Pocahontas when
She died at Gravesend on her way to her
Old forest-home. The gentle firmness, and
The resignation brave with which she met
Her only enemy proved that she saw
Through Death's disguise that her baptismal
vows
Won blessings great.

*Scene II. **

Lartan.—There is Tragabigzanda's guard. Let
us
Fly to Nulee, and hear her history.

Zarma.—Wait, Nulee, wait. We wish to ask
thee of
One whom my Lartan tells me is thy ward.

L. Tragabigzanda's fate we want to learn.

Nulee.—No longer is she ward of mine. I am
Her friend in Paradise. Before Smith left
He gave her little book of prayer and this
She read, as would a lonely mariner

* The whole scene is a fancy.

In storm-tossed barque make study of the charts
Left him by his last friend. She learned to pray.

L. Impatient are my wings to seek one like
Sea-bird, that driven from her nest by bird
Of prey flew forth not knowing where, nor knew
She how, when nearly dead, exhausted with
Rude tempests, buffettings, she was picked up
By kind commander of a passing ship.

N. SHE PALED NOT DAY BY DAY ;

But bore up to the end ;

God was her steadfast stay,

Her everlasting Friend.

And as she died she smiled ;

Angels their pet had wiled

Up to their Home at length.

They kissed away her breath.

She soared up in God's strength

From her sweet bed of death.

Act II.

THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

JEREMIAH HORROX (OR HORROCKS).—NOV. 24, 1639.

Scene I.

Pieran.—Wilt go with me, Nulee, to see my
ward ?

A boy of wondrous mind was he ; while in
His teens solved for himself the problem that
Great Kepler demonstrated, of the time
When planet, that Earth's dwellers Venus call,
Should pass before the sun and shadow throw
Upon its disc; error he first perceived,

Corrected, and now waits to see if he
Is right. This is the day that will give him
A name among the great astronomers.
For years the boy kept well the secret of
His mistress, Science; now the day has dawned
That she will him espouse. Alas! that it
Is Sunday; will he keep it holy, as
God bade? We'll go and see.

Scene II.

(*Horrox alone in a darkened room.*)

Horrox.—The church bells ring. Oh! I can't
go;* perhaps

E'en while the Blessing falls upon my ear
Venus will creep across the sun, and no
One will discover secrets she would else
Reveal to me. From sunrise I have kept
My eyes upon the sky, beyond which sits
The God who made sun, Venus, me. Then He
Is greater than His Laws, however great
And beautiful they are. I'd better fail
To read one of those Laws than dare offend
The first Lawgiver by contempt of one
That He hath written. Ah! I'll go to church.

Nulee.—Oh, noble youth! When boy of twenty-
two

Can thus control his passion for new truth
He'll make a man kingly as well as learned.

Pieran.—His bourne is almost passed, though he
suspects

* I have no reason to suppose that Horrox for a moment intended to miss the services.

It not. The hour is close at hand when he
Shall meet Copernicus, Kepler, Brahe.

N. I do not recognize those names.

P. The first

Was an astronomer before the telescope
Enabled men to read the great Laws of
The Universe. A man once said to him,
“ Were the world constituted as you say
Venus would have her phases like the moon ;
But she has none. What can you say to that ? ”
His answer was most eloquent, and showed
That faith exalts a scientist. He said,
“ I can make no reply ; but God will be
Yet good enough as that an answer to
This difficulty will be found.” God was
So good as to let Galileo make
A telescope ; then the reply was made.
I was with Kepler’s Angel when he had
Completed calculations most profound.
He in a prayer he then composed exclaimed,
“ I give thee thanks, Lord and Creator, for
All pleasure that I have enjoyed, and for
The ecstasy which I experience
In contemplation of thy works. . . . I here
Proclaim before all men the greatness of
Thy works. I have explained (them) as far as
It was permitted me to comprehend
Their infinite extent ; devoted all
My energies to raise myself to height
Of truth through the paths of philosophy.
If it has chanced that I, a wretched worm, . . .
Nourished in sin, have said a thing that is

Unworthy Thee, show it to me that I
May it efface. If I have let myself
Be carried off by the seductions of
Presumption when I was in presence of
The admirable beauty of thy works,
If I thought too much of my own renown
In raising monument* which ought to be
Entirely to Thy praise, receive me in
Thy clemency, and grant the work that I
Have just concluded may be powerless
For harm and may exalt Thy glory and
Contribute to salvation of men's souls."

Brahe said, "he could wait a century
For readers when the great Creator had
For ages waited for observer." So
Thou seest Horrox will have company
Of kindred minds.

N. Though he lose fame
On earth.

P. But he will not. Venus can't cast
A shadow on the sun ere church will be
Dismissed and he will win renown of men,
As he has by his noble piety
Gained fame in angels' memories.

* The Tables.

DRAMA XVIII.

M A D A M E G U Y O N .

A.D. 1648.

*Act I.: Scene I.—A party.**Jeanne de la Motte (sings:)*

HE GLOWED IN WOMAN'S HEAVEN
 A pure and radiant star;
 She watched and worshipped him,
 Wept that he was so far.

He fell—below her height,
 She stooped to him with groan;
 But he was black and cold
 As meteoric stone.*

Scene II.

A.D. 1664.

Madame Guyon (writes:)

A MOMENTARY BENDING OF THE KNEE
 When none but God's and angels' eyes can see
 Is a child's worship very sweet to me.

A momentary glance up at the sky
 When none but God and angels hear me sigh,
 Is a child's fancy I have not laid by.

* I wonder if Madame Guyon knew what a meteor is.

A momentary thought, yet scarce a thought,
When suddenly to new grief I am brought
Is childlike worship that man hath not taught.

(*She folds her hands in prayer, then writes :)*

FATHER, I COME TO THEE! LET THY LOVING
VOICE CHIDE
The wearisome moanings of Thy child sorrow-
tryed.

Take my hand in Thine Own ; place my heart on
Thy Breast :
Comfort, oh comfort me, for I long so for rest !

Tell me my woes are of my heritage a part :
The Saviour Who loves me doth ask a Cross-
crowned heart ;

So HE would not take all flowers for His Own
crown ;
Therefore my dower, like His, a wreath of thorn.

I'll bear grief in Thy strength, and soon shall
enter in
The Land where entereth never pain or sin.

(*She weeps bitterly, and then writes again :)*

FULL WELL I KNOW CHRIST FEELS MY AGONY ;
HE leaves me in the wilderness to see
If I can read my Bible-chart aright ;
Now I turn to the history of those
Who knew, as I know, many human woes.

The atmosphere of earth, that seemed of night,
 Is now illuminated by the light
 That hovers o'er the graves of buried saints;
 Celestial, golden air life's desert paints
 With emanations of Eternal Mind.
 I wonder I in it have ever pined ;
 And so I smile, counting the world but dross
 And gladly, lovingly, embrace the Cross.

* * * *

OH GOD, MY TORTURED HEART MUST BREAK
 Or cry aloud to Thee !
 Now, pity for Thy dear Son's sake,
 My frail humanity.
 I have kept back my weakling tears
 Till scalded is my brain.
 I still am child, though many years
 I've crept through in hushed pain :
 Soon as I learn one stroke to bear,
 Another kind I feel ;
 Has life another ill more rare,
 As soon as this doth heal ?
 It may be so, but God doth know
 New remedy for each new woe.

Scene III.

1670.

Madame Guyon (writes :)

GLEE TURNED TO PEACE.

Ah ! Little didst thou ken
 In our wild days of glee,
 How sad I should be when
 Joy sighed for sympathy.

Ah! Little couldst thou know,
 Seeing but glee and scorn,*
How blackest, sharpest woe
 Would pierce me as a thorn
That tears the rose's leaf,
 And scatters all its sweets.
Oh, Jacques,* thou art my grief!
 When a cloud a cloud meets,
Golden though both may be
 There's oft a blinding rain;
So when I met with thee
 Bright pleasures boded pain.
The joys came and went,
 I wist not how or when;
With our lives they seemed blent—
 Sunbeams our mottoes then.
Sunning in thy sweet smile
Life knew not for a while
 That tears come from great care;
I thought them rainbow fair
To deck the Summer's bier—
 Bright leaves grow soonest sere.
And when darkness covers
 The ruddiest of trees,
Eyes of no night-rovers
 A rosy tint can seize.
So one chill November
 I wakened in the night,

* It may be impertinent for me to put my rhymes into Madame Guyon's mouth. Jacques was her husband's name; he was unsympathetic and unkind to her; but I don't know that she ever felt scorn.

Only to remember
 How bright had been the light.
 Scattered I most meekly
 Memory's brightest leaves—
 Best when I could not see;
 Light dazzles and deceives.
 Ah, well-a-day! I'm used
 To darkened, lonely days;
 My heart long since was loosed
 From Fancy's earthly maze.
 But night has many stars
 That ever bright'ning shine;
 Fairest when seen through bars
 That shut God's home from mine.
 Often the moonlight beams
 In such soft, pleasant rays,
 Cheering as day it seems,
 And Fancy, soaring, plays
 Around the Throne of God,
 Kneeling beside saints there;
 And then "I kiss the rod,"
 Blessing the Cross I bear.
 Darker the hour, shorter the way
 That I must traverse ere the day.

*Scene IV.—In a prison.**

A. D. 1688.

Madame Guyon (sings:)

AS MOTHERS' LULLABY'S TO BABIES' CRIES,
 As lover's whispers to a maiden's sighs,

* She was twice confined (once in the Bastille) for her religious opinions and her great influence.

Rest to the weary,
 Joy to the dreary,
 Are words of prayer
 To grief and care.

As reprieve of death to captive condemned,
 As hope of relief to spirit o'erwhelmed,
 Poor man's call for love
 To a Father above,
 Are words of prayer
 Read in despair.

As the brightest lantern in darkest night,
 As gift to the aged of second-sight,
 As summer shower
 In noontide hour,
 Are words of prayer
 That make grief fair.

(When Madame Guyon ends her song she says:—)

Strange to be in a prison, yet to be
 Accused of naught that's criminal. But it
 Is well. The Great Physician knows the kind
 Of treatment needed by my sin-sick soul.

(She writes:—)

AS ONE WITH WEAKENED EYES DOTH LOVE THE
 STARS,
 Whose sweetly-beaming light falls softly down
 And of their weakness forms a shadowy crown ;
 But the day's splendor all her beauty mars
 By scorching with her light the painful eyes.
 Thus, often human heart for sorrow sighs,
 Feels this world's splendor is but garish show

That hurts the spirit's eyes and dims the sight
 Of radiance not seen except by night.
 The stars of the bright world to which we go,
 In times of great heart-darkness softly shine
 With light that's shivered down from God's grand
 Throne
 Upon our thoughts until they seem divine.

(She throws down her paper and walks impatiently about.)

IF HE BIDS ME SIGH IN SORROW
 I'll expect a bright To-morrow ;
 Well I know on whom I lean,
 Though earth-veil His sweet smile cover,
 Maiden-like, I know my LOVER ;
 Often I that smile have seen.

Scene V.

Madame Guyon (sings :)

RESTLESS, WEARY, AND WEAK,
 A higher strength I seek,
 I listen : Father, speak !

Like child left in the dark,
 I search for shining mark
 To show me where to walk.

My lonely heart is numb
 Waiting for hope to come,
 God, where can it come from ?

I pray so oft in vain,
 I think of mortal pain
 Whether of heart or brain.

God takes but little note ;
The body's but the boat
Whereon to Heaven I float.

So, wherefore should God care
If tempests it must dare
Ere it reach stiller air ?

(*Madame Guyon kneels long in prayer,
and rising, goes to the window and
gazes at the night until tears begin to
fall.*)

SADLY AND SLOWLY DOWN
Falls the reluctant tear,
Fearing my reason's frown ;
My heart is carried
Upon a slow, slow bier
Towards a distant crown.
At night above my head
Its wav'ring shadow gleams ;
And its soft-falling beams
Enter my soul by day—
But stealthily ; they cannot stay ;
For life has much for me to do
And oftentimes more for me to bear.
I have to suffer for the True,
And for the good have oft to dare—
The martyr's hidden path to tread ;
Therefore, have I no leisure-time
To brood above the buried Dead.
I find earth is so chill a clime,
If I should tarry by the way
I should feel torpor of despair,

And soon a mass of lifeless clay
 Would prove that mortals may not dare
 To linger long upon the way
 During our life's dark wintry day.
 Oh, God, but give me work to do!
 Keep me to my vocation true;
 Teach me to suffer and be still
 The while Thou dost Thy holy will.

Scene VI.

Laraille.—Why hang'st thou poised in the mid air so long?

Carelle.—I have what men of earth call artist's eye;

A pretty picture pleaseth me. Look just Below the tip of my right wing upon The bosom of the Seine. Is not that fair?

L. I see a boat. I know what charmeth thee— That pretty child at play with pretty flowers. She throws too many on the current of The stream; but even so the woman will Cast thoughtlessly upon Time's tide the sweet And golden hours which if they were but prized Would fill her after life with fragrance pure.

C. Beside the child there sits the mother. See.

L. I do, and she is beautiful; a look Fitter for Heaven than earth is on her face.

C. Because she generally dwells in Heaven; She, like the angels, has no will but God's.

L. What does the little one?

C. Fastens bright flowers

With paler ones in form of crosses on
Her mother's dress—symbolic act!

L. How so?

C. The woman fair whom thou regard'st is rich,
Refined, intelligent, a widow of few years,
In marriage sought. Long time ago God saw
In her a wish to be entirely His,
And he rewarded such desire, decreed
That as we angels are, she should be His.
Dost thou remember one who lay in dark
And stone-floored cell of convent dank whom oft
We went to see?

L. Thou meanest Albert,* who
Was crowned with light and joy ineffable
After deep gloom? One day, when Time's kind hand
Had finished tiny hole through the thick wall—

C. Often the captive has no friend but Time.

L. Albert asleep had dreamed of us.

C. Saw us—

He thought he dreamed.

L. 'Tis true; and when he oped
His eyes he smiled although alone, and said,
I saw the angels, for there lingers yet
A ray of glory shed from their grand wings;
And long he lay rejoicing in sunbeam.
The while the sun shone in his dismal cell
He felt not cold, nor thirst, hunger, nor grief,
But when left in old gloom he groped around,
Feeling the slimy wall to find the bread—
Frozen and stale—that day before his teeth

* A fancy.

Chattering, full of pain, refused to gnaw.
Alas ! his finger slipped into a hole ;
He knew then that from sun and not from wings
Had come the ray he had so dearly prized.

C. That Lorrimer* recalls. He, having lived
In darkness for a year, had a lamp sent
To him, and was so happy but to look
At light that he repined no more. He warmed
His hands and feet thereat : warmth thus acquired
He seemed to prize more than most men the sun.

L. But we forget the woman on the Seine.

C Nay, I do not. My mind was making then
Comparison with her fair childhood's hours.
My Jeanne, this girl imprisoned in herself,
Guarded by constant joy, aspired to climb
To heaven ; but she was clogged by wealth and
bliss
And beauty rare. One day she found a ray
Of light.

L. I thought she dwelt in light.

C. Of earth.

But then she found a ray from Heaven ; the Book
Wherein God proves His love for man was left
In her lone room ; she felt that she must find
A better life than hers of stagnant joy.
Years flitted past like larks ; though seemingly
They rose to Heaven, they died upon the earth.
She married, but the bridal veil concealed
A thorn.

L. Alas ! What grief. An old maid's life

* A fancy.

Of loneliness and want of tender care
 Is blest compared to wife in lavish home,
 To whom her husband is a judge or bore,
 Or imbecile.

N. Her consort's want
 Of trust and sympathy was fate most hard.
 Each month his mother lay another thorn
 Upon the young wife's paling brow. But Christ
 Was fashioning of them a crown, not such
 As His—the thought were very blasphemous—
 But hard for gay youth to bear cheerfully.
 Jesus was smitten, so was she; disease
 Destroyed the beauty that is of the earth,
 And liable to death.

L. Not so. She still
 Is beautiful.

N. Yes; but what beauty wears
 She now?

L. A holy calm, a loving smile; truly
 They come from the bright skies.

N. Her parents, friends,
 And children were removed from her fond heart
 To make more room for God. She bowed in peace,
 And meekly said, 'Tis well. But she, like Christ,
 Was left alone to cry, "My God, why hast
 Thou me forsaken?"

L. Will weak man e'er learn
 That never doth our God desert one who
 Has not forsaken Him?

N. This she learned not
 Until six years had shrouded her in gloom
 To make her fair; the longer woman is

Shut in from light the fairer she becomes,
And so—

L. The pretty child has changed her play.
She crowns her mother now.

N. Symbolic act

Again.

L. Where wingest thou ?

N. To the dear girl,
To whisper in her ear these words, “ After
The Cross thou shalt be crowned : ” this she’ll
repeat.

Watch, and thou’lt see the cross-gemmed woman
smile.

* * * * *

Child.—Art pleased with me, Mamma, that thou
dost smile ?

Mother.—Yes, darling.

Ch. Then tell me a story of
Thy father’s home. Tell me of Uncle Paul. *

M. “ WHEN BUT A CHILD I LOVED THE GLAD,
THE TRUE,

The beautiful ; longing for them as things
Of the sweet Home wherein the Baby smiled.
And when the stars shone through the parting
clouds

All childish joys were to me very dull
And lifeless things, as is a diadem
Of earth to angels crowned in the blue skies.
I every pleasure would have given
For but a long-craved glimpse beyond the clouds

* Don’t know whether she had a brother.

That shrouded home of baby-brother from
My wistful eyes ; and thus ere I had learned
To care for toys of earth, I felt the love
Of Heaven and of God that quells desire
For giddy mirth. Oft when I lay awake
At night, I talked to him who sometimes in
His earthly babyhood had lain upon
My girlish breast, and who, I doubted not,
Was then the willing watcher of my rest.
Often in joy, always in childish grief,
I softly whispered to cherubic boy
Who hovered o'er my path, the story of
Whate'er befell his sister left on this
Dimmed world to mourn for him until her young
Bright eyes with bitter tears were filled. I saw
The angel Death kiss baby-lips into
A cherub's smile ; but could not weep when I
Mine softly pressed on the brown eyes closed in
The happy sleep of early death. I had
No heart for noisy play, or romping game,
But fled, like startled fawn, in true alarm
From childish trespasses, in trembling fear
That Jesus would not let me dwell with Him
And baby-brother in the skies. The wiles
Of playmates' mirth could ne'er beguile from
dreams
Of Paradise's sports. The sister's heart,
With memories of a lost brother filled,
Was easily consigned to fancies of
Sweet baby-beauty and of earthly love
And purity immortalized in bliss.

Ch. Thanks for the story ; but—

M. Poor child! I quite
Forgot to whom I talked. Dear, now sing me
The song I taught to thee last night.

Child (sings:)
LOVE FERVENTLY, YE HAPPY ONES OF GOD!
Heaven's brightest wreaths are twined on our sad
earth.

Bury dead hopes; but pluck from the green sod
To grace your hearth blooms of immortal birth:

Love fervently!

Love fervently! The one you love may die,
Leave you your weighty Cross alone to bear;
By the bright stars and the gay smiling sky
God kindly whispers, soon you will be there:

Love fervently.

Love fervently! and although man should change,
The grief will strengthen and prepare your heart
To live Up There where nothing can estrange,
For angels' loves are but of God's a part:

Love fervently. . . .

Love fervently. St. John hath truly said
Our "God is Love," and you would be like Him;
Therefore, love man and Him, Who though once
dead,

Now wears a crown that never can grow dim:

Love fervently.*

Act II.

PASCAL IN EDEN.—A.D. 1662.

Havile.—Of what art musing now, Pascal, my
friend?

* Sung to air "Love Not."

Pascal.—I'm thinking of the flowers I cast away
By the rude brush of philosophic hand :
Alas ! I cannot touch them any more.

H. Thou must be speaking of some joys of earth ;
For there is nothing here thou may'st not touch
With reverential hand.

P. It is of joys
Of earth. I, a philosopher ! How so ?
Doth botanist because he's a savant
Throw from his eager grasp the flowers that charm
Him most ?

H. If he doth so, he is a child ;
God made the flowers for men to know and love—
They are for all ; some men He made to look
With eyes inquisitive at wonders hid
From common gaze, to watch the sap as it
In an obedient stream flows on, to view
By aid of art the wondrous fabric of
Blossom or leaf, to feel that royal robes
In their coarse dyes are vulgar things compared
With dainty textures that His hand hath wrought.
Pascal, I had supposed that thou wert such
A man—on humble knees to ask to see
All God hath made.

P. Though reverent in thought,
My acts profaned the beauties and the joys
Of God's fair earth: aye, what He gave me to
Expand my heart, contemptuously I
Smiled on : I scorned the handiwork of God's
Great love.

H. No, Pascal, no ! For I have heard

Man's science oweth much unto thy mind ;
And when in philosophic haunts of earth,
I've known thy name classed with discoverers
Of Nature's laws.*

P. Aye ; when no beauty that
I—modern oracle, forsooth !—dared to
Call sensuous was there. My actions taught
The God of all things beautiful and fair,
Had erred in making man to deeply feel
And love the same.

H. Thou canst have beauty here—
Enough to satisfy all thy desires.

P. And far more glorious than aught below,
But not the same. The boy who had been shut
In dungeon dark and cold, and never known
The joys and privilege of childhood's hours,
When man, e'en if a king, would always feel
That something had been taken from his life
Which could not be restored, and that to him
A great wrong had been done ; the sphere of
life,
That should be rounded in completeness full,
Would on its morning-side show sad abyss,
Peopled with gloomy, e'en if harmless, forms.

H. Didst thou thus thrust from thee a part of
life ?

P. I did, in proud selfism and from want
Of trust ; though I most mysteries of Heaven
Appreciate, in all earth's myriads
Of happy lives there's something that I can

* Pascal first demonstrated the weight of the air.

Not comprehend ; * rather, the shadow of
A viewless cloud, and this is sad to one
Who fain would enter in all he perceives.

H. But I have heard a maiden oft repeat
In her sweet love's defence one thing thou saidst.
Thou smilest : wouldest know what it is ? As well
The heart hath as the understanding hath
Its aphorisms true.

DRAMA XIX.

LEONORA DE CASTRO.

Act I: Scene I.

1755.

Leonora.--I wonder if I cannot sing, mamma?
Those birds last night made me feel musical.
I think that I can warble as they sang.

My life was dim and gray
Like the sea;
On it the sun arose,
Love on me.

My heart had sluggish beat;
Moaned the sea
Till fresh winds waked it up;
Love waked me.

* He rebuked a mother for letting her children kiss her.—
See *Littell's Living Age*, May 19.

My brain cast forth its thoughts,
 Shells the sea;
 I gather shells; my thoughts
 Love's will be.

My days left dry, dead weeds
 Like the sea;
 I gathered its; Love mine—
 Silly he!

Gaily dance richest ships
 On the sea;
 So dance Love's dizzy hours
 Over me.

A fire at sea—

Mother.—Why stop so suddenly, my child ?
 What cloud
 Is forming in thy heart soon to be spent
 In tears? Why dost thou pause?

L. I may not tell.

M. It is thy mother asks.

L. My mother! Mine!

Oh, hold me tightly to thy breast! Oh, woe!
 How long may I lie in thine arms?

M. Long as
 Thou wilt, sweet one. How strange thou art to-
 day.

My darling shall lie here long as she wills.

L. No! no! That cannot be. Oh, God, have
 me—

M. What is it, precious one? Anita—quick!

Anita.—Spasm has she.

M. Run for the doctor. Haste!

Scene II.—Mother, alone.

I would that I could know what caused such
change

In my blithe darling's mood. 'Twas very strange.

She said it was the last part of her dream

That pained her so, and that she had not thought
Of it since she awoke until a line

Recalled it; then with giant's power it grasped

Her heart and suddenly it seemed to bring

Her to the verge of death. I dare not ask

Again of what she dreamed; the very thought

Is like a spectre to the trembling thing.

Yet what foreboding phantasy could fright

So fair a flower as mine? The dew of love

Will e'er suffice to water heart so pure

And tractable. I cannot think that such

An one will ever need to breast the storm,

Or, woe is me! suffer day after day,

As I have done, the constant dripping of

Envenomed tongue. Rather, I pray, O God!

Let her die by the lightning's flash than by

The cruel burning of fierce jealousy.

Ah! when I lay a baby in the arms

Of parent fond as I, she never thought

That I could suffer as I do—and live.

Would that I knew that Leonora's life

Is weak as mine is strong, that she will die

Whenever grief o'erwhelms her guileless youth.

Scene III.

In house of Lord Effingham, British Minister to Portugal.

Chaplain.—Where has my Leonora been so long?

Leonora.—At home: quite ill from the sad fright
a dream

Hath given me. Don't shake thy head and look
Reproachfully, as though thy lessons were
All lost, and she whom thou hast rescued from
Old Superstition's chain, had quite forgot
The calm of an implicit faith in God.

C. We "must give milk to babes :" thou hast the
heart

Of one, although thy intellect mine oft
Outwits.

L. Thou shamest me.

C. Tell me thy dream.

L. I fancied we were looking for eclipse
While the sky was most glorious in stars.
I left the family, and quite alone
Roamed in the garden I so love, and as
I gazed into blue depths above—

C. To man

More fathomless than deepest sea, although
He strives to sink his leaden brain and cast
His learning's anchor on the mysteries
Of God's grand Universe, throwing away
Faith's compass when he thinks that he has made
Discovery of a foundation for

New theory, and is philosopher,
Yet is shipwrecked upon the shoals of vain
Hypothesis. But thou didst not dream thus.

L. No. While I gazed above I saw bright star
After stars brighter shoot, and once I saw
Two rush together and then whirl around,
Delighting me until they disappeared.
I said that was a world on its last day,
Embracing in strong, glowing arms its moon
That both together might extinguished be.

C. Doubtless a shooting star may be a sun,
But all that I have seen were meteors.

L. One can't be an astronomer in sleep.
And then I saw fire-flies like humming-birds
In size, their bodies colorless, and yet
From them proceeded rays of light quite like
Bright rubies and clear emeralds dissolved:
The red one hovered o'er the green till they
In floating rainbow mingled charmingly,
I said—but that I won't tell thee.

C. No need.
Thou dreamedst the young marquis was
The ruby and thou wert the—

L. Green. Well, let
Me laugh I cannot bear even to thee,
Best friend! to whisper what came next.—The
priest
Whom I refused for a confessor came
And caught the two fire-flies and threw
Both in a burning star; the ruby one
Flew off, but the green one was burned. I felt
The flames. Thinkest thou I can stand—

C. Hush, child!

Fever hadst thou. Sometimes I, too, believe
In dreams; I do in this. A burning brain
Begot thy fantasies and well foretold
Thy illness, caused not by a dream, which was
Its sign.

L. How sensible thou always art!
Better mamma had sent for thee than for
That dried-up specimen labelled M.D.

C. Nice way to talk to me of countryman!

L. After I rose and read the Bible that
Thou gavest me, and prayed and breakfasted,
I had forgotten ending of the dream;
But the fire-flies floated before my brain,
Emblems of Alvas and of me.

Scene IV.

(*Leonora, alone, sings with accompaniment
of the guitar. The Marquis of Al-
vas enters unperceived and listens.*)

I'VE A THORN IN MY HEART,
And oft its piercings dart
Through my most cheerful mood:
Then I seek solitude.

Perhaps each woman knows
One in whom her blood flows,
Who is as a sharp thorn
In her heart, night and morn.

And yet all of her pain
She hides in heart or brain;

Perchance hears what some say
Against her ev'ry day.

But she must give no sign
That she has cause to pine,
Lest she may implicate
Those to whom cruel Fate

Hath bound her by a tie
That she cannot lay by ;
Yet she is not bereft
Of all hope, this is left—

That the thorn which she knows
Is shadow of Christ's woes,
That on her life fell down
From thorn in cruel crown

That on the Cross he wore.
He feels her heart is sore,
And He will cure the smart
When He has lesson taught.

Marquis.—A doleful song for such a merry heart.

Leonora.—But mine is not. Wilt thou Maria wed ?

M. (*laughing.*) Surely my fair betrothed must be Distraught—and of all women to suggest Maria in thy place ! A sorry jest.

L. Not one at all. She loves thee more than I. Oh, don't reproach me with that burning glance ! I love thee as a child loves flowers, because Thou pleasest me ; but well I know that I Could not be jealous. Thou hast said that none

Who feel true passion's power are guiltless there.
Nor could I stoop to do a dirty thing
To win thy favor, should I lose it now.
Maria says true love will crawl as low
As it soars high.

M. Maria! Do not speak
Of her again. Hereafter will her name,
If on thy lips, provoke my wrath; and know
I never liked her, for she likes not thee.

L. Is it not strange a sister should be turned
From me because my hand is sought ere hers?

Scene V.

Maria and her Confessor.

Maria.—Oh, holy father, a great secret I
Shall tell thee now! Know, Leonora is
A heretic.

Father.—Impossible!

M. Alas,
Too true! And I fulfil the duty that
I owe to parents, brothers, sisters and
Myself. Until to-day I had not known
The Synod of Toulouse had passed decree
That if in any house is found concealed
A heretic, that house shall be destroyed.
Thou knowest it is weeks since Le confessed
Or went to church unless compelled. This morn
The noble Marquis, her betrothed, and she
Had a long conversation, when mamma,
Being unwell, sent me to sit with them.
I had my hand upon the cord to raise
The curtain that alone divided me

From them, when hearing my name called I
stayed

My hand, and 'mid much foolish stuff heard her
Tell him that he had better far release
Her and take me, because I was a true,
Good Roman Catholic and she was not.
Then he upbraided her because she had
More faith in English chaplain than in him.

C. Aye, there was the offence: the Marquis is
An infidel, like most of our brave youths
Who far have travelled and learned more than
prayers.

M. Besides, some say he weds my sister for
Her property: he is—

C. A handsome man.

If Leonora is out of the way
Her heritage is thine.

M. Thou canst not do
More than consign her to a convent's cell
To lead a blessed life of peace and prayer?

C. The girl I know; she never will recant.
Thy question comes too late to save her life.

M. Will Pompal that allow? He has curtailed
Power of the Church, the Inquisition has
Rebuked, and—daring man!—he has expelled
From Paragnay the Jesuits.

C. Yet still

The law is, if a judge acquit one who
Has heresy embraced, his office, land,
And property are confiscated: thus
Three hundred years ago a Synod did
Secure to the accused a just decree.

Scene VI.—In the wilds of the Sierra.

Ferdinand.—Marquis, thou art low-spirited. The cause—

Marquis. Away! Of serf I made a freeman, not A friend.

F. Yet I am one would die for thee.

M. Forgive my hastiness, but leave me now Alone.

F. Not until I have added to Thy grief. But I know thou wouldest curse me did

I keep from thee e'en the worst news of her.

M. (springing up.) The worst! They dare not do more than immure Her in the Old Maids' jail.

F. They tortured her. . . . I was too hasty—he has fainted, like My wife when our—

M. Knowest thou this?

F. Last night When I to convent carried wood, I heard Such shrieks!—What have I done again? Rouse up And be a man, and rescue thy betrothed.

M. Yes! If I could with my own life! But I Have seen strongest and highest in the land Broken like withes by Roman Church. God's curse—

F. Manuel comes, and like a fury rides.

Manuel.—Haste, Marquis! Haste to Lisbon, if thou wilt See yet thy bride who ought to be.

M. The curse into thanksgiving I shall change
If God will take her from inquisitors.

Man. A heroine and angel she has proved
In presence of their general, who held
The Ante-court of Hell in prison when
They took her from the convent as they saw
That her example might defile the nuns,
And teach them that obedience to God
Is higher than that owed to Abbess proud.
Tortured was she by Torquemada then;
And when he found she was superior
To him and all his fiends, her they condemned
To die with others in few days.

Scene VII.—In Ambassador's house.

(*Chaplain and Lord Effingham.*)

Chaplain.—Ah, if I had been well enough to-day
To crawl to see her on her way to God!

Effingham.—Weaker art thou than she. A
gaily-dressed
And giddy crowd rose with the sun to feast
Their eyes on the girl's sufferings. Bishop
With mitre on his senseless head, a suite
Of brutes in dress ecclesiastical,
Workmen and gentlemen, rushed fast to see
That lovely maiden in the flames. Will she
From Hades look on them in Tartarus?

C. Not she.

E. Streets, balconies and windows are
Filled with fair ladies and their innocents.

The Marquis, with a face like an old man's
And hands that shook as if he palsy had,
Strove hard to penetrate the crowd ; although
Few recognized the gay youth of but two
Weeks since—such was the anguish of his mien—
It opened with a silent awe as he
Thrust right and left his trembling hands.

Scene VIII.—Plaza of Lisbon.

NOV. 1, 1755.

Bishop.—“Now, Leonora De Castro, will you
Retrace your erring steps ? Will you discard
The thoughts heretical implanted in
Your youthful mind by son of Belial ?
Our holy Church is ever lenient
To erring children, and in mercy deals
With the repentant who will humbly come
To her. Will you confess your sin and live ?

Leonora.—I can't acknowledge the authority
Of Church you represent. The faith I now
Profess is true. There is but ONE who can
Forgive, and in His mercy do I trust.
If I am called to die for His dear sake
I cheerfully will try to bear all pain,
Knowing the ‘light affliction which is but
For moment here worketh for us a more
Exceeding and eternal glory there.’

Bp. (To executioner) Quick ! Light the fires and
bind the prisoners.

(To Leonora) Obdurate wretch ! This day shall
your soul writhe

In torments of the damned; but first you shall
A foretaste of your doom enjoy." Prepare.

(*Leonora staggers; the Marquis rushes forward and catches her.*)

Marquis.—Inhuman monster! She is fitter for God's Heaven than such as you. If there are in His presence any angels she will soon Be one.

Bp. Ha! My Lord Marquis, ha! These are Bold words, and they have sealed your doom.

(*To soldiers*) Arrest the Marquis of—

(*An earthquake shakes the ground, and in the confusion the Marquis bears Leonora off in his arms.*)

Act II.—In the air.

Khrysilla.—Calla, why are we summoned now by tones . . .

Of the great One who sits upon the Throne Sublime?

Calla.—Knowest thou not? Have not we drunk Of twice ten million joys since that Voice rang Its music, pityingly soft, yet loud, Like to the sound of Earth's grand waterfall—

K. Earth's waterfall?

C. Aye; thou hast not forgot The thing on that sad sphere that more than all The beauty that it hath reminded me Of our own Heaven?

K. Never have I been there,
Nor heard of it.

C. Oh, verily! Thou wast
In the remotest boundary of our
GOD'S Universe when he created this
New World. I am rejoiced that I may tell
Thee of the Human Nature that He took
Upon Himself. Oh, deed more wonderful
Than all He else hath done! descending from
His Throne——

K. Why flyest thou so rapidly?

C. I answer now the call that doth alway
Assemble those who on the day that men
The Lord's Day name (for they count hours, and
days,
And weeks in that strange world), desire to go
In serried ranks to worship in a House
Of Prayer.

K. And what is that?

C. Come! I shall teach
Thee much of greater mysteries than those
Thou wanderèd'st far to see. But silence now;
For angels do not go to church without
A thought.

K. Calla, one question more, I pray!
What strange robe hath the GOD put on?

C. Nature
Of man.

K. Of man! Oh! who is man? What hath
He done for GOD that we forgot to do,
That He should thus pass by our radiance
To stoop to Form which seems unworthy of
The Majesty Divine? What hath man done?
Oh! Who is he?

C. A creature that the GOD
Did make of dust of earth, and then He breathed
His Own divinest Life within the form
That His Own Hands had shaped. ('Twas but
— His Word
That fashioned us.) Male and female did He
Create, and placed them in a Garden of
Delights, named Paradise. But Satan went
Into their bower ; and ere long they were cast
Out of the Eden that is like to ours
As ring of yonder world * to halo round
GOD'S Feet.

K. Oh beautiful ! Goldenly bright !
I had not noticed that fair sphere, around
Whose beauty there doth hang embracingly
A circle of strange light that is like faint
Reflection of the rainbow round the Throne.
But more of man. I cannot hear enough.

C. He would have followed the lost Prince, the
poor
Abandoned one ! had not the GOD gone down
To earth, assumed humanity, taking
A body of a helpless Babe, lived on
This world till it had gone around the sun
Three times and thirty, when His body died
A sacrifice to save mankind ; for then
Numbered posterity of the first pair
More souls than there are crystal streams in
Heaven.
'Twas thus that the GOD lived and died on Earth.

* There is a ring around the Earth.

K. Died? As the flow'rets die in a new sphere
We visited of late? Calla, I do
Not understand.

C. No more. We are before
The King.

K. Oh see! How kind He is! He knows
How much I long to hear the rest. Dear LORD,
He beckons thee to tell me more.

C. Then we
Shall fall behind and as we fly thou wilt
Hear words that will inflame thy love for Him
Till it will seem to thee that angels are
Almost omnipotent—so great, so far
Beyond the bounds of all thou yet hast felt,
Will be thy love and reverence for Him;—
Thine indignation first, but soon thy grief
And pity for poor man.

K. Quiver my wings,
Sharing the expectation of my thoughts
To hear the wondrous tale.

Scene II.

Krysilla.—One comes to fly by us. Knowest
thou him?

Calla.—Yes; I have talked with Wiclicoft; he is
One of the saints who proved Christ's presence with
His Church e'en when idolatry, that wore
New names, insidious, began to lift
Itself again. I noticed that the stars
As seen from earth, are brighter when the air
Is cold and pure in wintry dearth than when
It's redolent of the rich life and scent

Of Summer's soft and fragrant breath. E'en so,
While age of persecution tried the Church
Quite radiant was she in purity;
But when it passed away and kings became
Her servants, bowing low, some worshipped her,
Or favor that kings gave, new trials came.
Satan began to drown man's intellect
In dream-inspiring exhalations of
The poetry of truth.

K. Of truth? Well, that
Is just as it should be—just as it is
With us.

C. Ah yes! Because we never can
Forget we stand in the great presence of
The GOD; but here they do forget, and think,
Because good music's heavenly—comes from
Above, that it is piety. E'en so
The petrifactions grand and beautiful
Of spirits that adored oft satisfy
The worshipper; and the cathedral, though
'Tis just what angels fancy that the House
Wherein God dwells on earth should be, is oft
The resting-place of prayer and praise.

K. How sad!

C. 'Tis so with pictures worthy of the gaze
Of Seraphim—a few of which might serve
To fan their ever-burning flame of love
And happiness, they oft are stumbling-blocks
O'er which Devotion falls to rise no more.
But this is not true of all lands; for some
Have had a Reformation, and the one
To which we go has left idolatry

Of images and its congenial rites
For a faith simpler and more primitive.
When in the church I shall point out a pair
Who fled from native land and heritage
Of wealth, glad to escape with life. On ship
Like that thou seest on the sea below
Us now, they were made man and wife under
The flag of a free land. In England they
Have sought and found a very happy home.*

SEPT. 20, 1870.

Act III.

LOUIS XVII. OF FRANCE.—A.D. 1795.

Victim of ungodly men,
Lay a little boy of ten
In a dungeon cold and damp,
And his gaoler was a scamp.
But three days before his death
He was borne out, half by stealth,
Into room where some fresh air
And bright light made day seem fair.
But when night fell he was left
Lonely, e'en of nurse bereft:
How he passed the nights of woe
None but God and angels know.
When his last day brightly shone,
His one friend† repressed a moan,

* All I know of the Marquis and Leonora I read in "Harper's Magazine" for August, 1870. The conversations, except that between Leonora and the Bishop, are imaginary, and I have no ground for supposing she had such a sister as Maria. The ecclesiastical references are facts.

† See Beauchesne's Life of Louis XVII.

Hoped the child was not in pain.

“ Yes ; but easier my brain ;
Beautiful the music is.”

(Music no ear heard but his ;
He was now to get a crown.)

“ I’ve heard it e’er since you knelt down,”
Said the child to Gomin kind.

“ Listen ! ” Gomin could not find
Any proofs of angels there
Unless they were in the fair
Patient eyes of martyr-child,
Like his Master, meek and mild.

“ Hark ! My mother’s voice I hear.”
Then his pain-dimmed eyes grew clear,
And his lips could almost smile.

He’d be with her in short while.

Soon the little face grew sad :
“ Do you think my sister had
Chance to hear the music sweet
That my blissful ears did greet ?

It would have done her much good.”

Angels heard and understood
That the time had surely come
When they no more would be dumb,
As they had been, to the boy
In his nights of sad annoy :
Now he heard their words of joy.
His keeper came and took his hand ;
He had left for fairer land,
Where no children suffer for
Crimes that their few years abhor—
Done ere they had seen the light.

Two years before a child as bright
As the boy my knee beside,
Was left (when his father died
To atone for worse men's sin):
Captive sad, he was to win
By his patient gentleness,
Never answered by caress,
Right to be a martyr called.
History my taste has palled
With horrors, till I think in Hell
There is little that can well
New be called. God, let me dwell
Where demons can no more bear sway!
Heaven from earth seems far away—
'Twill farther be unless I pray.

DRAMA XX.

Act I.

THE DEATH OF NOVALIS.

A. D. 1801.

I.

GENTLY, gently enter here :
Sweetly Novalis sleeps
Bathing his spirit in heavenly deeps.
Four years ago with many a tear
He often prayed for rest.
For awhile he is blest;
Wake him not now—
Let him hear the angels sing !
May God's Spirit endow
With life everlasting

Him e'en while he sleeps !
Though no longer he weeps,
He secretly sighs for his Love,
Sophie, lost to him in blue fields above.
May he sleep long ! Wake him not now.
He would wake to press on fair Julie's brow
The kiss that he fain would press upon hers.
Let him forget—too oft he remembers.

His deceit God forgive !
He thinks he must live ;
So to be happy we'll try
As the gates of the sky

Ope not for his prayers, nor as he thinks, for hers ;
Though ever his soul his first-love remembers ;
As a man he will seek for happiness here.
Since he is shut out from the woman most dear
He will try to make up a home upon earth,
Julie's smile an oasis in life's dreary dearth :
Then sometimes at least he may languidly rest,
Nor think more of her who dwells mid the Blest.

II.

But she who first loved him !
Oh, where is she now ?
Forgotten her vow ?
Hath she not noted how very dim
Earth's amusements are for him ?
Hath she not seen that grief and despair
Have since she died made their marks on his
brow ?
That he has wearied of hopeless prayer
That God would let Death seal their vow ?

Yes ; for she often doth round him hover,
Sometimes she brings to her weary lover
From Heaven ideas beautiful and fair,
Which parry pain and gloom and ward off care,
That he may write them as poetic thoughts ;
The thoughts that men and children, too, will wish
To lay up in their earth-worn or fresh hearts
Among the treasures Age and Youth like best,
Their inner life to kindle or to nourish,
Knowing not they came from realms of the Blest.

And oftentimes to his heart she sings
Such musical airs a sigh hushes he
To list the lovely songs she brings ;
And then unconsciously
He writes them down
To mark earth's hours,
Not knowing they are flowers
From spirit's crown.

III.

She hath heard him speak of love
To another maiden
And, like a carrier-dove,
To earth she swiftly flies
With God's message laden
To bring him to the skies.

IV.

Gently, gently enter here !
Here lies one to angels dear ;
Sweetly Novalis sleeps
While a well-known spirit peeps

From the shroud that Death doth wear.
There is echo in the air
While plays his brother on harpsichord
And groweth the vision long and broad,
As floating beings rare
 Mingle with the notes
That fall on his dreaming ear,
 As float bright golden motes
In beam of sunshine clear.
 And this song they begin
 While others enter in :
“ Dream thy last dream,
 We come to bring thee rest ;
Already o'er thy brow doth gleam
The golden wings of her thou lovest best.
 Free from sin thou soon wilt be,
 From pain and anguish free,
 Soon Eden thou wilt enter.
 Knowest thou art the centre
Where meet several Saints' bliss ?
 On thy lips and on thy brow
Thou hast felt a Spirit's kiss ;
 'Tis no dream thou lovest now.
Waken, poet ! With us roam
Far above the star-flushed dome.
By that kiss thou wert set free
From the bars of clay that held thee.
'Tis no dream ; Sophie is here ;
Fly with her to the Father dear.”

V.

Gently, gently enter here,
Gladly, without a tear

Sweetly Novalis sleeps ;
 Angel-guard a vigil keeps
 O'er the sleeper's bed.
 Ah ! Softly tread ;
 Spirits fill the room ;
 It hath not air of gloom.
 Novalis waketh happily ;
 What thou hop'st for he doth see.

NOTE.—Written after reading some of Carlyle's *Essay on Novalis*. I could not keep back my tears, half by a sense of joy and half by a sense of beauty overcome.

Act II.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.—MAY, 1830.

Scene I.

(Amy in her room, sitting at her window :
 early morning.)

Zulee (her Guardian).—She listens to stage-coach that takes away

Whom she esteems as friend ; a lover he.
 She will have grief enough to bear ere long.
 Come, red-birds, sing and cheer the girl, and let
 Her write ; for writing is the Lethe God
 Provides for those who can't weep much nor talk.

Amy (writes).

DISPERSED IS THE MIST ;
 To birds I will list.
 They speak merrily ;
 "At your call, you see,
 We come out, O Sun !
 We're ready for fun ;

We come forth to cheer
All hearts that know fear ;
Silly flowers weep
A while in their sleep,
For, they think darkness
Is henceforth their dress.
Dead, they say, is the sun
And they are undone.
If they'll ope their eyes
There'll be truce to sighs.
We'll sing merrily ;
They'll wake cheerily."

* * * *

I blushed as I heard
Reproof of a bird,
Ashamed to think I
Should thus weep and sigh,
Refusing to see
Light beaming on me.
I dried ev'ry tear
Determined to cheer,
And found that the cloud
That life doth enshroud
Was in my own eye.
No longer I sigh ;
No more shall I fear
For Edgar so dear.
See ! Brightly above
Shines sun that I love—
The sun of our faith.
'Tis Father who saith,

“ Cast all care on me,”
For I care for thee.

Scene II.

Edgar in a room at Trinity College, Hartford, Sept., 1830.

E. As FLOWER WITHOUT PERFUME
So is life without hope
Of coming blessedness
When with pain it must cope,
As prairie-fires consume
With exultant success
And a most cruel mirth
The flowers of the earth,
So hath grief had full scope
To turn to dead ashes
The bright blossoms of hope
Whose most brilliant flashes
Once illumined my path
Ere I thought of Death’s wrath.
Soon fires of suffering
Built high mounds of ashes
Where Fate his teeth gnashes
And Despair thus doth sing,
Of the flowers of thy May
But the dust now remains ;
And Autumn winds and rains
Funeral dirges play.

Funeral dirges -- aye ! Well I have faced
The truth. I know that I must die, and so
I shall now write to Mr. Warrington.
God, Father of my “ Elder Brother,” make

Him write and bid me come to his sweet home
To die! Then Amy will be near me, and
I wish to fit myself for angels' love
And company by keeping hers.

Scene III.

Amy.—OH GOD! I DARE NOT SAY 'TIS FATE,
But I again am just too late
To yield my spirit to a mate.

My Father, if such was Thy will.
Teach me to suffer; and soon still
My restless heart: I pray Thee drill

My pulses till they beat in time
With Thy degrees, and when they chime
In unison to better clime.

Remove me, Lord, for here I'm tried
By grief and loneliness. Oh, guide
Me home, or else, my Father, hide

Me from life's waves in Thy safe Palm,
That so I may be strong and calm
And patient to be as I am.

(*Amy goes to sleep weeping, and at midnight wakens.*)

A. Now WITH A START I WAKEN FROM MY SLEEP,
A lone tear in my eye, but on my lip
The smile of scornful pride. Not e'en in dreams
Must my thoughts dwell on one who never bowed
His will to all the whims of mine. I am
A girl, the weaker of the two, therefore,

I must be wooed ere won. But have I not
Been wooed? 'Tis true I would not let him talk
Of loving me: perchance he did not love
As I require, madly, devotedly.
But what of that? Must I wait for his vows?
The rose-bud opens to the bee's warm kiss
Ere he has hummed a madrigal, and thus
My heart, made by my God to dearly love
The good, the glad, the beautiful, the true,
First slightly trembled at a Voice that stirred
The depths of my lone soul, that waited for
The master-chord to bid it gently dance
In harmony. The tones were not too weak,
For often borne aloft on thought's swift wings,
They bade my soul awake and mount with them.
They were not harsh, or I had never learned
Their tune; but gentle as a cherub's hymn.
A calm soul, full of aspirations high
That often floated round the Throne of God;
A heart, that from the dear St. John had learned
Its sweet key-note, were wedded in his tones.
And my young heart, always awake to lays
Of love and Heaven, leaped up most joyously,
Not knowing what she did, listened and learned
The Melody, printed it on her leaves
And laid it by. Glad hours had come and gone
And then a dark'ning mist of sorrow rose
And settled on my life, chilling its flowers;
The nightingales sing though the fog be dense.
The Voice I had thought lost in happy days
Began to murmur as Æolian harp
In Autumn night after a Summer's rest.

With trembling haste I summoned Memory.
Bade her re-ope the pages of my heart
And play the floating music long shut up
In dark and dusty corner of my brain.
True to the beautiful within my soul
She played the very tunes that he had taught
In by-gone days.

I know not why I wept;
But a girl's feelings are most curious
And never can be trained to shrivel up
To common sense and dull propriety.
I fell to sleep, lulled by a tender strain
Of olden times, and dreamed that he was by :
He sang to me a song of love and joy.
The tears were in my eyes, I could not see
That he had clasped my hands and then had drawn
His arm around my waist, and gently pressed
The kiss of union on my trembling lips
That fluttered so I knew not what he did.
I saw no human form, nor did I feel
A mortal's kiss.

The God whom I adore
Had made of two lives one; for a soft voice
Had bade me kneel at my dear Saviour's Feet,
And as we knelt, two children of the Earth,
Our Father answered us, and in a cloud
Of music floated we to home above.
Why is it that as soon as our sweet dreams
Bear us from Earth some voice must drag us back
And change our happiness to time-born woes?
A short time since my spirit was in bliss,
But rudely waked from guileless dreams of him

Who led me there, I smile in scorn and say,
I never loved a man ! 'Tis but a Voice
That haunts me thus, a vague embodiment
Of all I love, truth, purity, and beauty.

Scene IV.

Amy (alone) :

Papa says Edgar's coming here to stay
A long, long while. Who is so glad as I ?
I shall practice at once the songs he likes.

(*Sings to her guitar :*)

Love is like a poet's song
As it smoothly trips along :
I love a song.

Love is like a fervent kiss,
What is taken we don't miss:
I love a kiss.

Love is like a pleasant breeze
Rocking birds' nests in the trees :
I love a breeze.

Love is like a gay parterre,
Full of all things sweet and fair:
I love sweet flowers.

Love is like the song of wren,
Welcome to domestic men :
I love a wren.

Love is like the pure blue sky
That low storm-clouds doth defy :
I love the sky.

Love is like my Angel's wings
Unseen, while joys on me he flings:
I love his wings.

As Love is like all of these
Why mayn't it still better please?
I love sweet Love.

Oh! truly my heart is too light to-day
And like a feather flies off at each breath
Of song. I heard mamma say to papa,
Her heart is soft as sponge, and he replied,
God grant it never may be turned to flint.
Well, if it does 'twill only be to strike
A kindred spark out of dear Edgar's brain.

ERST MY HEART WAS LYING
In girlhood's soft slumber,
While o'er it came flying
Sweet thoughts without number.
Like clouds on still waters,
Calm they lay on my heart:
But, like the Fate-Daughters,
They were weaving my part.

* * . * * * *

COMING? IS HE COMING?
But do I wish him here?
I think not. Him I fear.
Long-hushed thoughts are humming
Conscious of their power—
“Having sipped each flower,
We're with honey coming.”

And I should like to take
Some fragrant honey-drops ;
But soon stiff Prudence stops
My hand ; for the Past's sake
You'll let the Future sting ?
Tut ! Tut ! What a fine thing
Honey and sting to take !

Scene V.--Edgar and Amy.

Amy (sings :)

FATHER, TO THEE MY EYES I LIFT
To thank Thee for Thy precious gift—
The power to warble forth Thy praise .
In heartfelt, though but childlike lays.
I'll praise Thee with the little bird
Whose joyous song at morn is heard.

And as I sing the notes that seem
Like angels' whispers in a dream
I draw from Heaven the tones so rare
That quiet grief and palsy care—
Sweet echo of the angels' song
As round Thy brilliant Throne they throng.

And when the beanteous flow'rets wave
Their gentle heads above my grave
My silent harp in dust will rest
Whilst I lie on my Saviour's Breast :
But when life to my flesh is given,
Unite the chords that Death hath riven !

Edgar.—Thanks for the pretty song, my gentle friend;

Now, Improvisatrice, talk to me.

Hast an idea what Heaven will be?

A. A world of evergreens draped with warm snow

That will not melt, and there moonlight will stay.

Thou smil'st. I wish that I was wise like thee.

E. Thou canst say very foolish things sometimes.

A. Alas, too oft!

E. Should angels ever wish

To be as wise as men?

A. What meanest thou?

E. There's nothing that man ought to know
and feel

That woman may not learn—but God forbid

She ever should know all man does!

A. Jealous!

Oh, shame! Is God, or art thou, fittest Judge

Of what her powers should be?

E. With Him do I

Agree, and call presumptuous who dare

To say she should not use the talents for

Which she will give account. She has no right

To “bury in a napkin” any gem

For fear of fame and scorn and suffering.

Ah! when she stands by God's Throne it will be

A poor excuse for talents that were crushed

Into her silent, timid life, to plead,

I feared man's dictum, God, more than I hoped

For Thy “Well done.” And so, I pray, keep on

Thy bright and upward path. I would that I

Could stay to smooth away life's ruggedness
For thee. Thou needest so much tenderness,
Such watchful love. What couldst thou do alone?
Poor little thing! I'm glad to leave thee in
A downy-covered nest. I think no wind
Will jostle thee out of thy sheltered nook
Into the world. Amy, I soon must die: before
I go I want to tell thee how I love.
(Alone) Why! she has gone! To hide some tears, I
ween.

Perhaps she never heard that I must die;
But then she never favored me with sign
Of love more than she shows to anything
She passes by. She doth amuse herself
With all around, with me among the rest.
Perhaps she ran away to hide a blush.
I never spoke before of loving her;
And yet she must have known my heart; but all
Love her, wherefore, perchance, she thought I was
But one of all. If I could hope that she
Would love me ere I go! She is so shy;
I dare not press the weakling's little hand.
I know that I shall never see her lips
Drop on my fevered ones like snow which falls
Noiseless and pure. Oh, I can feel them now!
I fancy I am dead, and she stands by
And quietly reviews my silent love;
Then her soft tears of pity fall upon
The clammy sheet that binds me strongly as
An iron band; she knows I cannot move
My lips to answer hers, and so she stoops—
I feel her breath! My own comes swiftly back,

And though she knows it not, it rises up
To meet her kiss—presses into her life,
And she is mine! I did not dare to fold
Her to my living soul; she seemed to be
Afraid of hearts that beat for her, shrank from
Their mystery. I could not fright the child
Out of her unsuspecting trust in me.
But I am spirit now and she is not
Afraid of those who cannot make her hear
Their tales of love; my lips are silent too;
They cannot her annoy with questionings
Of love and mystery, so she will let
Me be her confidant and tell me all
Her girlish fears and sorrowings; she knows
My lips will never more tremble to kiss
Her liquid voice. Perhaps she will show some
Love when I cannot pour my soul through her
Most tantalizing eyes, that say, "I love":
For when mine answer, "And I more," she turns
In sudden tremor and disgust, and looks
Quite as much love into the air . . . Oh, heart,
Lie still! she is but passing by—When will
She come? I wish I had not startled her.
How sweet it is to fancy I am dead
And feel her kiss a harbinger of love!
It is strange faith that tells me she will want
Me when she thinks I can come back no more.
I'm confident I shall; for, I believe
That God will let my spiritual wings
Oft purify the air that she doth breathe.
Ah! when the bright dawn of her life is o'er,
Clouds may arise, and she may be oppressed

By the electric sympathy that drew
Our hearts into our eyes when first we met.
And I shall feel her heaviness, and haste
With God's permission to stir the thick air,
And rarify with incense from above
The breath of Earth, reeking with loathsomeness.
Perhaps when she must suffer 'twill be best
That near Christ I should stand. Alas! how could
I bear to see that little form quiver
With agonies I had no power to ease?
She is so frail—oh, God, forbid that I
Should think about the poor child's fragileness!
Thou wilt be gentle with thine own pet lamb
Who'll bow her head so meekly for Thy rod,
Thou wilt not strike too hard. Dear Christ, who
hast
Felt all the tortures of humanity,
Feel for her woe and for my sympathy.
How strange for her to think that Heaven will be
Like winter of the year! To me its air
Seems always blue and redolent of Spring,
Not sweet, too pure for sense; but, like her breath,
Sweet if it could be apprehended by
Ethereal sense. I think I know why she
Imagined that it would be like warm snow;
She knows that nothing cold could dwell with God;
Snow is quite passionless and yet as bright
And cheering as a maiden's life. Henceforth,
Her presence will be like a fall of snow,
Entombing earthly bloom and gorgeousness,
And in its seeming cold preserving warmth
And life and happiness for Spring in Heaven.

Scene VI.

Amy.—Edgar, last night I dreamed that on a bed

Of roses freshly blown and very sweet
I lay: pink leaves had fallen on my cheeks
And lips, and left their beauty soft ere they
Were blown away. Birds from the trees came
down

And sang such pleasant ditties in my ear.

My hair was just the color of gold-cloud

That wrapped itself into a turban of

Soft, fleecy folds about my pretty head.

Oh, I was fair as in my waking hours

I long to be. Don't look astonished at

My vanity: are not the angels fair?

And I would be as beautiful as they.

E. Their beauty is within, and penetrates
The countenance as fragrance doth a flower.
Beauty like theirs may Amy gain; but I
Hope e'en in Paradise she will not be
Much changed. No cloud of gold about the brow
Of cherub could be beautiful to me
As are her soft black locks that to her face
Are what the shadows are in picture bright
Now sing me a low song that I may sleep
If it is possible. I had no rest
Last night; my cough and visions of a shy
Earth-angel drove off sleep. Take your guitar.

Amy (sings):

MARK HOW O'ER OCEAN'S BREAST

Rolls the hoar billow's crest!

Such is his heart's unrest!

Who of love tasteth :
 His nights he wasteth
 To Death he hasteth.

E. I don't like that. Here are some words I wish

That you would try to sing to the old air
 I am fond of. Perhaps then I might sleep.

(*He takes a paper from his pocket and hands it to her.*)

Amy (*sings :*)

REST, SPIRIT, REST !
 For all sins confess,
 Thou soon wilt enter in
 The home where dwells no sin.

Rest, spirit, rest !
 In Jesu's raiment drest,
 Thou hast a right to reign
 Where glories never wane.

Rest, spirit, rest !
 Hie thee to Jesu's breast :
 Happy beneath His wing,
 Thy gayest carol sing.

Rest, spirit, rest !
 In Eden thou'l be blest ;
 Mind no griefs of the way,
 But often calmly pray.

Rest, spirit, rest !
 No loss should thee molest ;
 No woe can thee betide,
 Thy Brother is thy guide.

Rest, spirit, rest !
 Brother knows what is best ;
 List not to griefs of Time,
 But hearken to Faith's chime.

Rest, spirit, rest !
 In Jesu fully blest ;
 Angels around thee soar,
 O ! canst thou ask for more ?

Rest, spirit, rest !
 Mourn no more for the Blest ;
 With them thou soon wilt rest,
 Wake with them on Christ's breast.

Scene VII.

(Edgar, writing :)

I AM GLAD THAT I HAVE LOVED THEE,*
 Though my bride thou may'st not be ;
 For I am more like angels pure,
 Love, since I have been with thee.
 E'en in Eden 'twould be lonely
 If I had no spirit-wife ;
 And my star thou'l be hereafter,
 As thou long hast been in life.

And thine eye will beam the brighter
 When thou standest by God's Throne,
 To think thou hast soothed weary heart
 With thy love's peace-giving tone ;

* Song to air of "Had I never, never known thee."

With thy holy faith hast lighted,
Heavy feet that sought the tomb ;
In a heart of earth hast planted
Flowers of immortal bloom.

I am glad I made thee love me,
In the spring-time of thy life,
And before another wooed thee,
Won thee for my spirit wife.
They will tell thee I have left thee,
But thy sweet faith will reply,
I see fair forms ye cannot see,
And around me now they fly.

Amy.—I have been waiting long to let thee end
Thy note, and as reward for silence so
Unusual, request to read what thou
Hast written.

Edgar.—So thou shalt; but not quite yet.
A. When then?

E. My darling, I must go out on
A long, long voyage; but be sure I shall
Come back to take thee to a home that will
Be granted me by my Best Friend, and which
I shall delight to deck with all that most
Pleaseth thine eyes. And if thou hast with thee
Another friend, he for thy sake shall have
The “mansion” Christ will let me deck for thee.

A. Now thou wilt preach. I don’t like that.
Good-bye.

E. Wait but a moment. Thou knowest I wrote
To Trinity for books and box that I

Left with my chum. To-day a letter came
Announcing he had gone on a long trip.
I wrote to Sam Eulee, when he came that
Back he must send them all to thee. Letters,
And lock of hair tied with white ribbon thou
Wilt burn. Cuff-buttons and such trinkets as
A man may have, thou'l keep. They will, at
least,
Be bright as the dried flowers thou spendedst so
Much time upon.

A. I wish thou couldst go ride
With me ; then thou wouldst not be quite so blue.

E. Pity me that I can't ; and when thou dost
Rein in thy horse to rest, write me thy thoughts.

Edgar (alone). Oh, it is hard to love as I and
have
To play the brother and mere friend ! Selfish
I dare not be ; nor would I try to win
Her vows. No ! It is hard to love and give
No sign ; but harder yet 'twould be to see
Her suffer for my sake. Besides, a ward
Would but meanly repay a guardian
For all his kindness to an invalid
By wrecking his child's happiness. Instead,
I'll write for her each bright and cheering thought
I have of the Hereafter. What if she
Should miss and long for me too much ? My God,
In my calm hours I am not selfish to
Desire she should ; but sometimes jealousy
Consumes my heart, as doth disease my lungs.
I shall collect my songs, and tie them up
For her to read and sing when I am deaf.

I.

MAIDEN ON EARTH, LOVE IN HEAVEN.

“Weary, weary, weary,
And tremblingly alone,
Sighing for sympathy,
Moan answering a moan,”

Crieth the one that on earth may not be blest,
As she thinketh of her dead mate and his unbroken
rest.

“Happy, happy, happy,
Aye chanting a sweet song,
Christ’s voice the symphony,
While throng answereth throng,”

Shouteth the one who hath first obtained his rest,
The while he thinketh joyously he lives but to be
blest.

“Forgotten, forgotten,
Quite alone, quite alone,
And loathing living men
Since Death hath claimed mine own,”

Shrieketh the one who hath buried her dead Dove,
As she thinketh envyingly of rest he hath above.

“Thinking, thinking, thinking,
Of the home of my birth;
For, therein is sinking
In grief the loved of earth,”

Singeth the true one that hath come from the sky,
That he may cheer away the tear from mortal maid-
en’s eye.

“Blessèd, blessèd, blessèd!
We are now together;
Both living and both dead,
Joying in each other,”

Chant oft the hearts there lies no veil between;
Happier, far happier than some loves of earth, I
ween.

II.

CORRUPTIBLE AND INCORRUPTIBLE.

Ye who feed on things of earth,
Tremblingly await the dearth
That must come to all who feed
On meats which corruption breed.

Woman, see your idol now
At another’s footstool bow!
Turn away hot tears to shed
O’er a passion scorned and dead.

I? My lover cannot die,
Nor can his change cause a sigh;
No! the eyes that beamed for him
Ne’er for his change tears will dim.

On immortal fruits he feeds;
Angel-hands supply his needs;
Drinks he of the crystal streams
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

He who eats “the bread of Life”
Claims me for his spirit-wife;
My heart in reality
Shares his immortality.

III.

I AM WITH THEE, DEAREST,
Am ever by thy side;
Weep not, sweetest maiden,
Thinking I have died.
Each breeze that fans thy cheek,
Doth wave my rainbow wings;
Songs in dreams thou hearest,
Are those my freed soul sings,

The thoughts, that often hush
Thy sad sighs of unrest,
Are whispered in thy ear
By him thou lovest best.
God's life to it given,
My love can never die;
It was not touched by Death—
Translated to the sky.

IV.

EVERY DREAM OF BLISS THAT BRIGHTENS
Gloomy girlhood's wild romance,
Will eternal joys enhance
When kind death our bodies lightens
Of this heavy load of clay.
All pure visions Time hath wrecked,
All our spirits now project,
Make pictures in the realms of Day.
Like the mirage of the sea
Steadfast on horizon clear,
Though I'm tossed and shipwreck fear,
All my dreams Death keeps for me.

V.

TELL ME WHERE.*

WHERE, TELL ME WHERE IS MY LOST LOVER
ROVING ?

Where dwells the heart that so long was my home ?
O ! doth he now to an angel-maiden sing ?

How can he will so far from me to roam ?

Where, where is he,
Who once loved me ?

Dreams of the past, can ye so quickly vanish ?

Fadeth hope so soon into nothingness ?

Can lover in Eden from his heart banish

The maiden who on earth his life did bless ?

Where, where is he,
Who hath left me ?

Often below is he my footsteps tending,

Guarding my path wherever I may roam ;

Often over me an old Friend is bending ;

Favored my heart, God's and a Spirit home !

Here, here is he,
Who tendeth me.

Buds of the earth have blossomed Eden's flowers ;

Human love above beameth as the sun ;

Pure souls who wander in the sapphire bowers,

Have changed pale hope for bright fruition.

Here, here is he,
Who ne'er left me.

* AIR.—“ Where, where is he ? ”

VI.

I LOVED THEE, DEAR FRIEND OF MY HEART
Aye, sweet, I loved thee dearly!
We did not meet—only to part
On earth so very early;
Nor life, nor death can sever
The hearts then bound together.

Our days together were but few—
A foretaste of the future—
When we in heaven shall renew
Thoughts that now my heart allure
To sigh for thee—thee only;
When I am sad and lonely.

Edgar, my first, my angel love,
Our hearts are bound together;
Though I'm on earth and thou above,
Our souls are one forever.
My heart doth teach me truly
Thou never can'st forget me.

They think that thou hast gone away
And left me very lonely;
But they know not that night and day
Thou art forever with me;
And death will only let me see
The form of him who dwells with me.

VII.

Now ETERNAL DAY IS BREAKING *

Through the clouds that float above,
 Angels from their bosoms shaking
 Blossoms of unfathomed love.

And the dewy tears of sorrow
 Shrink before the coming sun
 Of the ever-bright'ning morrow
 That hath joyously begun.

Bright hopes awaking from their sleep,
 Merrily begin to sing ;
 The hearts, whose wont it is to weep
 Tributes of thankfulness now bring.

And no more our soul will shrink
 From dark evening's shade ;
 Grief's dim night is but the link
 Of Earth and Heaven God made.
 In the darkness we will learn
 The songs the angels sing ;
 While the stars of evening burn,
 Our hearts will offerings bring—
 The sacrifice of love,
 To Him who reigns above !

Grief's night waits a bright to-morrow,
 When the love of Christ will shine ;
 Darkened minds ere long will borrow
 Jesu's righteousness divine.

* Air : " Day again is gently breaking."

Binding the Cross upon each breast,
 Fear we not the night of grief;
 Already glimmers in the East
 Prophet-ray of our release.
 One by one our friends have left us,
 Sighing in the darkness drear;
 Hark! now celestial matins gush
 Through thickest gloom our hearts to cheer.
 No more we fear the phantoms
 That in the darkness glide;
 For we know each grief that comes
 A dear Saint walks beside;
 Hark! on the night air's stillness
 Breaks music from above,
 While the Paraclete doth bless
 The hearts that ever love
 On earth to walk beside
 The Saints* and Crucified.

(Amy enters.)

E. What! Hast returned so soon?

A. I thought that I

Had left thee long alone.

E. But thou didst not
 Leave me at all. The spirit has two pairs
 Of eyes. Where is my poem? Thanks.

A. Thou canst
 Not read it; Edgar, Jr., restive was.

(She reads :)

I REINED MY HORSE IN ON A GREEN HILLSIDE;
 Two halves of brook, divided by the road,

* See note on p.

Each to the other love songs did confide ;
 In the o'erhanging trees sweet birds abode ;
 The waving fields of barley and of wheat
 Danced merrily—their grace the music beat.
 The setting sun by fate had been constrained
 To introduce his love—the Day—to Night :
 With jealous pangs his dying heart was pained,
 And he resolved to look so very bright
 That with his rival she would scorn to wed,
 Perchance she might prefer death with the dead.
 Had my Love wooed me with such jealous fire,
 Like Hindoo widow I had shared his pyre.

E. Thanks, Amy, for the pretty sonnet. But I do not like the closing reference.

What fiends of selfishness were Hindoos, who Could calmly die knowing their wives must burn Upon their pyre !

A. Wouldst thou not like a wife To show such love for thee ?

E. A thousand no's !

Besides, suttee originated* in Device of cruel husbands to secure Themselves from poison-drinks made by their wives ; But it became a fashion, and was thought commendable. Far from a noble man Be the desire—though natural—to have A woman's life consumed by vain desire To follow him through death. But I should like One who loved me to follow me in Christ

* Scholars say Suttee originated in the mistake of a letter.

And let imagination soar where'er
The Spirits roam on blest Hadean shore.

THEY ARE THERE! ALL THERE SO HAPPY, so
BLEST!

My parents, brothers, and Jesus are there ;
The friends whom I love are not lost in space,
Not lost in the boundless realms of my God ;
Not mingling with strangers from spheres afar,
Like butterflies lost in a garden of
Flowers, where none could find the ones whom
they sought.

Oh no ! Like those who on Thanksgiving Day
Assemble at home, together they dwell,
Living to rival each other in love.
Companions who went are waiting for me,
Wishing to teach me the lore they have gained.
I have hastened my studies, learning each day
Something of interest to keep for them.

A. This is thy faith ? Joy inexpressible
Thus teaching, thus taught ! Impatient art thou
To throw off the flesh that hides them from thee ?
Why dost thou sigh ? Tell me some more of this.

E. Abraham, Ruth, Ezekiel I'll know ;
Job and Elijah will be friends of mine ;
David will sing me the songs I love most ;
Isaiah will thrill the celestial hosts ;
Saints Peter and John often will talk of
The scenes in Christ's life I knew not before.

A. Adam and Eve of Eden will tell me,
And I shall confess I am glad they ate
Of the fruit forbidden that I might be

Spared a temptation so pressing. I shall
 Tell them I should rather be one of their seed
 Than an angel created without sin
 By God ; for none but sinners repentant
 Call Jehovah their Brother and Saviour.
 A crucified Lord's worth ages of bliss,
 More than high honors the archangels' know ;
 Although the fair crowns they wear we can't win.
 Pure are they ? I am cleaner by far,
 Bathed in the Blood of Omnipotent Love.

E. Herschel and Newton kindly will show me
 New laws of Nature prevailing above.
 Lyell* and Hitchcock, Bacon and Miller
 Will lecture on studies that I love best
 On earth.

A. Dear Keble, Milton, and Herbert,
 The Brownings, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Coleridge
 E'en there our dearest companions will be.
 Oh, to be one of that glorious band—
 The blest Spirits of Poets departed !

E. Yes. Some hymn now to millions awaiting
 Full bliss when from Paradise fair they may
 Pass up to the Sphere around which revolve
 All suns with their grand, obedient worlds.

A. Cranmer, Bede, Taylor, and Wilson will bear
 Their palms in glad hands. Ah ! if but from each
 I may pluck a small leaf I'll prize it more
 Than worldling her jewels ! Edgar, how long

* I know nothing of Prof. Lyell's claims to saintship ; but presume they are as good as Bacon's. The persons whose names are given, were those who gave me most pleasure when the foregoing were written.

In Infants' Department on earth must I
Wait ere my longed-for promotion will come,
And I may enter the High School of God ?

E. Already most of my chosen are there ;
Formed are classes of which I would be one ;
And yet am I too content here to wait
Because—

(*Voice stifled.*)

A. Oh ! is it strange that I should wish
To go hence ere long when thou wilt be with
My teachers and classmates, the last course to
Begin ?

Scene VIII.—Six months later.

(*Amy with Edgar's desk and box, reads the songs he left and this note :)*

Darling, thy father promised me I should
Be buried in thy bed of roses, but
No mound is to deface it. Only
A simple cross will mark the spot, and vine
Can climb and half-hide that. As long as thou
Rememberest, my resting-place will not
Neglected be : and if thou shouldst forget
Me God will take care of my dust. But if
Thou shouldst live, die unwed, it is my wish
My ashes may be scattered in thy grave
That out of my remains may grow the flowers
I should have tended for thee had I lived.

*Thy Lover.

(*After long weeping and silence she exclaims :*)

Why did I not before dare open this ?

His sudden death gave me no chance to tell
Him how I loved and love; for true love hath
No past. Now I can write again; for I
Must only wait until my lover comes
For me, and writing will help pass the time.

I PUT MY WEDDING-RING
Upon my trembling hand—
Token my heart doth cling
To thee confidingly.
In the blest Spirit Land
Our love-bound souls will be
As one immortally.

Ah! with brain-scorching pain
I saw thy manhood lain
In the cold, clammy ground;
I heard the crushing sound
Of "ashes to ashes, dust to dust."
I should have died had not God been my trust,
I knew that He ne'er giveth stroke in vain,
And would reward me doubly for my pain;
He having hidden thee awhile from me,
Would give thee back to me eternally.
But this calm peace I could not always keep;
Over a phantom-fear I oft would weep.
I heard thee speak of one thou deemedst fair,
And oft she stared at me with triumph's glare.
For a long time I could not courage gain
To meet this dark, weird spectre of my brain;
And thus it gathered strength and daily grew
To vampire's size, and round me nightly flew

Whene'er I would from the world steal away
To talk awhile with my dear One, and pray.
When more suspense I felt I could not bear,
It was perhaps my zeal, perhaps despair,
Which made my aching heart dare burst its gyve,
And with my base fears like a woman strive.
And then I dared thy shroud away to tear
To see whose image was deep-graven there—
It was mine own ! Oh Love, we need not part!
I can live now ; for I can talk with thee,
And not be banned by spectre I may see—
Before I had been dumb in jealousy.
My pulses then did joy tumultuously
To find enshrined my homely semblance there—
Dearer than hers—if it is not as fair.
I lay down then—my heart and thine together;
Hearts are not true that any fear can sever—
And olden memories did swiftly throng
To the first evening that I heard thy song.
Once I thought I had wooed thee back to life
And was the strong man's happy little wife;
I quite forgot thy bride's veil was thy shroud.
Alas ! My mortal pulses beat so loud
In new-found bliss with which my soul was
fraught—
Such joy as in my wild teens thou hadst taught—
They wakened me to the full sense of one
Who feels she is immured ; like perjured nun
Who shrieks in convent-wall, I quail
To hear the beat of my excited heart,
That I in lone despair had thought
Another spirit's melancholy wail.

Too long I did not dare to stay with thee
For fear my wretchedness would madden me ;
But soothingly my Saviour His Hand laid
Upon my woe : “ ‘Tis I ; be not afraid ;’
In Paradise thou’lt see
A blessing great in this black agony ;
For, know I work but for Eternity.”
That what God said was very true I feel,
And I am sure He will more kindly deal
With me than I did with myself ; for when
I had a chance of happiness—ah, then !
I cast thy love aside
Ere I my heart despaired.
And men can seldom know
What subtle love lies low,
Concealed with matchless art
In woman’s haughty heart.
Thou in the Spirit-Land
My heart wilt understand ;
And let it now—it is quite worn out—rest
On hope of meeting thee on Jesu’s breast.
I put the wedding-ring on my cold hand,
So thou wilt know me when the Risen stand
Around Christ, a rejoicing band.
Thou seest me now ! Thy holy eyes are bright
With their dear, old love-light
To think that I have given myself to thee
Thy bride for aye to be.
Unseen, but ever near,
Thou art my guardian here ;
Whether reality or fantasy,
It matters not ; apart we cannot be.

I CARE NOT FOR THE SMILES OF EARTH

A Spirit smiles on me.

I care not for the pride of birth ;

A Spirit serveth me,

And serveth loyally.

I would not mingle with the gay,

Nor share the joys of youth :

I would not live again life's May,

Thank God that it is o'er !

I have but few years more.

I would not be the ball-room belle

Man's homage to receive ;

A Spirit in my heart doth dwell

That's bliss enough for me :

What greater could there be ?

I care not for false praise like man's ;

A Spirit loveth me.

I do not prize Earth's bridal banns :

A Spirit weddeth me,

Weds for Eternity.

I would not have the flowers of Earth

In a chaplet woven ;

For they speak of the scenes of mirth

I have long forsaken—

I wait till the dead waken.

I do not want the sparkling gems

That happy maidens wear ;

I care not for Earth's diadems ;

I wait the ransomed's crown,

A crown that hides no thorn.

Scene IX.

(Amy is looking at a miniature of Edgar.)

OH! MY HEAD IS BURNING
And throbbing fast with pain,
For my eyes are turning
To picture that has lain
Before me—but not gazed upon
For fear my tears should fall thereon.

Eyes of ocean's blue,
Soft hair of dark brown hue
No longer in this frame
Shall mock me tauntingly.
This painted one is not the same
That in the clouds I see.
Unlike the pictures seem ;
These eyes with grief shaded,
Those beam with joyful theme.
Golden tint hath faded
That hovered o'er the real hair—
But still I see a halo there ;
In my dreams brighter now
It floats round spirit-brow
And casts a beam on me
That I hail gratefully.
Look up! My love is still most fair—
But truest portrait floats in air.

(Amy lays aside the miniature and sits down by her music-box.)

I DRAW MY CHAIR CLOSE TO THEE, GENTLE FRIEND,
That thou may'st play and soothe the troubled
waves

Which dash so heavily against my heart,
That ere long they must cease, or the frail bark
Will be wrecked on the shore of agony,
Nor ever sail again on life's rough sea,
Or dance with playful glee upon the waves
When they give back the bright sun's glowing kiss
In answering smiles.

Friend, play my favorite,
And long-hushed echoes will resound within
The darkest caverns of my heavy heart,
Hung with the stalactites of joys which were
Too beautiful to fade as flowers of Earth,
And so Death touched them not; but scornfully
Time smiled at his unwonted tenderness,
And laid on them his icy hand and went
Away. His work was done; he cannot touch
Them more, and thus they hang as beautiful
As brightest flowers of earth, immortal as
The girlish heart which time has petrified,
Immortalized.

The pride of womanhood
Yields to the memory of girlhood's hours,
And some weak tears begin to fall, although
The dread of woman's scorn will let them come
But stealthily and at long intervals:
Yet still they fall.

Again I am a girl,
A happy one, and dreams of olden times
Mingle with thy sweet tones as breath of flowers
With the glad songs of birds that build their nests
Beneath the flow'rets' smile.

What! so soon hushed!

Nay, gentle friend, thou art not kind to soothe
Me into dreams, and then abruptly cease
Thy lullaby.

Alas ! my trifling skill
Cannot arrange the springs that harmonize
With air of Earth, and so I leave thy side,
Thou faithless one ! And leave without a sigh ;
Long have I known that thou art all of Earth.
Deluded Fancy, now go back where thou
Art wont to dwell : each moment helps to form
The stalactites that will adorn the halls
Of immortality.

Guide well the hours,
That no unseemly ornaments deface
The heart where angels are expected guests.

* * * * *

HOW OFTEN DO I LONG TO LIE
By Edgar's side
In the cold ground !
The wintry winds that round him fly
My laughter chide :
His winding-sheet wraps me around.
Now my life-blood hath lost its heat ;
A clay-cold hand is on my heart ;
It cannot beat.
I died on that bright Summer day
That Edgar felt Death's poisoned dart.
Ah ! he and I together in the coffin lay ;
Together joined the phantom-band,
And all my life I'll bear Death's brand.
Edgar and I rode side by side in the black hearse ;
I did not live to realize the primal curse

Till earth fell on his coffin-lid—on his alone;
Then I knew all, but did not mourn.
But I arose to learn the woe
That the dead-living know.
For many days I did as those who walk in
sleep,
Who have most horrid dreams, but have no power
to weep,
And cannot ope their lips to shriek or mourn,
And know not whether they have passed life's
bourne;
Whether they live on earth, or dream below:
Such for a while my silent woe.
On happy nights I dreamed that my heart broke,
I finding unexpected rest from cruel yoke
Of fierce despair.
One day I wandered forth, not caring where;
I stumbled o'er his grave, and then awoke.
Oh, that I could again have slept,
Or into Edgar's coffin crept!
For any horrid dreams are bliss
If they are but compared to this.
Long time I lay with burning head
O'er his heart now so cold and dead.
From my bosom I drew a lock of hair,
And thought of that I had not kept.
Must worms sport where
My fingers had played
Ere death over him crept?
Had his beauty decayed?
Was there no power on earth to save
From a loathsome, hideous grave?

Dead lips I kissed the prey of a worm !
I shuddered till my limp nerves grew firm
Then I got up and went away
To laugh and talk with other men ;
But I knew ne'er to live again.
All real things unreal seem ;
And I live but when I can dream.
Sun, moon, and stars are buried in a tomb,
And midnight-darkness wraps the earth in gloom.
But I will laugh, and dance, and sing, and play
As well as any madman may.

SOON IN GLAD PROCESSION WE
Shall climb the celestial heights
Our great Father's face to see.
How many glorious sights
Hath Heaven reserved for me !

Soon I am coming, Darling,
And I hope that I may bring
The sad memories of earth
That will lasting joys engirth.
Safe then in our home above,
List'ning to thy words of love.
Thee I shall remind of times
When on earth thou calledst me cold.
Our hearts will play blissful chimes
Of remembrances of old.

* * * *

THE WAY IS VERY LONG ;
The road is rough and dark.

And him, whose arm was strong
To hold my weakness up
My God hath shut within the ark,
And I am left alone
To drain life's bitter cup.
No, not alone; there is no moan
To which Christ's ear is deaf:
His arm is ne'er "too short to save."
He never would have sent this grief
But for the strange "need be"
That Love must bend above a grave
To learn its immortality.

Yes; Love and Death my path must cross
That I may learn by earthly loss
To value joys of the safe Land;
And when is given sweet command
 To him I ever love,
"Go, bring her spirit now above,"
 I'll feel how sweet
A thing it is to lie
 Quietly down to die—
 How joyous 'tis to greet
Through all Eternity
Love that no more may flee
 Away from me!
 Bitter the tears this night I shed
 Thinking my lover with the dead—
Oh, vain absurdity! For, I
 Know Christians do not die;
 Their bodies wait 'neath coffin-lid;
 But I am sure their life is hid
Only from our flesh-shrouded eyes
 Away, away all selfish woe!

I would not draw him from the skies
To share my life below.

No: rather let him draw me hence
From foolish pleasures, joys of sense,
To share with him beyond the sky
The life and love that cannot die.

(*Amy after in vain trying to look at a book of engravings, lays it down and writes :)*)

LIKE WATER A HARD ROCK, SAD REGRET
Wears away heart that all glee doth fret.
Beauty and joy and love are but one;
Alas! alas! I with all have done.
All joy but remindeth me of him
So even my joy is blurred and dim.
With his eyes chiefly I saw earth bright
And his eyes now are fast-closed in night.
Closed? His eyes closed! Never! No, never!
Brighter than stars are they forever,
God grant me the faith to know that they
Who worship Him are happy alway!
Earthly bliss I will think of no more;
Only will strive to love and adore
The Lord of all Who died on the Cross
And blest in Him no more feel my loss.

Scene X.

(*Amy's soliloquy in early morning.*)

My room! Ah! these are pleasant words to me.
In Summer it is cool and dainty place—

Sweet flowers and matting that reflects the light
And shadows dim artistically quite ;
Curtains like snow-drifts, making me feel cool.
(The Winter ones more comfortable are ;
They have lost tint, ashes of roses once :
Now, like my life, they're richest when the light
Comes from within and tells a fireside tale.)

When I have been a long time suffering,
And the pain passes languidly away,
I ope my eyes that they may fall upon
Some pleasant thought. I turn them now first to
The dark-brown cross whose base by lichens hid
Upon a fungus-bracket stands ; lichens
And fungi draw their being from decay ;
'Tis well the cross should seem to grow from them.
Upon it hangs a crown of thorns, torn from
A wild sweetbrier ; the cross within my heart
Bears a like crown—better that thorns should stay
Than roses never bloom.

Beneath this sad
And fitting symbol hangs a wreath of green ;
Within it sits a girl fresh as a breeze
Just blowing from the woods ; pictures like this
I love as some their children love.

* * * * *

Between
The two is scene at sea ; if I could sketch .
I should paint fiends in the black waves that bear
Their human freight into the hungry depths ;
And where the dark cloud breaks in light I'd
paint

Angels who willingly would hurry out
And in with rescued souls: the ship I should
Engulf—all save two spars, and they should form
A cross.

And next upon my washstand is
Bohemian glass, like my life, dark or bright
According to the light.

* * * * *

One temple throbs

So painfully I turn to let it rest;
The other must throb some while I feed on
More types of inner life. And now I see
The snowy angel that aye looks at me.
Ah, if I could but see the form that it
Prefigures here! 'Tis a slim wire that holds
It back from spreading its white wings upon
My breast; a slighter thread of life may hold
Me from its archetype.

My head aches more;
I turn and gaze upon a painted cross,
From which strange hands tear rudely down the
Lord

Of Life: the Master did not rest upon
Nor glory in his Cross: shall I in mine?
When His became a bed for sleep then He
Was taken down and laid away in dark
And chilling solitude. Did He rest there?
Oh no! But, self-forgetful, went to give
Comfort and certain hope to shadowed souls.
Would I could do in my low sphere as He
In higher one! Both skies and lake are blue.

A moulded head of the meek Virgin in
 A gilded case is commentary on
 A phase of man's depravity.

Casket

Of papier mache, in brilliant flowers,
 Not fragrant like the ones that fade—ah me !
 No more holds ornament for neck or wrist ;
 My jewels now are other things than these.
 A corn-husk basket filled with amber smoke *
 And flowers holds red grosbeak ; but for such
 things

I care not much in days like these. Upon
 My dressing-table stand some fragile toys
 Dainty in blue and gilt ; the bottles now
 Are redolent of memories. A friend
 Crotchedet white cover of a cushion blue.
 Fair Innocence, a dead joy folded to
 Her breast, keeps ward o'er all.

A dying plant

'Mid living mistletoe droops from a shell
 Of nacre, o'er a cross of Autumn leaves,
 Yet sunbeams fall on immortelles as well.
 But o'er my mantlepiece are my best things.

* * * *

A St. John with his cross is on the right,
 And on the left the face that I love best.
 Ah ! meaningly below this I have placed
 (Dearest of all my pretty things) a Head
 Of Christ cut clear in marble cold and calm.
 Oft have I kissed the lips and brow ! How oft
 Have held it in the moonlight till I dared

* From the smoke-tree.

To scorn the eighteen hundred years that held
 Me from His sepulchre. I know that He,
 Who made the clouds and stars to whisper of
 His love, smiles on a fancy that can make
 Of weary woman child well pleased.

One cares

Not if I love a face that looks like him,
 Nor does deride to see my trembling lip
 Held to a brow like his; nor does my Lord
 Count as idolatry a love for bust
 Which is as pure as a babe's dream.

Scene XI.

Barrar.—Recallest thou the night that we flew
 round

The earth after we had seen Amy at
 Her lover's grave? And how at certain spot
 We saw the brilliant stars that form a cross?

Zulee.—Aye; and thou left'st me with the wise
 intent

To visit constellation so superb.

B. But thy heart was too full of sympathy
 For Amy to permit thee to leave her;
 And I have sought thee now to hear about
 Thy ward.

Z. Wouldst like to visit her?

B. At once.

(*Amy's room.*)

She is not here; but there is something thou
 Canst see. In her affliction she has read
 Naught but her Bible, Prayer Book, Christian Year,
 Sacra Privata and Harbaugh's three books

About our world. Whilst reading in the last,
 Thoughts sometimes come in a poetic guise,
 And then she writes them down and quaintly calls
 Them Harbaugh's children, for she says, she knows
 Not which ideas are her own, which his.
 Here are the scraps still lying in her books.

HARBAUGH'S CHILDREN.

I.

I THOUGHT MY LOVE'S LIFE THE SWEETEST
 That I had ever known ;
 There is no music left on earth
 Sweet as his who hath flown.

His heart was but the instrument
 On which God's Spirit played ;
 I should the glory give to Him
 Who its sweet music made.

II.

IF I MAY AWAKE WITH THEE
 I shall go to sleep in pain,
 Knowing that there is for me
 In the skies immortal gain.

“ Not a straw ” care I for all
 Griefs and troubles that may be ;
 Faster, thicker let them fall—
 Sooner of them I'll be free.

III.

AH ! “ NO MAN CAN SEE GOD AND LIVE ; ”
 No : surely I should try to die.

Could I but clasp Him by the knees
 I'd pray Him not to mount the sky
 Until my spirit He would ease
 Of its sad weight of sinful clay,
 And bear me to an endless day.

IV.

"TIS NOT A CROWN OF EARTH
 For which I often sigh ;
 'Tis not in search of mirth
 I strain my longing eye.

The honor that I crave
 Is more than golden crown—
 A passage through the grave
 At Christ's feet to sit down.

Gladly, heart, thou wilt beat
 If but permission's mine
 To sit at Jesu's feet,
 Mary of Home Divine.

V.

FAIR "CASTLES IN THE AIR" I AM ALWAYS BUILDING;

And ever since I was a very little child
 'Twas my wont to build them, then to watch them
 falling—

What a foolish, foolish child thus to be beguiled!

Yet now I build them more beautiful than ever,
 Though founded on the earth unto Heaven reaching,
 Now they can fall to the sad earth never, never !
 For hopes that they are built on hath God been
 teaching.

VI.

I SHALL GROW LIKE WHAT I LOVE ;
 Father, set my heart above
 Sloth and crime and low desire ;
 Yearly raise my standard higher.
 Let me daily think of Thee
 Till with Thee I “one” may be.
 Highest love and purity
 Perfect is, God, but in Thee.

VII.

I PRAYED TO GOD THAT HE WOULD BLESS
 The one I think of most,
 Believed that he would grant my prayer—
 Faith was my girlish boast.
 My Bible then I oped to see
 Whom God considers blest ;
 With quiv’ring eyelids I perceived
 That they are those at rest.
 Now I know Christ heard my request
 Since He has blest my Love ;
 No more on earth He needs my prayer
 Answered in full above.

VIII.

I WOULD THAT I COULD ADD “THE WIDOW’S MITE”
 Unto the bliss of God !
 How gladly would I battle for the Right
 Could I but know my Lord
 Is looking on, is waiting at the goal
 To crown me with Truth’s crown.
 And He is looking on ; rouse thee, my soul !
 Thy Maker hath come down

From His high Throne to watch thy war with sin ;
Angels on Him attend,
Regarding thee to see if thou canst win
The title of “ God’s friend.”

Scene XII.

(Amy alone.)

When life seems dark and only death is what
I crave, Why can’t I die ? Death, are you deaf ?

(She writes :)

WHY DEATH TAKES THE FAIREST.

Hasten to come for me, Darling !
I want to hear the angels sing,
Jesus knows that I am lonely ;
He knows I have loved thee only ;
Tell Him I pine and sigh for home ;
Tell Him that joy to me is foam
Of fathomless and bitter sea
Of never-ceasing misery.
How can we part ? We who are one ?
Joys and loves of life abandon
The worn-out life that waits for thee,
Why com’st thou so lingeringly ?
Canst forget that I am waiting ?
Why eternal bliss belating,
Doth slow Death tarry on the way ?
Ah ! Is my heart too weak a prey
To excite his love of conquest ?
Bright are the flowers upon his breast ;
Will he never a sere one cull ?
Alas ! my eyes are far too dull ;

My set smile is too sad for him,
Or too much like his visage grim.
He will have eyes that are brightest,
And the hearts that are the lightest ;
He will happiest lives make dim ;
Ah ! Too much have I courted him.
Life's burdens I will learn to bear,
Again will dance like maidens fair ;
While my dumb heart breaks I will smile,
And strive with zest youths to beguile.
Then to the soul that shrinks in dread
At his light, rapid, sudden tread
He will come and lay his hand,
Adding another to the band
Of shrinking and reluctant dead,
Nor mind those who would go instead.

Cease, poor heart, such vain repinings ;
For grief and death the Saviour brings.
He dims eyes that are the brightest,
And stills hearts that are the lightest,
Hushes the gayest laughs of earth
Not because HE's foe to mirth :
Spirits that know least repining,
Hearts that need the least refining
From desolating pangs to save
Buries He in an early grave :
Because they are by far too fair
For proud, vain wealth's corroding care ;
Too pure for earth to pain and blight
With spectre-griefs of sorrow's night,
With tears restrained, that burn the brain,
With hidden sins that leave a stain

Which would soon soil their beauty bright,
And so impede their upward flight.

* * * *

Saviour, now my heart can thank Thee.
Well I know, above awaits me
Sunshine of my love's to-morrow ;
Faith shall now its brightness borrow.
The sins of earth can never touch
One whom I love, perhaps, too much.
I first liked him for the beauty
Of his noble life of duty :
I know he is awaiting me
In his immortal purity.

Scene XIII.

“Merry, merry Christmas,” the children cry
As the young madcaps rush merrily by ;
And as we echo all their kind wishes
We’re almost smothered with gifts and kisses.
Awhile I share in the general joy,
Expressing delight at book and at toy.
The bright eyes dazzle my sight for a while
And faded away is *his* phantom-smile ;
Merry childhood’s sweet laugh so stuns my ear
For a time his low voice I do not hear.
A sad face, Christmas is very treason ;
An aching heart by no means a reason
Why I should be like an envious cloud
Any one’s pittance of light to enshroud.
So I steal away to my quiet room
That quite alone I may think of the gloom

With which the last Christmas hovered o'er him :
And—shall I confess it?—my eyes are dim.

* * * * *

FOR THY SOOTHING PRESENCE

I, wearied, am longing,
As though 'twere defense
From worldly thoughts, thronging
My busy woman's brain
To shut out woman's pain.

* * * * *

Will not thy earth-freed spirit tend
The lonely vigils of the one
Who never had another friend
To undo what the world had done ?

WHY I LONG FOR DEATH.

Thou, God, hast given all that I could ask,
As happy flowers in the bright sunshine bask,
So have I in Thy goodness manifold ;
In looking back upon my life I find
The glow of health, the privilege of wealth,
The educated mind all granted me
By Thy kind care : few blessings earth can give
Of which I say, I know them not ; and all
Thy benisons to Thee doth bind. But like
The Californian gold, these gifts were found
In mud or dust which ever to them clings,
For in my heart the sad plague-spot of sin
Is base alloy to whate'er may be near.
How often in my childhood have I ground
My teeth in agony, tormented by
The Devil's power that scathed my wilful heart

Ere I had learned Whose grace can conquer guilt.
And even now so much my spirit hates
All that is hideous, I writhe beneath
The pressure of inwoven sin until
I long to lay my wearied head down on
The clay-cold pillow of the sinless grave.
Ah! "Earth to earth" is the glad, welcome sound
Proclaiming earth's sins are no more. Dead!
Dead!

The falling of the clods oft sings the sufferer
Now rests forevermore; the warrior
Lays down his arms triumphantly and wears
Wreath of the conqueror, while unstained flowers
Of purity now grace the Ransomed's sleep.
Tears are without the coffin-lid, a smile
Within that God and angels see. Alas!
Great troubles must befall novitiates
Of Heaven. There's one whose purest pleasure
dates

From the black hour when in the agony
Of severing heart-strings, first was given
A glimpse beyond the clouds of earth into
The purer blue where the loved spirit's eyes
Were lingeringly watching the frail girl,
Who to his cold corpse clung as if she thought
A lover's heart could ever stay beneath
The hands that answered not her trembling touch.
Ah, foolish girl! Love's immortality
Is thine: thou gavest heart of sin and care
For one of purity and peace, a form
Of clay for one of seraph-beauty. Guard
Most jealously for him thou lov'st thy fresh,

Sweet purity. Thy weary sighs but hush
And thou wilt hear the voice so dear
Mingling with song of cherubim and seraphim.

* * * * *

I.

AH, MY HEART IS DREARY, DREARY!
And I—I am so weary, weary!
All without is gloomy and chill;
My chamber is cold although I am ill,
Filled with cold air and furniture dumb;
There's no living thing to me will come,
Even my dear canary hath fled,
And my gay little kitten is dead.
These immortelles but mock the frail flowers
That brightened the Summer's fleeting hours.
This wreath of fast-fading Autumn leaves
Throws shadows over the heart that grieves,
Like it, for joys all crumpled and torn,
Leaving it its longer life to mourn.
This cross bids me remember that all
The griefs that my darkened life befall
Are needful to purge my heart of dross—
Sad comfort this, oh, my mournful cross!
For more than all, I weary of sin,
Of evil that lurks my heart within.
My God, 'tis a bitter cross to bear
The weight of life till its "wear and tear"
Will close the scene of trouble and sin,
And none be better that I have been.

II.

Oh Father, ope Heaven to take me in!
Pray, leave me here no longer to sin!

I shall never do anything for Thee
But praise Thee in Eternity.
Father, Thou seest the tears that flow
Swiftly, yet cannot wash out my woe.
Dost Thou not pity Thy desolate child ?
Take me before I be more defiled
To the land of rest where I "would be."
Father, I want Paradise to see ;
I wish to exchange cold hearts of earth
For friendships of angelical birth ;
I want to go where I cannot sin —
To dwell where my Friend so long hath been.
Father, may not I soon suffer all
The troubles and sins that must befall
My lonely heart in its guilt-stained life ?
Swifter the arrows shorter the strife ;
The sensitive hearts the soonest break ;
The heads that with pain oftenest ache
Will soonest on Jesu's breast awake.

FEB. 13.

Now, Father, I am ashamed of this
Impatience to taste of heavenly bliss.
Why should I mourn for joys Angel hath
When my life may have an aftermath ?

OFFTIMES A TONE OF MELODY
Falls on my ear ;
He is not here,
So discord strangles harmony.
The sounding of the churchyard spade
Is symphony
Of misery

That my poor heart hath ever made;
In vain earth's sweetest melody
Since my love died,
Went where I may not yet abide.

* * * *

I SEE A SIGHT YOU CANNOT SEE:
O'er the dark vale there streams for me
The light of trailing garments left
By those of whom I am bereft.
Death's River I fear not to cross;
O'er its rough stones there grows a moss
Which joys decayed have spread for me,
That my worn feet may not be torn
When I shall leave woes life has borne.
I see upon the other shore
Those I love best and many more;
They beckon me to cross to them
And in his hand one holds a gem.
I know it, 'tis the love I scorned
When to cold pride my heart I pawned:
He has redeemed what I thought lost
To give to me when I have crossed.
His well-known tones cry, "Darling, haste!
Our future home with flowers I've graced;
The Saviour here will turn to wine
The cup of gall which now is thine;
I am at God's high court thy friend
And often plead with Him to send
Some blessing to my favored one.
I know that when thy work is done
I may pluck flowers that Christ will give
To crown thee when he bids thee, 'Live.'

Take heart and work fast while thou may'st;
More gems wilt win if long thou stay'st.
Didst thou e'er think tears thou hast shed
Will gleam like gems when thou art dead ?

Scene XIV.

(Several years have passed since Edgar's death, and Amy has left home and tried to banish her life-long sorrow by change of scene, and subsequently by writing; the following shows with what success a woman cultivates forgetfulness :)

Amy.—STILL AGAIN ! THESE TEARS AGAIN !
I had thought they all were dried ;
That I, like other women
Could soon banish when I tried
The strange, phantom-like power
Of my past life's sweetest hour.
Darling ! O my darling one !
Doth a memory of me
Like a spectral, veilèd nun
Flutter in Eternity
E'er across thy pathway bright ?
Or, lurks there in pictured bowers
A remembrance of earth's night
And of its sad, cloistered hours ?
Oft I deem my thoughts have lost
The dark shades thy dying crost
O'er their erst unblemished joy,
That henceforth naught can annoy.

Oft I tire of being slave
To a memory and grave;
Weary of my spirit's lot,
Haunting, ghost-like, but one spot,
Tortured by the waving light
Of ignis fatuus too bright
That my fancy still misleads
Over flowery-seeming meads,
But to sink it in despair—
Finding that thou art not there.
Then I sit and try to weep
Where thy cast-off garments sleep.
I, who have grown stoical,
Feeling so indifferent,
Suddenly my tears let fall
When thinking of enjoyment
To which my first years were prone
When we loved so buoyantly.
Now, alas ! I am alone
Ever reft of sympathy :
Thus I bear a double Cross,
Memory of thee and loss.
Dearest, dost thou loathe my pen ?
I should have been thine again,
Of my death-dimmed thoughts been quit
If it had not been for it.
For I cannot groan and sigh ;
But when I must speak or die
Straightway to my pen I flee—
With it talk so long to thee
That I feel thou art with me,
Sitting by my side again.
Often dost thou guide my pen :

Then I rise with spirits calm ;
O'er the Cross there waves the palm.

(Amy throws down her pencil, and reads Byron's "Manfred;" then writes on the fly-leaf, "Manfred's Spirit yields to mine after I had sung three stanzas with him.")

EVER A MAGIC VOICE SHALL BLESS
Thy heart in joy, in grief no less ;
For ransomed spirit in the air
Hovers around thee bright and fair,
And in the wind there is a voice
Calling upon thee to rejoice.
Oh ! oft to thee shall night bring down
The softest rays from my bright crown,
While darkest day shall have a sun
As dear to thee as love to nun.

From thy bright smile I did distill
An essence which my heart doth fill ;
From thine own heart I made to flow
A joy and peace thou didst not know ;
From thine own smile I snatched the bird
Whose song in darkness oft was heard ;
From thine own lip I drew the charm
That on earth shielded me from harm ;
In proving all the blessings known,
Save God's, the greatest was thine own.

But all thy shrinking, timid love
I learned not till I soared above ;

For, when on earth, thy mocking smile
Was oft a too successful wile ;
I could not read eyes turned from me,
Thine innocent hypocrisy.

Ah, would that I had known it when
I sought thee 'mid the haunts of men !
For happiness as known on earth
Differs from that of heavenly birth.

A Father 'twas who poured the "vial"
That doth devote thee to this trial.
A heedless slumber shall not be
Ever a true love's destiny.
When thy death-angel hovers near
Close by his side shall I appear.
Lo ! my spell now works around thee
And my deathless love hath bound thee.
I throw my spell o'er heart and brain ;
In hope of bliss forget earth's pain.

* * * * *

THE JOYS THAT FROM THY PRESENCE FELL

Like music dripping from green leaves,
In maiden-land yet hold a spell
Which hushes sighs my bosom heaves.
I did not need to see the bird
Which lured my eyes from grosser forms ;
It is enough that I have heard
Echo of songs which memory warms.
What though the nest be cold and still,
The young forever flown away ?
Its sight can yet the bosom thrill
With tenderness which is of May.

And so my hours, that once were filled
 With progeny of love and hope,
 Are musical, though time hath stilled
 The true heart after which I grope.

* * * * *

SHALL I SEE HIM, O MY FATHER!

Oh, see him so very soon !
 Not in the “dark valley” lying,
 But throned in a cloudless noon ?
 Shall I mount up to him straightway,
 And not have to enter tomb ?
 Oh, my Saviour, if this be true
 Short will seem these days of gloom.
 Long the time I’ve waited for him,
 Thinking he’ll come when I die :
 Now it seems soon as I see him
 With him to Thee I must fly.
 What shall I care for the Body,
 Stiff and cold, deserted, pale ?
 I shall be above the “Valley”
 Where no evil can assail.

* * * * *

A GOLDEN SUNSET OFT BRINGS RAIN ;
 A golden youth brings woman pain ;
 But when the rain is o'er there'll be
 A softer light on land and sea.
 Thus, when hot tears I cease to shed
 A halo will enwreathe the bed
 O'er which will hover angels fair
 As brilliant as the sunlit air :
 And in that light I'll float above
 The cold sleep and the tears of love.

DRAMA XXI.

H E R D E R.*

A.D. 1803.

Act I.

Lobula.—Ah, how my heart in all its depths
pities

Poor man! And much I wonder God doth not
Without delay bring all the grand minds home.

Clarice.—Oh, no! I love to watch the struggles
which

The true soul hath with flesh. I think we are
More thankful for our Essence when we see
How grand it is in man. It is so much
Like David, battling with and conquering
Goliath by a higher Power. But what,
Sweet messenger, hast lately seen on earth—
Where I hear thou hast been—to stir up such
A wish?

L. Thou know'st the Herder whom I love
And told thee of. Alas! He pines through day
And night quite listlessly; and like a blind,
Old man, he stretches out the worn powers of
His mind, striving to grasp a giant-thought.

C. I well remember what thou saidst of him.
His nerves, impoverished by constant strain
To fill the orders of his active brain,
Have failed in contest with the sinews of
His soul, disdainful of the body's needs.

* Written while reading De Quincey's Essay, Phil. Wri., Vol. ii.

L. How can a man—however silly he—
Suppose the body and the soul but one ?
Such lives as Herder's ought to prove to him
Dissimilar in nature are the two.
His nerves are like the shattered strings of harp
Which twang in dissonance ; his spirit like
The air that doth the music make, whose power
Naught can impair. The shivered chords will
soon

Be laid away for a long rest, and when
Again the Maker of the instrument
Will bring it forth to give fresh joy,
The strings will be attuned to air that can
Not snap the tensest ones in twain.

C. Thinkest

The spirit is the cause of what the nerves
Of intellectual and high-strung men,
Like Herder, have to bear ?

L. Aye ; verily.

It keeps the body, as a cruel lord
His vassal—to obey, not caring how
Slave pants and suffers, so his will be done.
Spirit, imperious, oft terrifies,
Or else cajoles the body to bear more
Than common men think possible. Poets
Especially do this; the slaves who sing
Ofttimes forget the lash. Herder once went
To Dresden for a change ; his worn
Nerves rallied there, obedient to fresh
Delight of spirit young, in library
Well-stored with grand, old tomes of ages past,
Which roused their weariness, as dream of war

Will stir to restlessness a wounded brave.
How Herder panted to be well again
That he might master the great minds that live
For centuries in much-prized books!

C. He thought

Not then he soon with strength which could not be
Impaired, would read the very men who left
These volumes floating on the sea of time
As waifs for those who strand on a like voyage.

L. The worthy souls, thou mean'st. Alas, not
all

Who have earth's short-lived immortality
Achieved, will he and kindred minds meet here!

C. Of thoughts known to our bliss the saddest
this;

Too many brilliant men, Faith's compass lost,
Have been wrecked on the shoals that wilfully
They ran against, to show how skilfully
They could steer craft where others had gone down
Like fools, like fate. But as wrecked voyager
Commits to keeping of the buoyant waves
His Journal and accounts of what to him
Seemed the most wonderful in the new lands
He has explored, so men of intellect,
Wrecked by their passions or their faithlessness,
Have left in treasured manuscripts their views
Of changeful life, and what they found its best
And worst.

L. But one man in earth's lifetime can
Not learn all that lost minds have left, nor e'en
The half of those most worthy to be conned.

C. Nay, verily. But thou forgettest that

To store away such thoughts are many heads
 Who'll happy be to interchange all through
 Eternity.

L. How Herder will enjoy
 Communion with great souls. And he will flash
 Upon them brilliantly, unconscious all
 The while of light he gives, yearning to grasp
 And to incorporate into himself
 Each new and beautiful idea. Ah !
 'Twas but a short while since he said in tones
 That Earth should not forget, "Oh, if some
 grand,
 Original and spiritual thought
 Would but come unto me—no matter whence—
 I in a moment should be well!" And yet,
 So weak the outer man, he cannot bear
 The food that he desires.

C. But may he soon
 Be well as we !

L. He will : God strengthen him
 To fight with Death for the last victory !
 A grand idea doth come to him now,
 Wafting itself slowly but steadily
 From God's white, bow-spanned Throne.

C. And when it flashes on his soul he will
 Be strong forevermore.

L. But that is not
 What now he wants. He would get well to do
 On earth his work. "Ah, that I had but time !
 Time ! Time !" So saith he frequently : while he
 Lies helpless quite and feels that all his grand,
 Glorious thoughts will to the world be lost.

C. A needless fear. A grand thought lost! And tell

Me where could it be lost? Oh! where in all
 The universe could it pass out and not
 Flow into other spirit-life? Doth not
 God know better than he of what Earth hath
 Most need? And what conceptions fittest are
 To be revealed first in Eternity?

L. Yet none the less with the delusion he
 Torments himself. Works to which he gave birth
 Belong to those who his companionship
 Most prize, angels and men who know him best.

Scene II.

Malan.—A noble spirit will come home ere
 night

Hath spread the canopy of sleep o'er earth,
 Her beauty, joy, her suffering and sin.
 Lobula hath just come from Germany,
 And says that Herder rests as calmly now
 As when he first was lulled to sleep on breast
 Of mother fond.

Clarice.—Oh, I am glad! Dost thou
 Remember, Sweet, the eve he calmly sat
 Thinking his holy thoughts, like twilight, half
 Of light from Heaven and half of shades of earth?
 The sound of church-bell fell upon his ear—
 He gently drew a sigh as a grand strain
 To his heart came—winged with the vigor of
 A golden Past—

M. The days when God was praised

In the soft light which fell from tinted glass,
Praised by the murmured trills of music glad
That man had learned from rippling of the sea,
Praised by the white-robed choristers who seemed
To float as easily in perfumed air
As if their chanting swayed their gracefulness.

C. I recollect that Herder sighed to know
That those sweet joys could come no more.*

M. Not that

He wished old Superstition to be throned
Again, but that he fain would have the truth
As beautifully served as falsity.
By which gate will he enter Paradise ?

C. Poets and prophets by the sapphire gate ascend.

M. Let us haste there. I wish to see
A poet's looks when he finds grandest dreams
Fade into mistiness before the glow
Of gorgeousness and great sublimity
That bathes the soul that has escaped from death.
He'll prize this softened brilliancy much more
Than most men do. Deeper his thrill of bliss
When strains of songs, lovingly rapturous,
Fill all the perfumed, brightly-tinted air,
While angel choristers welcome a mate.

C. Often has Herder longed to speak with us.
I asked Jehovah once if I might pour
A thought into his brain. He said I must

* When I wrote this I knew naught of ritualistic questions: in many English churches I realized this dream of early days. Rome has no chorister boys that I know of who chant as do the Anglican.

Not carry Heaven to him ; for ere long he
Should come to Paradise ; but to please me
He let me guide his pen once, and thus trace
A sentiment that would be prized by him.

Act II.

SHELLEY.

Mazza.—Dost thou not often pity pettiness
Of a man's mind—like bird which hops upon
The beach and comprehends the sea ?
What if a wiser whisper in his ear,
Thou silly one ! Air is thy element.
Presum' st because thou skimnest o'er the sea
And sometimes dip'st thy wings in the clear wave,
Thou knowest of its mysteries, its depths,
Its caverns, coral reefs, its priceless pearls,
And other precious things ? Fanciest thou
That thou canst comprehend cause of its wrecks ?
Lo ! suddenly have gone down many forms
Of manly strength and virgin loveliness.
Suppose the bird replies, I understand
All mysteries that be, and what I may
Not well explain is naught. Corpses are in
The sea, thou say'st : I can believe it not.
Why should a body drown when it can fly ?
Thou laughest ? Ha ! Then drown me if thou
canst ;
But if—philosophy is built on ifs—
Corpses there are beneath the waves,
Then thy God is a despot grim, nor will
I worship Him. And if there be a God

How wretched He will be when I withhold
My meed of needed praise. If such should be
The silly bird's reply, how like 'twould be
To reasoning of those whose souls live in
Their petty brains and in their narrow world
Of common sense and earthliness, yet dare
With impious wing to brush the mysteries
Of Providence. Imposing grandeur of
A man, fit heritor of all the worst
Philosophies of Heathendom and lust !
He cannot count the sand by the sea-side,
Nor make a handful of the same, yet he
Expects to sound unfathomable depths.

Hulah.—Where we would pause in silence and in
awe

The infidel dives in and perishes
Imagine little bird thou spakest of
Tries to explore sea-caverns' mysteries ;
Then would it be like man who dares to prate
About the dispensations of the LORD.
Both man and bird must perish for their pride,
And add their fates to earth's sad mysteries,
Warnings for all who seek to follow them
To pause, or share the insignificance
Of burial unhonored and unknown
Except to demons hideous, who'll shriek
Above their graves.

M. The bird would scorn the man
Who warned it not to leave its element,
But trust to faith, nor dare to scoff at old,
Dim records which proclaim the nature of
The sea and of the secrets GOD hath hid.

H. Art thinking now of any one man, Love?

M. Of Shelley, whom the Lord endowed with
more

Than common gift of genius true. Alas,
That feeling what he was he could not learn
That he was nothing more! I watched a girl
Who seized a volume of his poetry
With wild youth's eagerness for brilliant things.
'Twas evident imagination trod the air
On the light rhythm of his splendid verse;
Her fancy was as wild and childish, too.
Gems she found here and there, bound them
Around her heart, then challenged admiration of
The world. But I perceived that on each spot
The jewels touched there was a speck of dust;
And if she gathers many more, ere long
The dust she will have got from Shelley's words
Will cover o'er the purity of Faith
And leave her grovelling after—herself.

Act III.

CHARLES LAMB.

Kalleta.—A hero will come home quite soon.

Let us

Rejoice.

Larla.—And hallelujahs sing. But who
Is he?

K. Charles Lamb.

L. The one I weakling thought?
Then tell me how he has a hero grown.
He seemed as pure, although I feared as soft
As a snow-flake; and so I judged that he

Would as unnoticed be—a child among
The pure, unnoticed in the throng.

K. Alas!

Such throng is not so large that he would have
Been lost e'en to the eye of man. But I
Accept similitude thou gav'st: snow-flake
Was he in truth. He shrank from vulgar touch;*
But those who have a microscopic eye
Perceived the sparkling crystals of a weird
Phenomenon, almost fantastic in
Its humorous dance. And as the snow-flake can
Not touch the earth without imbibing some
Impurity, so was it with poor Lamb.

L. What heroism boasteth he?

K. He? None.

L. Thou said'st he hero was.

K. And so he is—

His heroism is to know no self—
The heroism most like that of Christ.
Not in bright armor are such souls as his
Incased; he wore a comic mask to hide
The tears that would have pained his friends.

There were

No trumpets to screech “Here he comes!” but
smiles
And merry jesting greeted him. Hope raised
Her head and Hatred shrunk away: his power
Was this—he hid no selfishness within.
“Of human helps and leaning-places I
Am jealous now; religion I want much,”

* I don't mean that Lamb felt anything human to be vulgar; but he was reserved.

I heard him say. Oh, there is naught he wrote
As beautiful as was his daily life!
Once he exclaimed, "I am afraid there is
Dishonesty in any pleasure I
Take without her." He spoke of Sister who
Was ever "on the brink of lunacy."
It seemed to me it was his love and faith
That would not let her rave in frenzy oft.
Fiends felt and shrank from interference with
A love so beautiful.

L. Worthy was she
Of his devotion?

K. Yes. Poor, aching heart!

L. Why dost thou pity her?

K. Some demons thought
To mark his family with brand of Hell:
One entered in the citadel of thought
Of Mary Lamb, and in her frenzy she
Her mother slew, her father wounded too.
But Christ, who had from Mary Magdalene
Cast seven devils out, had given her
A brother, who, as far as mortal can,
Would be to her what He had been to one
Of Jewish lineage. My hero snatched
The fatal knife from maniac's brave hand:
Its shadow ever after fell upon
His brow; and as he let the murderer see
It not, it was his badge of martyrdom.
He dedicated life to sacrifice
Of cheerfulness.

L. Is cheerfulness, think'st thou,
A sacrifice?

K. To those who suffer, yes.

Easy is it to be resigned and sad ;
But God's peculiar grace is given to
The one who suffers and is glad. There was
A little thing that touched me deeply once.
I glory in the victory when man
The struggle cannot see. But a few days
After the maniac's knife had severed him
From boyhood and spontaneous glee, he sat
Down to a cheerless meal. Something recalled
His sister forcibly ; he thought he could
Not eat : natures like his enjoy some kinds
Of grief if they can nurse it their own way,
But shrink from wear and tear of common things.
"Such weakness I must rise above," he said,
And choked down self.

L. I should almost dare call
A sacrament the meal (that nauseates
The heart crammed full of woe) which unobserved
Is swallowed painfully, because it will
Bring strength for use of others, and will help
The unsuspected victim to take care
Of self.

K. About this time he wrote, " And I
Have something more to do than feel."

L. 'Tis well that a kind Father often gives
Some blessed work to combat with great grief,
And knit together rashly-sundered life.

K. He had a pittance of a hundred pounds,
And he was two-and-twenty when he brought
To hopeless home a mad companion for
His daily life ; he seated her beside

His fire, and golden hopes of youth flew out
The door : he would not ask a wife to keep
Asylum for the crazed ; of course, he could
Do anything—

L. But make a woman sad.

K. He had thought, if a wife he ever won, her feet
Must fall on roses' leaves. Unselfish men
Think only they are made for pain and toil.

L. Then had he loved a maid and hoped to have
A wife ?

K. As such men love and hope.

Among the pleasant fields she lived, and to
The heat and dust of town he turned, and none
Knew that he left his heart behind.

L. God knew ;

Therefore no need of other sympathy.

To sister, then, he sacrificed his life.

K. How could she have borne life but for her
prop ?

If they set out for pleasure-trip, she put
“Straight waistcoat in their trunk.” ’Twas she
who felt

The coming woe, prepared her brother for
His duty hard. Weeping they went along
The quiet path that led to hospital ;
And when the door was shut, he was the one
Who needed pity most. But demons have
Fled far from Lamb's calm home ; and Mary is,
When mad, not frantic as at first, but still
Her weakened brain gives way at intervals.

Then at

The Court a lady fine she deems herself ;

And, like revolving stereoscope,* her mind
Portrays things most diverse, but pictures all.
Poor thing! She'll need imagination now
To make her life endurable, when he,
Who made his heart a holocaust for her,
Ascends in the sad fragrance of his life
To God.

L. Imagination she needs not,
If she has strength of will to face the truth.
She'll make her present background to her past,
And blest perspective of Eternity.

Act IV.

THE HAPPY OLD MAID.

AMALIE SIEVEKING.

Scene I.

Zelma.—Lorice, wilt go with me to visit Kal?
Lorice.—Not now, belovèd; I a mission have.
I have seen little child, ugly, diseased,
And left to grow up like a weed, at will.
Too often is she disagreeable,
Too seldom calls forth love of those around—
Her face not fair enough. Within there is
The splendid nature that I see. I go
To ask the GOD if I may be as friend
And mother to the motherless.

Z. I wish
Thee joy of mission so beneficent.

* Had Dary invented the stereoscope in Lamb's lifetime?

Scene II.—Several years have elapsed.

(*As the Angel enters Amalie's room, she exclaims :)*

COLD WITHOUT, COLD WITHIN,
Everything cold in this world of sin !
Oh, how my heart shivers !
Every nerve quivers
As the wind shrieks imitations of airs
Sung by birds it hath killed.
To desolate lives no wonder it bears
Shrill echoes that sound like groans of the
dead ;
Or, that well it is skilled
To taunt with remorse souls whence hope hath
fled.

(*Lorice whispers thoughts to her, and after a while Amalie says :)*

HUSH, HEART ! I LAID YOU DOWN TO SLEEP,
And laughed to think earth-worms would creep
Among the faded flowers of yore,
Mock immortelles I dared adore.
I do not choose you shall wake now,
And wreath fresh roses for my brow ;
I've passed my teens, am an old maid :
Better lie still where you are laid.
The heart that's stillest suffers least ;
Stagnation cometh after feast.

Tut ! I am not a poet, as Burns was.
But as he drowned his sensibility
In loathsome drinks, mine I shall drown in my
Own way. I shall write poetry on hearts.

Scene III.

Lorice.—Zelma, rememberest that I told thee
Of Amalie?

Zelma.—The lonely child whose friend
Thou sought'st to be?

L. And Sieveking the name
She bears. Jesus hath touched the heart of one
Of her own kind, and to the childless now
My Amalie is child; is good, and true
To all the instincts of a daughter's heart.
In my wild-flower thou wouldest not recognize
The weed of old; by guiding younger hearts
She is in training now for noble life.
She carveth her pure thoughts upon the soul,
And mouldeth well the plastic mind of youth.
A "happy old maid" is the name assumed
By my once slighted and unlovely child.
How much I like to read the thoughts she pens
In the friend-journal of her inner life.
I shall give a sweet specimen of them:
"I must take care in all the ardor of
My occupation" (teaching she means here),
"That I do not forget the lovingness
With which it should be carried on; for love
Than knowledge is more necessary to
Childhood's soft heart." I wish thou could'st have
seen
How, Christ-like, she lay down the longed-for crown
Of womanhood—the wife's and mother's right
To be the first in others' hearts; instead
The GOD decrees hundreds shall call her blessed
And own her more to them than mother or

Than children of their own. She found the clue
To happiness, and in renouncing joy
For a brief time, has made it ecstasy
That will begin with death and last for aye.
She wrote, "I used to dream that one day in
The eye of all the world I should do some
Great thing; but now I know that is not in
My power; with double faithfulness I'll try
To do the duties of a common life."

Z. Common! Ah, would from her example that
It might be so!

Scene IV.

(*Amalie, in the house she has opened as an asylum, comforts an orphan who has taken refuge with her.*)

LAY THY HEAD ON MY BREAST,
Child, to whom naught's denied!
On my affection rest,
And let thy fancies glide
As guileless and as free
As fairy shells that float
Upon a tranquil sea;
I, in a steadier boat
Shall gently glide along
Enjoying all the mirth
That makes the weary strong.
My Father at my birth
Prepared me for my fate;
He made me coldly calm
To linger at joy's gate
And hearken to the psalm

That loved ones sing within
The walls I may not climb.
Weary of tears and sin,
I calmly pass the time
Enjoying as I may
Blessings God giveth me—
Treasuring all things gay,
Nor least, my darling, thee.
Whilé thy path lies along
The road that I must tread,
I scarcely wish thee strong;
I like to give thee bread,
I like to pour the wine
That God hath given me
Into a heart like thine.
But, know I owe to thee
More than I can repay;
The blossoms thy dear hand
Have scattered on my way
Perfume the barren land
That stretches low and long
Far as my eyes can reach.
Then cheer me with thy song
Until I tread the beach
My Angel's footprints mark—
That bordereth Death's sea—
And launch my ransomed bark
On God's Eternity.

Lorice.—A special mission Amalie early
Selected for herself; that is, to bring
Old maids into esteem—not that they are

Contemned by those whose good opinion is
Worth seeking for, but that a woman should
Do what she can to make all of her sex
Respected as they ought to be. 'Tis God's
Decree that many shall be wedded to
Only His Son ; some have too much respect
For a pure woman's life to wed, as does
Majority, for fashion, wealth, or home,
Or not to be old maids.

Zelma.—All those who live
As self-forgetfully as she, honored
Will be in that world—and in this much more.

L. Something she published, too, but what she
writes
On angels' memories is better far.

Z. Tell more ; for I would add my mite unto
Her fame.

L. A pestilence once visited
The city where she dwelt, and she there laid
Her life down at its feet, to be, if God
Saw fit, a willing sacrifice ; but He
Did not ; He has more work for her to do.
She called upon the women for their help ;
Not one obeyed the summons dread, nor that
Of Jesu's dying representatives.

Z. Shame ! Shame upon their heartlessness, and
praise
To her, the noble old maid Amalie !

L. Yes. Hundreds of us angels welcomed
her
In dreary hospitals with music sweet,
Unheard by sufferers.

Z. But when the plague
Was stayed, her life monotonous, did not
She weary of the old maid's cross?

L. She says,
"I always feel so strong and fresh now I
Have got into my proper element;
My joy is great as any little child's."

Z. Because she has a child's simplicity.

L. Can that be true of one who has such great
And varied experience?

Z. A child's
Simplicity of heart and aim to do
Each moment task her Father sets.

L. She said,
"It is indeed a blessing thus to have
One's daily work a daily joy."

Z. And so
To make fresh pleasure for the angels day
By day. Oh, Christ must love her very much.

L. I go to fan her with my wing now while
With fever parched she lies on her plain couch
Of lowly state.

Z. She lies in queenly state,
Angels her chamberlains.

L. And soon the Lord
Of Life on her will wait to set her free
From earthly coils. And even after death
Her sympathy for her poor friends extends.
She has a fancy to be buried as
A pauper, thus to make the mourning poor
Content with their friends' obsequies. But yet
Best lesson that she leaves is this: whoso

Will happy be has but to work for good
Of others' lives, forgetful of her own.
Few women are less scantily endowed
Than Amalie; no charms of person; but
Moderate share of mind; no tendency
To universal love uplifted her
Above the world. A common woman she
Began an old maid's life; crowned saint
She cometh now to wed eternal joy;
Greeted she will be by the children she
Hath sent to Paradise. Compare this Maid
With mothers who will send their children's souls
To hell.

Z. I think her one who long will wait
Beside the jasper gate to welcome those
Who follow where she led, and treading in
Her steps will gain her home to grace her bliss.

Scene V.

A.D. 1859.

(*Amalie's household watch around her corpse and sing:*)

WE SHALL SEE HER AGAIN!
Not long will she roam
The blue fields of Hades untended by us:
We shall soon be at Home.

We shall see her again
More fresh and more fair
Than she was when she cast off raiment of clay,
Leaving us to despair.

We shall see her again
 In garments of light!
 Her grave-clothes transformed into vesture of air,
 Chaste, but goldenly bright.

We shall see her again,
 Once more press her hand,
 Her noble heart beating our own close beside
 In angelical band.

We shall see her again,
 Stay with her alway;
 Oh, joy too transporting for mortals to bear!
 Father, hasten the day!

Act V.

THE PANTHEIST.

Scene I.

(*Mervila in Clara's room—reads her Journal open on a table, and says:—*)

Do human beings know the favor that
 They often do us spiritual ones
 By writing inner life out in a book,
 Which we peruse with interest, as they
 Would read the diary of darling child?

(*M. reads from Clara's Journal:—*)

PASSY, FRANCE, FEBRUARY 3, 1867.

GOD GIVES US EYES,
 And gives us light enough for us to see;
 And then to gaze upon, He daily gives
 Us things that our eyes prize.

He gave me heart that loves most fervently
Each beauteous thing that lives ;
A mind that likes to wander through Genius's
maze

And sympathize with its erratic ways.

Surely there is on earth some blessed spot
Where the world's buzzing din can enter not,
And in that home Genius and Piety together live.
O ! Is there not a Christ-like man my heart to
move ?

One who would worthy prove
Of all the love and reverence that I could give ?
But such an one for me would never care ;
I have no beauty rare
That might confine
To my dim self his fancy's roving wing.
No ; on this earth I am content to droop and pine
A little while ; then Death will come for me.
But cheer up, heart, and gladly sing :
Beauty, love, genius, sympathy,
In Heaven thine will be.

* * * * *

APRIL 8.

I AM ALONE, AND HOME-SICK IN MY HEART ;
The sweet birds sing upon the green-clad boughs ;
But now my soul doth not—as is its wont—
Mingle its praises with their cheerful songs,
And rising through the air enter the courts
Of God. Alas ! within my longing mind
Their glee no echo finds ; but hidden dove
Enters the silent chambers of my soul ;

And I can mourn with him, not for a friend
Whom I have loved and miss, but for a heart
That would be like my own. I wish for one
Whose pulse will ever throb to mine. Whene'er
A cloud of beauty in the sky doth fill
My soul with dreams of love and bliss, may he
Not be a leaden weight upon my thoughts
To pull them down to earth; but rather may
Both souls, as one, commingle in the cloud
Till they are lost in Heaven.

And whensoe'er

With childish joy I fondly kneel to kiss
A gentle flower that woos my eager love,
May he stoop down to pluck the blossom, not
For my sake, but its own.

And when God speaks

In thunder-tones, may we hear Him with love
And reverence, and kneeling low, commune
With Him.

And I would have my husband sigh
With me when pity claims the tribute of
My tears. And when aught wrong may fill my
soul

With indignation high, thus calling forth
The feelings I cannot control, may he
Not sneer and call me "foolish child," but feel
With me; or, if that cannot be, may he
Take my hand gently in his own and in
Persuasive accent of a loving heart
Convince me I am wrong. Oh, how I long
For sympathy of one true, noble life!
A man that God doth love! With such an one

And with Our Father's smile, I could bear all
The ills that He appoints to purify.

Scene II.

Alfred Clark.—May I ask what book you were
reading when
I interrupted you?

C. “Charles Anchester.”

A. A charming work; but not quite so much to
My taste as “Counterparts.”

C. I've read to where
Cerinthia dies, and leaves poor Anastase.
He loved her, but not as Seraphiel did,
Therefore he will not mourn for her as long.
I like old bachelors—

A. Thank you.

C. Is it
True that I see a man who dares proclaim
Himself old bachelor? I was about
To say Seraphiel is my favorite,
And I am glad he will not marry. But
Why do you smile?

A. Are you sure he will be
More faithful than poor Anastase?

C. Of course:
However sweet and red a rose may be,
White lilies sweeter are; most fragrant flower
Has e'er the deepest heart. At noon you see
Stars in a well, not in a rivulet;
Therefore Seraphiel's love deeper than that
Of Anastase.

A. Odor of flowers is but

The wailing breath that sighs in answer to
 The sweet breeze wooing. Oh! That me reminds—
 A friend of mine wishes advice that you
 Can better give than I. What stone is best
 For a betrothal-ring? An amethyst?

C. No; for it fades; therefore, it would not be
 A pleasant prophecy.

A. I think that pearls,
 Shut up and unobserved in their dark shells,
 Are emblems of domestic love—

C. Device

To hide as prettily as may be what
 Offends. And in troth-ring they tarnish soon.

A. When woman grows accustomed to new toy
 She does not care to keep it clean and fresh.

C. Because the one who gave it with long kiss,
 Ceases caresses of whom he is sure
 Is his possession.

A. And so loses her.

Strange when he knows of his progenitors'
 Experience, he should feel so secure!

Scene III.

(As Mervila flies out of Clara's room he
 meets another angel.)

Mervila.—Golora, hail! Art thou a guardian?

Golora.—I have to watch a man whose earth
 career

Would make me anxious had not I attained
 By Word Divine a view from height of Thought,
 Whence overlooking all that lies between—
 Mire, sand, floods, deserts, death—I saw him on

A height as grand as mine, though not like mine,
Flown instantaneously upon ; but up
Which he had crawled, leaped, floundered, panted to.
The home, which should have been cradle for
Heaven,
Was rocked by rude dissensions of those who
Watched over it. His nurse was wilfulness ;
His tutor wealth at his command, and he
Was trained for life's hard fight by sweetmeats of
Taste, touch, smell, sight, and ears.

M. Ah ! How was such
Lad to be disciplined for Christian race ?

G. By lawlessness that wearied of itself ;
By crude desire for what he could not say.

M. Where is he now ?

G. In Paris, draining life's
Hot cup of pleasure to the dregs, making
Wry mouths at sediments that his clear eyes
Perceive, wishing some one would make it worth
His while to dash it to the ground. Fastidious
In act and principle, no overt deed
Of sin hath roused contempt of self. He smiles
In loathing scorn on God's lost sheep, who strive
To make his passions pages to uplift
Their draggled skirts to wealth and style. Not he
The man to soil his dainty hands by smirch
Of lust. His tender feet, that pick their way
Through vulgar show and coarse luxuriance,
By instinct turn from Jardins Mabilles and
Such viaducts o'er poverty and crime
To Hell. The smell of strong drinks and of coarse
Perfumes would quickly nauseate ; his taste

Would sicken at satiety. His ears
Refuse to be made scavengers for words
Obscene. His senses all are Sybarites.

M. Less then the injury he will sustain
In Paris, syren-city of the world—
The fairest show the Devil yet hath made
Of flowers on muck. Sewer of Fashion is
The Pompeii of present age. But there
Are trespasses as delicate as vase
Of crystal, breathing perfume rare that will
Inebriate man's brain, his senses steep
In opiate of poetry; and some
Induce hasheesh-like dreams of picture-world.
And has the man—what shall I call thy ward?

G. Alfred.

M. Has he no faith? Knows he no church?

G. Faith is activity of heart and brain.
Can man who never handled oar, control
His bark if tossed on angry waves, or guide
It up stream though there is no wind?
And of the Church he knows enough to sneer,
But not enough to comprehend: he is
A Pantheist.

M. A new name to my ears.

G. It signifies creature poetical, who seeks
For roots of seaweeds (that have none) * but
don't
Concern himself about the roots of oaks
He stumbles o'er; and when he falls, instead

* The roots of many, if not all, seaweeds serve only as objects of attachment, and are not the sources of nourishment.

Of getting up and asking why he could
 Not stand, he turns upon his back, looks at
 The clouds, discourses of the stars, of laws
 That guide them in their transcendental dance ;
 He apes philosopher's humility
 By saying with Egyptian tone, What is
 Beyond my hands I shall not touch, rather
 Shall turn upon my side and gather flowers
 That hold the Deity in scraps ; and so
 He makes patchwork of charming phrases, which
 He calls a system of divinity.*

M. Then Satan will not send his preaching friars
 Of lies to offer him indulgences.

G. No need. There is refreshing poetry
 In Pantheism many minds cannot
 Resist, and so some Christians have baptized
 It, taking for their text, "Whom ye adore
 In ignorance declare we unto you." †

M. Where then its harm ?

G. It is irrational.

If God is all then evil uncreate
 Is He. If He is in Niagara,
 In the same sense is He in cess-pool vile.
 Spinoza says, "Beside God there is naught,
 And we no other substance can conceive."
 Hegel affirms that "in man God comes to
 Self-consciousness."

M. Oh, blasphemy absurd !
 Then Judas was a conscious god, and so

* I never heard of a Pantheist having such a system.

† Acts xvii. 23. My application has no foundation among writers that I know of.

Caligula was right to be his own
High priest and offer incense to himself:
Caligula was Hegel's antitype.

G. The German says that the development
Of the great Universe is God Himself
Developing—

M. In stones, in mire, in sand,
In fierce wolf, slimy snail, in poison-plants.

G. He farther says, "The Spirit Absolute
(First*) knows itself in man."

M. And man who makes
A crying-doll thus learns to know himself
In his rare work!

G. "Man knows the absolute."

M. Absolute foolishness. Philosophers
Of present age try to convince the world
It can't know more than it can see and touch,
And therefore should let God alone. I have
In India met Pantheism—have I not?

G. Aye, and in China. It came from
Man's teeming brain when it produced twin-births,
Rare singing-birds and snakes, nightshade and
grapes.

In slime of river Nile, where rice grew best,
Floated the crocodile; and man—wise man!
Adored the reptile as a god, and ate
The rice without a thought. Why exercise
His brain on what the fellahs sowed and used? †
God is in all.

* Word inserted or altered to suit the rhythm.

† As the Egyptians worshipped onions, perhaps they did rice.

M. Divine then are the fleas
 That bite, and stinging-nettles on the ground.
 Is doctrine of the Trinity more hard
 To understand? 'Tis easier to think
 Of God-man as Atonement on the Cross,
 Than that the vermin in a dirty head
 Is one with God. Had not neglected dirt,
 Refuse of learning, been by self-conceit
 And idleness left to accumulate
 Within the mind, such vermin-thoughts had not
 Been generated there. Poor man! Out of
 His brain he spins idea that he makes
 Tight rope for metaphysics to dance on,
 And when humility (his balance-pole)
 He drops, he falls and raises dust that makes
 Men shut their eyes till he can mount again.

*Scene IV.**(Clara in Paris.)*

LIKE INFANT TOSSED UPON THE WAVE,
 Or little child in vast dark cave,
 O Lord, am I!

Christ, I am helpless: hear my prayer,
 Nor let me sink into despair:
 Wilt hear my cry?

What do I want? I cannot say,
 But feel I need it ev'ry day;

Lord, Thou dost know.

Pity my lifeless misery
 Pity my heart's stupidity—
 Its fires are low.

I feel my life is not complete;
There's too much calm, too little heat.

I want to be
Drawn out of books and out of self
What good is it to give my wealth
To charity?

I need a heart woe cannot daunt,
That's tolerant of crime and cant
And selfishness:
Too prone am I these to despise,
I cannot look with angels' eyes,
Pity and bless.

If aught is beautiful or grand
I homage pay with soul and hand:
But Thou hast served
The loathsome victims of foul sin;
Oh, for the purity within
That Thy heart nerved!

Saviour, would what I cannot ask
From my false life now tear the mask
Of dreary mome?
But I fear I must suffer when
I ope my sealed-up heart again
To be love's home.

I guard the past so jealously
The present brings small good to me.
Rest hardly won

Is very sweet; I fear to feel;
I have no prayer for woe or weal—
“Thy will be done!”

Mervila.—Poor maid of earth! She loves and
knows not why
She is so restless; but it is because
The one she loves treats her faith with feigned scorn.
Ah! Will the holy age of martyrdom
Never be o'er?

Oleen.—It cannot be while earth
Is subject to the curse of sin and woe.
The martyrs die now, not as they did first,
Only for love of God; Satan has changed
His tactics now, and laughs at truth; smiles more
Than arrows wound.

M. But they are not so hard
To bear, nor do they try the spirit quite so much.
Physical ages, tough in nerve and strong
Of bone, physical tortures have endured;
But ages intellectual, weakened
In nerve, of slighter frame, are mentally
More strong, and so are called upon to brave
The laugh of empty pates, the pity feigned
Of minds well filled with only earthly lore.

O. And does the man whom Clara loves treat her
With scorn?

M. Rather adores her as a god.
But still he ridicules her faith because
His instinct teaches him it is a wall
Of adamant between their hearts. Wouldst like,
Oleen, to see her lover? Come with me.

Scene V.

Alfred (writes:)

APRIL FANCIES COME AND GO;
Trne love lasts through weal and woe;
Blooming hidden under snow
Fair as when Spring breezes blow.

Yes, we labor but in vain
To escape from silent pain,
Though a mortal eye mayn't see
Any sign of mystery.

Flowers may bloom on Alpine crest;
Smiles gleam over time-chilled breast,
And no stranger e'er may know
Of volcanic fires below.

So, to the false world I seem
Cold and thoughtless of the dream
That now fills my secret hours
With love's fair celestial flowers.

* * * * *

And when she whispered my plain name, her voice
Was like a tinted melody, most like
The azure music of the flute. I was
New-named, was rebaptized in love's fresh dew—
And this time by my patron-saint.

Scene VI.

Clara (alone:)

IT IS NOT SO TO BE. "THY WILL BE DONE!"
Again I sit down by Hope's setting sun

And watch the clouds of eve come slowly up,
And nerve my hand to stretch for bitter cup.
I could have been so blest, if Thou hadst willed,—
I ask not why Thou hast refused. Faith stilled
My wailing heart to listen for the chime
Of angels' wings in the now near night-time;
Soon I shall watch the stars shine in Thy sky
And not be lonely when I feel Thee nigh.

(As Clara is writing, a servant enters
with a bouquet and book sent by
Alfred.)

And so he has forgiven my rebuff.
'Twas but a moment since I thought God willed
Me to estrange him from the heart that is
Now consecrate to a life-work. Alas!
I thought that sorrow had so frozen o'er
My heart that e'en the most impulsive love
Would but amuse my eye as skaters cut
Rare figures on the ice. Seated in calm
And recollecting mood I let one draw
Me where he would, till unexpectedly
We came to a weak place and both fell in.
I laughed at first, but soon was fain to stand
Before hot fire of conscience, and now I
Must smart for childish self-forgetfulness.
Father, for days my heart has been o'er full
Of prayer. Is it a Christian, or is it
More selfish interest that keeps me near
Thy footstool? For true conversation I
Have had—rare treat indeed! Therefore have I
Been led to let my soul expose itself;

And he has seized on it and wound me in
Cords woven by self-revelations ; and
I, weary of long self-restraint, have let
Him turn me as his humor was. Would not
I be well ridiculed if men could see
Yearnings unsatisfied of this old maid's
Young heart ? But how can it be helped ?

The heart

Cannot grow old to order. I am young
As when nineteen. Is that my fault ? I am
Incessantly telling myself how old
I am. People shall not discover that
I am ridiculous. But, truly I
Am not ; for the absurdity is theirs,
Attributing to the immortal soul
The years and burden of the flesh, which in
My case is but apparent burden, for
I'm physically strong and well, as are
Few girls who wait at midnight on pallid
Terpsichore. O Father, give me but
One human heart that can discover for
Itself the fresh impressionable youth
Of mine ! Father, I hunger ; when thy child
"Asks bread, wilt give a stone ?"

This is his hour

For rising. Holy Spirit, make him pray !
Still Thou his longings, that have ne'er been
stilled.

Oh, "Man of Sorrows !" satisfy the thirst
That he so vainly tries to quench by draught
From "cup of water" I hold to his lips.
In this metropolis of civilized

But dirty heathendom, is a lost sheep ;
 And I believe Thou hast sent me to seek
 His soul. I've found it, Saviour ; but it will
 Not follow me. "Thou Who takest away
 Sins of the world, grant him Thy peace!" But do
 Not let me be like silly sheep that go
 Wherever other leads.

(After a pause Clara writes :)

I AM AS LONELY AS A BABE
 Just come into this world ;
 The angels are about me ; but
 Their wings are not unfurled
 Within my sight.
 Too bright a light
 Shuts unaccustomed eyes, so I
 See naught but narrow wall ;
 And when my spirit longs for food
 On stranger it must call :
 No mother nigh
 Knows babe or I.
 And yet it is maternal lover
 That over us doth hover.
 Why with a Spirit should I be
 As shy as with a lover ?
 My Mother dear,
 Kiss me ! Come near !

Scene VII.

(When Alfred enters Clara is singing :)

FOR HIM WHOSE LOVE IS DEAD
 Only the past remains

Unless the present adds
For him its load of pains.

Alfred.—Pray, pardon me! I am too blue to-day
To hear the other verse. Will you sing this?

Clara (sings:)

AS THE SEA-WAVES
Hollow sea-caves,
So Love hath rounded
The heart where resounded
True passion's soft voice.
With thoughts most choice
Now adorn your retreat
Till for you it is meet,
As the sea-waves
In the sea-caves
Hang pretty sea-weeds
Where anemonè breeds
Her beautiful brood
In midst of its food.

C. Are not anemonès fit types of love?
They look so soft and delicate that one
Is quite afraid to touch lest he should harm
The fragile beauty. But let him then ask
Its victims what they think of its soft arms.

A. Please sing a lullaby for restless heart.

C. (sings:)

SLEEPING, I DREAMED, LOVE, DREAMED, LOVE, OF
THEE,
As thou wert bright, Love, when glad with me;

On me was beaming joy of thine eyes,
Sweet smiles coquetting with sweeter sighs ;
And as thy voice, Love, fell on mine ear
Dreamed I that angels and Heaven were near.

Waking, I thought, Love, of thee in the grave,
Would I had died, Love, thy life to save !
Sightless thy dry eyes locked in deep sleep ;
O'er lip and brow, Love, earth-worms now creep ;
Hushed is the voice once low, sweet, and clear :
Now I may weep, Love, thou art not near.

Dreaming, again, Love, I am with thee,
Night and Death ever banished from me ;
Bluer eyes beaming joy more intense—
No more remembered my old offence.
My God said, Love, with thee I might dwell
My tear-washed pillow a glad farewell ! *

A. Thanks! many thanks! I am myself again.
You sang a fiend to sleep and he will dream
He is an angel, at least, while you sing.
Who wrote that song? A man, I know. There is
One thing that woman cannot do. She can't
Write love-songs.

C. She would rather feel than sing.
But what I sang was only simple rhyme
That any girl might write. I think that you
Were dreaming, too.

A. I must confess I did

* Words set to the old air "Sleeping, I dreamed, Love."

Not hear all of the words ; but my heart heard
Every note you sang, and it sang too.

C. I am surprised to hear one who has read
As much as you, say women cannot write
Love-songs. I heard you say few men could write
Such songs as Ingelow's.

A. Quite true. But when
A woman writes of love I think of stars—
Brilliant, but can't be touched : or of the moon—
Never two nights the same in the same place :
Or of lamp-light, domestic, pleasant, but
Not inspiring : or of gas-light.

C. Spare me.
You would prefer the blaze that Byron kindled with
The stuff that he called love.

A. Bah ! No. I could
Not read Don Juan, for my palate was
Not made to relish antimonial wine ;
And the Corsair and Giaour—I should as soon
Call Roman candles comets, as to class
Them with love-poems.

C. Greatest poem of
The Age, we both think, is " Aurora Leigh."

A. Yet is there not more of the heat of love
In sweet " Lucile," or in " The Princess," than
In it ?

C. But Mrs. Hemans ?

A. Woman whom
I loved more than another of her sex.

C. Why speak in the past tense ? Has glorious
Christine Rossetti, or my favorite,
Jean Ingelow, now proved her rival ?

A. No.

C. Then why do you love Hemans less?

A. I don't.

But I have a new volume found, and on
My knees open fresh page each day.

C. Will not

You show me book that has such marvellous
Effect upon your knees?

A. Not unless you

Will enter in my "closet" and let me
Shut fast the door, bar out the world. But to
Return to charge I made against your sex.
Did ever poetess make you spring to
Your feet and press your tingling hands upon
Your heart lest it should burst its bonds of
flesh?

Or, did you ever shut your eyes lest you
Should faint at pictures women drew?

C. No: but

With their love poems in my hand I have
Fallen on humble knees and laid my head
Upon Christ's Feet; or have wiped off the tears
That dimmed the earth, and with a firmer heart
Re-lifted burden of a common life.

A. That they can preach I do not doubt;
Women are famous preachers, as I know.

C. Why can't

They write of love?

A. Well-worded is that phrase.
Write of—yes, that is it!—they write of love
As they would write of Pleiades or Mars.
Men—if they write true love-songs—do not talk

Of it; they photograph, unconsciously
Perhaps, the very flames that burn their brains.

C. And oft the cinders that are left.

A. Yes; but

I do not soil my hands with them. 'Tis well
Enough to be burned in the fire which they
Have kindled in my heart, that is a glass
To draw down hottest rays; but when I used
To tire of playing with hot coals I turned
To cooler pastime; now, alas! it is
No use to turn from poem or from song
Another wrote. I can't escape from what
Fate writes upon my heart. When women learn
To feel love they may then love poems write.

C. And do you mean to say that women can
Not feel love as men can?

A. Let the birds hear

And answer you. Only the males can sing.

C. Because they need accomplishments to win
The females' hearts; but the male birds can love—

A. Without being sung or talked into it.

The females twitter prettily about
Their nests, and women can write cradle-songs.

C. I understand; men are as far above
Women as both outrank dumb beasts; for love
Is highest faculty of noblest mind.
I am amazed at, disappointed in you.

A. Why?

C. I thought that you were more than half
A man in intellect, and so above
The petty judgments feebler men would pass
Upon my sex.

*A. Not I, but God—as you
Would say—has made you, women, what you
are.*

But I don't mean it as reproach to stars
When I say that the fire in this black stove
Warms sooner; and, in fact, I used to think
It was advantage to your sex to be
Icy to us. To study women with
A telescopic eye was pastime I
Was fond of—once. I never could have so
Amused myself if then my studies had
Blazed up in passionate response to what
In me was idle curiosity.
I dare say Herschel liked a stove as well
As I; but I presume that he was not
Very desirous to have Venus heat
His lenses when he studied her.

C. Never

Again shall I feel quite at ease with you.
You need not look surprised or hurt. It is
A pity when dissecting-knife is held
Above an unsuspecting heart, that it
Should suddenly start up to conscious life.
Oh, what a fool I was! Never to man,
Or woman either, have I e'er allowed
Myself to be so natural. Often,
When you have gone I've wondered how you
had
The power to draw me out; indeed, I have
Peered into some recesses of my life
For the first time, when you held foolish me
In leading-strings.

(*While Clara was speaking, Alfred, much agitated, walked to a window ; now he turns.*)

A. Miss More, would you believe
My oath ?

C. It is insulting to a man

To ask an oath, and yours would me offend.

A. Then, as a gentleman—Miss More, look in
My eyes ! I solemnly affirm that I
Could no more heartlessly dissect your heart
And mind than you could actually use
Dissecting-knife upon your father's corpse.

Scene VIII.

Clara.—Would you seek immortality of fame ?
What boots fame to a man who doth surmise
That all minds may become extinct ? If on
The stream of time your name should float, 'twould
be
To leap from brain to brain, like twig on brook
From stone to stone, and leave no trace. But you
Believe there is a God ; be wise and seek
True immortality with Him. Serve Him,
And He your service never will forget.
Perhaps you think that pardon I should beg
For such plain speech.

Alfred.—Apology from you
To me ! I thought that it was understood
That you and I spoke soul to soul. At least,
These last four days that you would not admit
Me to your presence, I felt like polyp

Which a fell knife had cut in two ; one half
Thrust out its tentacles for wonted food ;
The other died. May my anxiety
Procure for me right of remonstrance ? For,
As it appears to me, the righteous law
Of wise self-preservation justifies
My interference. Great my fear that you
Study and think too much. Why do you so ?

C. I'm trying to prepare myself for some
Society superior to aught
I yet have known—of which I hope ere long
I may be part.

A. You won't leave Paris soon ?

C. I can't say when.

A. You will be kind enough
To let me know when you will start ; for I
Shall ask permission soon to follow you.
Don't be disturbed : not as a lover I
Shall you pursue ; but you have given me
Distaste for company where you are not ;
And even when I my own company—

C. To me it matters little when papa
Is ready to leave here. I have no home,
No country now ; but, as you know, I am
Quite happy, ever finding something to
Enjoy and learn—

A. And new chance to do good.
Then the society of which you spoke
Is here ?

C. In Eden, and none can hide there.
Here, when I feel too ignorant for those
Who would converse with me, I sometimes seek

Refuge in silence, and so cover up
My ignorance.

A. Do you? I've wondered at
Questions you asked on any subject which
Was new to you. I have conjectured you
Paraded ignorance (as others would
Their learning) as a penance self-enforced,
For your superiority to those
You would instruct in some important theme
Of higher lore. I know you are so learned
In things most people know but little of,
That you can dare to show the world there are
Some topics that you have not touched.

C. You throw
Snow-balls at me and they look soft; but oft
Conceal hard stones which hurt me very much.
I beg you won't make me again your butt;
I cannot see the fun of it. As for
Not making a pretence to know all things,
I should be sorry to be taken for
A fool. I have a great distaste for those
Who say, "Oh yes!" with a most knowing air,
To some remark they had not known, nor thought
Of till that hour.

A. How you do hate all sham!
I read this morning an idea of
Goethe that made me think of you. At least,
Admit that I am generous to give
You weapons.

C. Great is your desire to do
Me good, and make me worthier of your
Companionship.

A. Thanks. (*Ironically.*)

C. What did Goethe say?

A. "I hope that I may be permitted to
Worship Him Who was great enough, after
Creation of a thousand kinds of life,
To make one more—Man—who comprises all."

C. You said that next to Shakespeare Goethe is
Your favorite.

A. He was; but now I think
His women are not models; I was like
A crudely educated artist, who
Takes fashion-plates with their small waists and
their
Insipid faces for his models till
He loves a real woman, or until
He sees a Grecian statue. Nor can I
Regard the German's heroes as the true
Ideals of a man. Neither can I
At present quite appreciate the views
Of love he held. When a man learns to play
On organ, he less taste for fiddle has.

C. The violin—

A. I beg your pardon. I
Did not speak of the violin. Goethe
Is a great writer; but can he be found
In "light that never was on sea or land?"
His shadow always is distinct enough;
But I have passed from world of shadows to
One of realities.

C. So, then, you put
Imagination high above the world
Of sense?.

A. And over other functions of
The intellect. A dog can recollect ;
A chimney-swallow reason ; only man
Imagine what he cannot see or hear.

C. Thank you for that idea. I have hope
That you will be consistent, and award
To Faith her proper sphere. You smile.

A. Do I ?

Did not Novalis fly where Goethe could
Not crawl ?

C. Heine—

A. Oh, bah ! The tangible
Was to him a snail's-house, and where he passed
He left a slimy trail ; he had the taste
To walk among the flowers, although he could
Not tell fungus from rose. He Dervish was ;
Goethe was seer. He said, "Men will become
More clever and acute ; not better. I
Foresee the time when God in them will have
No joy, but will break up all things" (to make
All new.*). He was quite sure all is planned to
This end.

Scene IX.

(*Clara at the window.*)

HOW VERY GLORIOUS THE MIDNIGHT SKY !
The angels sweep it with their star-gemmed robes
Most gracefully. I know clouds cannot stay
Where spirits smile their joy triumphantly ;
The genial splendor of their rainbow wings

* Words inserted to suit the rhythm

Disperses ere they meet all vapors that
Would blur the floor of Heaven. Hasten, bright
ones!

My spirit now will try to mount to you.
Together we shall seek "the King of kings."

* * * * *

Oh, I am almost home! Soon I shall gain
The goal of my beclouded pilgrimage.
Hark! Hark! I hear celestial music, feel
The breath of cherubs on my cooling brow.
Why should my poor soul quail? The Saviour's
hand

My hand has tightly clasped to guide me through.
The Valley men call dark—as if the Vale
Through which a glad soul, clad in Jesu's robe,
Passes each hour, could lose radiance left
By trailing garments there!

Again, my thoughts
Are harshly grasped by memory's stern power,
And my soul of its peace again bereft—
An eagle pinioned in an iron cage!
My weakling heart, that lives within a breast
Of mortal birth, folding its wounded wings,
Falls back to the sad earth, victim to one
Who aims unerringly. I strive to pierce
The darkness that now hides the distant spot
Where first he took my hand and said, Good-bye.
Since then, the magnetism of his tone
And mind have forced my spirit lovingly
To seek him in the busy haunts of men;
But oftener when he is quite alone,
The starry sky his canopy; no walls

But brilliant clouds to bound the gaze that well
I know must seek the things I love, mountain
And stream, deep woods and flowery glen. But
now

Through midnight-maze of thought—I see him
kneel,

Praying that God will His deep truths reveal.

Then comes the pride of intellect, the scorn
That proud minds feel when told that they must
lay

Their learning down at the Christ's feet, become
As docile as a child and learn of Him.

And dares he to deny the truths that God
Has not yet to his satisfaction proved ?

Ah ! now in agony too great for tears,
I leave him to his madness, haste to God
And ask for the proud man a boon that He
Hath said he never would refuse—the grace
That makes the foolish man who has gazed on
The brilliancy of Reason until it

Has dazzled and then blinded him, see 'tis
Gross darkness that enshrouds his mind. It seems
To him so bright because he is so far

From God: as the night glows when day has shut
His eye—when there's no sun men worship stars.
God, show Thyself ! Then will he learn what none
But He who made all things can ever tell

To a short-sighted man, who cannot pierce
The clouds that hide God's Throne from earth, to
rob

Heaven of its mysteries.

Then, like the man

Blind from his gloomy birth, he will in faith
Perceive what is revealed of things he can
Not see, and will believe the truths that he
Cannot explain, and call Thee, "Mighty God,"
And "Prince of Peace," Man crucified for him!
My newly-wakened eye pierces the walls
Of that blest house where first I spoke to him,
And learned too surely Memory and he
Would never part. My spirit for his calls;
But there is only darkness where he was.
And yet to me that darkness is most dear;
It fills the corner where I sat with him
Last time: he is not there. I shall love it.
Oh joy! It takes his form. How grandly speaks
The soul in that calm eye, with earthly love
Living and warm, chastened by intellect!
Darkness is not where his bright spirit is.
I am oppressed by the vibrations of
The trembling air, that strives to emulate
His noble tones, but fails and answers in
Low, saddened sighs. O catch his tones, fond heart!
And they will echo in thy darkened cells
In after years, speaking most tenderly
Of visions of the past.

God, hold my soul
Within the hollow of Thy Hand and keep
Me true to Thee. I dare not give myself
To one who steadfastly denies a God,
Except as far as the caricatures
Drawn by man's hand reveal Him to the world.
God, send an angel to pour balmy sleep
On my hot, swollen eyes!

Scene X.

Alfred.—I shall believe naught I can't comprehend.

Clara.—Then you do not believe that I can move My finger, for the how you cannot know.

A. Will electric medium and muscle make—

C. A metaphysical hodge-podge ; but can

You tell what in my brain is carried to
The arm ? and how it—the unknown—moves on ?

A. Like words on telegraphic wires.

C. But you

Can't say how they are sent. Why would not rope Answer as well as wire ? Most wonderful Is electricity ; and no man can Explain how the magnetic needle works.

A. A scientific man differs from one Who is an ignoramus, in his power To hide his ignorance by knowing phrase. He treats the facts he is familiar with As does a girl the rags she works into Fine dolls, and sets them up and grandly talks By rules that she has learned, and then exclaims, What clever children these of mine !

C. Quite true ;

I understand the inner life as well As you the brain and heart. You touch a nerve Perhaps (How do you touch it ?) in my brain— Electric mechanism, as I think— And straight the imperceptible sends to The heart hot blood and quick. Then rushes it Back to the head ; I blush.

A. To me a blush
Is song perceptible to list'ning heart.
But it is true no one knows how we blush.

C. You cannot comprehend my spirit at
Your side ; then is it reasonable to
Expect to fathom GOD ? You plant a seed
Of wheat ; out of that tiny grain comes tens
Of thousands—how ?

A. Sun, rain, and metals in
The soil—

C. Are words. You understand the growth
Of wheat : “evolve it out of consciousness,”
And when you feed me on your wheaten bread,
I shall let you evolve for me a god
Out of your consciousness.

A. Imagination is
The highest faculty. That can conceive
The growth of plants and the connection which
Exists between body and mind, much as
Musician when his hands are folded hears
The harmony that he imagines and
Will write for you to play. So writers in
The grandest of all books of poetry
Conceived the psalms and hymns to which men
preach.

Beethoven was inspired and so was John.

C. St. John and all of the Apostles were
Men ignorant of what our school-boys know.
Of millions of the latter never one
(Nor man) has written aught to be compared
With the New Testament.

A. Perhaps Burns is

The nearest parallel. Read "Man was made
To mourn."

C. Aye, read it, and then Gospel of
St. John, chapters fourteenth to seventeenth.

A. John was a mystic; for he taught that
Three

Persons are One and One Person is Three.

C. Indeed he never wrote nonsense like that.
He taught the Trinity—that there are three
Persons in God and God is One. Are not
You also three in one?

A. Not I, indeed!

C. Body, spirit, and mind distinct, and yet
The three form but one man.

Scene XI.

Alfred (alone.)

Heart, wilt thou fall in love? I fear
I ask the question rather late. Thou art
Like child in Puritanic household reared,
Who, when he bursts from mother's apron-strings,
Runs riot. I have kept, thee, heart, too close.
Thou art like the balloon I saw last week;
Monsieur Flammarion apostrophized
It ere he gave himself to its mad care.
He said, "Inert and formless thing that I
Can trample under foot, my perfect slave,
I am about to give thee life that thou
My sovereign mayst become. Thee I shall make
Yet greater than myself, and shall give up
Myself to thy (most gracious*) majesty;

* Words inserted to suit the rhythm.

And to thy element, my kingdom, shalt
Thou bear. Thou shalt fly to the regions of
Tempests and storms, and I shall be obliged
To follow thee; thy plaything I shall be;
Thon shalt do what thou wilt with me." He
knew

All, yet, transported by his ardent zeal,
Inflated his balloon and soared aloft.

Thus do I now. The world turns round; the
clouds

Shoot downwards aimlessly; valleys are filled;
High hills are levelled to the ground. Is it
Not so, my heart? And only thou and I
Are steadfast and intent upon one aim.

Man of the world I was; now it recedes
And leaves me childlike at a woman's feet.

She visits cloudland, and straightway the clouds,
Rosy and golden, breathing youthful breeze
Upon my glowing cheek, wrap me in dreams
And waft me to my "castles in the air."

The low desires of fashionable life
Are filled by avalanche that passion tears
From icy birthplace to o'erwhelm whate'er
Obstrnets its path. No wonder, heart, that thou
Dost laugh and mock at question I asked but
A minute since—if thou wouldest fall in love?

But are we not invigorated here
As no wine ever strengthened us below?

I can almost believe that angels are.

Why not? This time last year I had been as
Incredulous about a Clara as
I am just now of angels that she knows.

Why should there not be spirits if they were
Created but to wait on such as she ?

M. Flammarion when he was high
Enough floated between the azure dome
Of heaven and green concave of earth, and I
Thus seem to float between the heaven of
Her purity and earthliness of my
Own love. I am not giddy—no ! I leave
Sick dizziness to men who stand on height
Of earthly passion and gaze in Hell's depths.
My nature is sublimed : would Clara but
Consent to enter my domain and take
Me—king of all that I have met and passed—
To be her slave, I would give ether to
Her until she participated in
My love sublime ; then my strong arms would
crush
Her being into mine and we should fall
Asleep and wake up nevermore. Tut! Tut!
My o'erwrought dream has wakened me. How
know
I that there is eternal sleep ?

Scene XII.

Clara (writes :)

SOFTLY, SPIRITS ! VERY SOFTLY
Fold your gentle arms about me !
Hovering o'er sea of Death
Draw I bliss-pervaded breath.
Cooling zephyrs flow around me
Mingling with mist from the sea

Where I know sleep all my treasures;
Yet my spirit's wings beat measures
Of a holy ecstasy
That she is no longer free:
For magnetic eyes have charmed me,
Lifted me before I knew it
Where the loved and loving flit
In a perfumed sea of mist—
Where love's sunbeams roses kissed.
No will had I to resist,
For there was no warning made
Of aught I should be afraid.
So I let him hold my eyes;
But I had not a surmise
That my spirit, which grief made
Crouch upon the earth, down-weighed
By the pressure of despair,
E'er could rise to what is fair.
Does the iron in the earth
Know a magnet can give birth
To a world of flowers and birds,
Meadows green and lowing herds?
Let a strong hand throw away
Overloading earth and clay,
And a magnet hold above!

Eyes magnetic, strong in love,
Firm in hope, now hang above
Troubled depths of Death's deep sea
And I rise obediently.
Softly, Spirits! very softly
Fold your gentle arms about me!

For I tremble o'er Death's sea
Underneath my love and me.

* * * * *

(*Clara writes on a sheet of note paper:*)

COME IN.

'Tis Jesus Who bids thee come in :
Leave outside thy woe and thy sin ;
Seek refuge where mine long has been.
The Saviour took me in the ark
Long ere sorrow's night fell chill and dark.
Dear Friend, come with me and embark
For Eden, that no serpent's trail
Can mark, and where Love may avail
To create a home that can't fail
E'en when last fires devour the earth ;
We shall safely walk in the New Birth ;
Nor shall regret earth's perished mirth.

(*She tears up the foregoing and begins to weep.*)

* * * * *

I must come back to thee, my Journal, now ;
For writing calms my brain as a fresh breeze
A clouded sky. Thank God that I can write !

OH, MY SOUL IS THRILLING
With hope that will not die ;
And my eyes are filling
From fountains that low lie
The hidden life within—
As rivers come from springs
That in earth's depths begin,
Or shadows from bright wings.

I know not when began
Emotions that I feel ;
But since I love a man
I know I need to kneel.
So, peasant passing o'er
Snow-buried Alpine peak
E'en when he dares not speak,
Stops sometimes to adore
At the Madonna's shrine.
O God, I cannot tell
Into man's ear—but Thine !
I love—alas ! not well.
I dare not speak, for fear
Truth's avalanche may fall
Upon my soul : a near
To love's sweet is its gall.

Scene XIII

(*Clara in her room.*)

Christ, “Out of mouths of babes and sucklings
hast
Thou praise perfected.” Why not out of mine ?
My heart is babe, content to lie upon
Thy breast, my mind is suckling, nourished by
Thy Word. If martyr’s faith for many could
Avail, Lord, why not mine for one ? Because
'Tis not so strong ? O Father, 'tis as strong
As it may be ; but Thou canst strengthen it.
Up to my present knowledge I believe.
Increase my love, and make faith realize

No sparrow* falls unseen by Thee, dear Lord.
Who was It, then, who threw me in the path
Of first man who has roused my intellect
By casting sunlight on my heart. But he
Is Pantheist. "Lord, open thou my lips."
Sermons he scorns; but most devoutly scans
My words and looks. Alfred, for whom I pray,
Is scientific man, and I am but
A fisher in the waters where he dives
And brings up from their depths lore new to me,
Quite wonderful, aye, and most beautiful,
When I have washed off slime, and sand, and parts
Of rotten bodies that adhere to it.
But he is infidel, O Father! that
It is which hurts me so, and I believe
It hurts Thy Lovingness, dear Crucified.
Satan suggests that many prayers sent up
In faith to Thee unanswered are, and some
Were for the dead or the dead Past, that can't
Be answered now. Yet how know I but when
I get to Heaven I may perceive they were?
And that it was only because I looked
On the wrong side I did not see how God
Had carried out my own designs—my prayers
Perfected far more beautifully than
I had dared hope? The little child, who has
Been promised birthday party six months hence,
Oft says the time will never come, and can't
Be made to understand why he should wait.
I long for "faith that mountains can remove."

* St. Matthew x. 29.

Yes, but mine is “like mustard-seed,” says Doubt.
True; but the mustard-seed produces vine,*
In which faith’s birds may sing and build their
nests.

If with me, who have sinned in stronger light,
Thou hast not patience lost, why should I fear
Thou hast with one against whom all perverse
Influences have blown like desert sand
That heaps itself upon a temple which
Is uninhabited? Fallacious phrase!
His soul was always temple of true God
Although he worshipped one whom he knew not.

Scene XIV.

Clara.—I know you are a classic scholar. Did
You e'er contrast the pure morality
And sentiments refined of St. Paul with
Those of vile Juvenal, or Horace, or
Any of the first writers of that age?
And then compare the God and Saviour of
St. Paul with classic deities, and say
Whence comes the difference if it lies not
In nature of God manifest in Flesh
Contrasted with the gods and goddesses,
Offspring of minds impure and hearts that loved
To see their worst faults magnified in those
To whom they therefore willing homage paid.

Alfred.—The Bible is a fine mythology,
Well merits study given classics rare.

C. You hurt me so.

* St. Mark iv. 32.

A. Then I shall not speak in
This strain again. We'll talk of what we can
Agree upon. Forget what I have said.

C. That I cannot.

A. Alas! Nor can I, now;
I've gone too far to stop.

(*Absently, as if looking in his heart: then
to her:)*)

Miss More, you'll read
Some books of mine?

C. If you will read those that
I'll lend to you.

A. I will. 'Twill be a bore;
But as I challenged, you have right to set
The terms. Bah! But your books will be a bore.
And are you not afraid some seeds from mine
May spring up in your brain and crowd out Faith?

C. No. For the ground of my mind is o'ersown
With violets—scentless and wild—but quite
Tenacious of birth-rights; while your mind was
Too barren of humility, and so
There was enough space for all kinds of seeds;
And some were innocent and very fine,
And some grew to be beautiful, but they
Were adders' tongues. Your intellect is still
Rich ground, unsown with spiritual seeds
And therefore free and open to all new
Ideas, whether they will germinate
In life or death.

A. But death to me is naught.

C. Blindness is naught to babe at mother's breast.

Oh, inconsistency! You vaunt the power
Of Reason over Faith, yet are content
To hold that yours will die like a poor dog's.
Highest philosophies (like that of Kant)
Such skepticism as yours would destroy,
For Kant proclaims Reason is powerless
To guide the soul beyond the paths that sense
Can designate.

A. Is that his theory?

C. Profoundest mind is like a well-trained child;
What is the former but a child well trained
By studies and by discipline of life?
Kant says that Reason must annihilate
A shallow unbelief as well in God
As in itself, and will restore Faith to
Its throne.

A. What are chief objects of that Faith?

C. First God, then immortality.

A. But did

Not he confess he could not demonstrate
Being of God.

C. He did, and with the same
Cool subtlety of intellect asserts
That you His non-existence cannot prove.

A. That clinches pride of argument and me
Confounds. For sooth I said that I would not
Believe what never could be proved, and yet
I can't disprove there is a God, Who was
Jehovah to the Jews, to Christians is
Emmanuel. Why raise you thankful eyes?

Do you forget that when you pass blue sky
You enter a black void ?

C. But shall not stay
Therein. I shall pass on to regions of
The stars.

A. You are poetical.

C. Am not

I true to what astronomy doth teach ?
Tyndall * may climb on earthly mountain-top
Beyond fair fleecy clouds and azure air,
And there may stay in search of science till
She freezes him to death. Newton at his
Good pleasure quietly sits down to learn
What science can reveal when he assists
Her utterance with eye and ear of faith ;
He penetrates beyond the indigo
And death-compelling atmosphere of earth,
Into an empyrean where gold suns
And worlds dance in sublimest rhythm to
A simple law of God.

A. My priestess, don't
Get lost star-gazing, and forget that Kant
Is present theme.

C. He says, the fact that he
Is conscious of the moral law is thing
Against which infidels have nothing to
Do battle with. And Pantheism finds
No more respect at Schlegel's hands. He says,
(Remember, I do not) that it is quite

* I hope this reference to Mr. Tyndall is not impertinent ;
he is only a representative man to my mind, and a favorite
writer.

Destructive of the moral sense, and is
Productive of indifference to right
And wrong.

A. Whew! Think of Christian going to
Such German infidels for weapons to
Fight the "good fight" of Truth!

C. Because you can't
Say they were prejudiced in favor of
Revealed truths, and that they feared to use
Their reason in the war 'twixt God and man.

A. Your faith is so secure.

C. Firm now, because
It has been battered like a bird in storm
At sea until it took safe refuge in
Christ's Ark.

A. I, with great Sophocles, exclaim,
"Oh, that my lot might lead me to the path. . .
Which august laws ordain, which had their birth
In highest Heaven!"

C. And that a heathen said?
Can quote more of his writings? for I know
Him not at all.

A. I shall, although I give
You a new stone to fling at me. He adds,
"Neither did race of mortal man beget
Those laws, nor shall oblivion lay them down
To sleep. In them the power of God is great,
And grows not old." *

* As quoted Mr. M. Arnold, in a number of the *Living Age*.

*Scene XV.**Alfred (alone:)*

This woman to me represents the dawn.
After my youth had passed in one glad day,
Like Adam's first in Paradise, I fell
Asleep, weary of glare importunate
That hurt my spirit's eyes. I was a man,
Was tired of ball and balls, of marbles and
Of feast, and lay down listlessly, spoiled child
Of luxury and self-indulgence—bah !
Better than worldling's emptiness of mind,
His flightiness of heart was reticent
And learned skepticism. While the long
Night lasted I had most hideous dreams of
Chaos wherein my soul was lost ; this gave
No more concern than if a pebble fell
From my limp hand. Sometimes I wearied of
The darkness, roused and trimmed a lamp left to
Me by long-buried ancestors, and sought
In old philosophies for a new truth.
Ofttimes my dreams were frightful, but again
Chained fancy burst her metaphysic bonds
And looked for former life ; but in new guise,
Knowing the old could not replace the new
Unless I could become a boy again—
The last thing that I consciously would do.
With toys and flirts, with fables and with dance
I'd done. Like sculptor of past times, I made
A woman for myself—no Venus, nor
Minerva, Mary Ann, nor Blanche. I called

For Eve, wise and immaculate. Then smiled
In queer self-pity at last whim, and trimmed
Old Learning's lamp; pressed fancy down
In new Pandora-box, and turned to things
Of sight and touch; became a scientist.

Still, the night lasted; though I could not sleep,
I ceased to feel impatience with the world;
Was satisfied with heaps of facts by which
I demonstrated changeless laws. I was
Content to be a man, because I learned.
But gradually counter-light dawned on
My soul. I knew not clearly whether lamp
More brightly burned, or whether a new beam
Fell on worn page of old humanity.

I turned and knew my Eve. Another day
Had dawned. I felt like Adam when he saw
The first sunrise. My soul awoke; my heart
Began to carol like the early birds.
My Eve, unconscious that she was the dawn,
Healed my sick mind with healthy beam. We
lived.

Scene XVI.

Clara (alone:)

O LORD, MY GOD! I AM SO WEAK AND WEE;
Life's winds blow o'er me, and reluctantly
I am swept here and there, but have no power
To stand or walk on; I bend like a flower.
Help me to stand, O Lord! Thou will'st alone—
For those who cherish me to Thee have flown.
Then patient be with me, nor heed my falls;
I am so feeble that e'en Love appals;

I fear to grasp it lest I should mistake
A figment of my brain for its namesake.
Too many women wed not what they see,
But a delusive, baseless fantasy.
Besides, my life is consecrate to Thee;
I will not wed unless Thou givest me
Away as fathers do. I'm in Thy Hands;
And waiting for Thy Word, my spirit stands,
Ready to take a "Sister's" heavy load
And walk alone and burdened on life's road,
But glancing furtively at easy lot,
Where gentle hands would cool my forehead
hot

With piercing pain begot by memory.
And one has shown how sweet his sympathy;
Perchance, he'd lure me by love's wistful tale
To shut my wakeful eyes to spectres pale,
That ever clasp their hands my heart around,
Until it sometimes feels it must rebound
Into life's joyous ways, or else lie down
To its last sleep, forgotten woman's crown.
I shrink from either wife's or "sister's" lot:
Could I remain as now? O Father! not
Rebellious am I to the fate I see;
But ere an orphan, Jesus strengthen me.

* * * *

Is it a sad necessity to give
Him up? It may not be. I shall write Christ
Another prayer: she who knocked oft and
did
Not tire was heard at last. May not I be?

(*Writes again:*)

OF MY SUFFERING HEART

The "holy of holies," my God, is Thine ;
 But I think earthly love should have its part—
 The second place in my lone temple-heart.
 Yea, love should abide in the holy place
 Until it drives thence all feelings more base.

(*Throws down paper and pencil.*)

I cannot write. I'll go in the next room
 And see if my piano cannot bring . . .
 Me a sweet dream while I lie on the breast
 Of music, as I used to lie upon
 The bosom of mamma when I was sad.

(*Clara turns over her music and sings
 "The Rose-bush."*)

Although that is so very beautiful,
 It does not satisfy. It should end thus :

COLD-DRAPE D IN SNOW STANDS "THE ROSE-BUSH
 FAIR;"
 But ruby wings melt the clear blue air,
 While bows in anguish a widowed form :
 The one she loved had wrought her harm.
 And the years glide by.

* * * * *

Another grave by the "rose-bush fair,"
 Another spirit in blue mid-air!
 Two wing their way to their Father's Breast,
 With true love's eternal rapture blest.
 And the years stand still.

(Alfred has prevented the servant's announcing him; she now opens the door.)

A. Your tones are like the dew that falls upon
A wilted flower, and it revives although
The hour be dark.

C. Good evening. Had I known
That you were near I had not chosen song
So sad.

A. You've covered Death's gaunt form with
flowers,
And in Death's-head have put a scroll on which
Is written poetry. How strange this is!

C. Death is but a continuation of
This life. Disease or accident throws wide
The gate, and we pass to the other side
To realize all we have questioned here.
The islander longs for wide continent;
Death sends life-boat to bear him o'er rough waves
To haven of delight, and he shrinks back
Enamored of the company of toads
And water-snakes, and shuts his stupid ears
To dulcet warblings on the far-off shore.

, *Scene XVII.*

Clara (reading a letter from Alfred :)

Miss More, by bearer of this note please send
Me back those books of Infidelity
I lent to you last week. I feel as if
I had spread arsenic on cake to make
A child eat it and die.

Well, that was not

The word I meant to write—but let it be!
You wish to know what has come over me?
Last night I came back from Marseilles, and in
The carriage with me was a being of
Your sex (you cannot help her sex), and she
Had two sweet children, boy and girl, who talked
About good fairies, and the mother smiled.
Then the boy to his sister said, “Maurice
Told me some stories prettier than these;”
And he gave childish version of what Church
Of Rome tells of Cecilia; then I thought,
Prettier are the Church’s fairy-tales
Than are the world’s. The mother turned with
sneer

And ridiculed her son, and said she was
Ashamed that he should try to teach a girl
Such stuff. The little dear lifted her eyes
(Were they your color, that I thought of you?)
And said, “My good mamma, it is unkind
To tell me that Jean’s story is not true;
I had made up my mind that I should sing
To angels when I am afraid at night.”
Another lady begged the mother not
To try to take the light out of the world
In which her children lived, and added, with
A sigh, “I know a man who did the same,
And when his son committed suicide
He left a note in which he said, As there
Is no God in the Heaven to help a man
Who is disgusted with the world, I shall
Lie down and sleep for aye.” But then began
The horrid creature who a mother is,

To argue infidelity, and she,
Knowing I am an unbeliever, called
On me to help her argument; but not
Until she had disgusted me with Paine,
And Rousseau, and Voltaire. My answer was
To take the little girl upon my knee
(I should have liked to kiss her eyes, but felt
Unworthy). I said, "Dear child, I know
That there are angels, for I have seen one."
She clapped her hands and cried, "Show him to
me."

"She will not let me see her wings because
When I was little I was naughty, and
Said that there were no angels; but if you
Will but believe there are, some day when you
Are in Bois du Boulogne, I shall take there
A lady who has seen their wings and talked
With them, and she will tell you what they said."
Were my eyes angry that the mother blushed
When I put her child in her lap, and said,
"Madam, I do not know whether God wrote
The Bible; but surely He the children made"?
Miss More, there never was iconoclast
So despicable as the man who strives to hurl
A woman from the pedestal of faith
And piety into the dust about
His feet, that he may lift her up and hold
Her on a level with his heart. I wish
I could believe that I might elevate
My spirit to your height; but as I can't,
Oh, shine on me as the sun shines upon
The blind, who feels, although he cannot see!

What, if you are mistaken? So, of old
Were the astrologers, who spent their nights
Communing with the stars. Surely they were
Superior to men who revelled through
The hours of darkness. I'm no reveller;
But scientific books seem gas-lights now.

Respectfully,

ALFRED CLARK.

Scene XVIII.

Alfred (alone.)

I must be cautious with her for a while, or else
The tender plant of woman's confidence
Will wither to the root, and, I fear, die.
Thus woolly snow covers but to protect
The flowers that otherwise harsh winds wold kill.
If both survive until the afternoon
Of life, perhaps, love's sun may suddenly
Flash forth and melt the snow, and overflow
Her being with an avalanche of hot,
Remorseless passion that she can't resist.
Enough of such palavering, fool-heart!
I'll look a hero in the face, and try
To catch his spirit. Where is Corneille's Cid?

(*After reading a short while, he writes on
a fly-leaf:*)

“MY SWEETEST HOPE IS TO LOSE HOPE:”
Guizot condemns this thought.
I think he would not, had he known
The mischief hope hath wrought.

Oft one, till he exhausts his strength,
High mountain seeks to climb ;
Loses, perchance, a limb, as he
Has lost his hope and time.

'Twould have been better had he had
No hope of scaling height ;
'Tis better to give up a deed
For which we have not might.

So, since I love, hope tortures me,
Inciting to rash deed ;
My greatest wish is to lose hope
That love no more may bleed

On pilgrimages where hope leads,
And mind's powers have no scope
I'd rest now, if I had no guide ;
“ My hope is to lose hope.”

Bah ! That is poetry. I do not wish
To lose the one hope—for old age—that is
To cheat the intervening years. To cheat ?
I fear that will be all. At any rate,
I should not like to see the sun put out
Because I know that I can never reach
To it. Not for the pleasures of a man
Of fashion would I give up secret that
Will be an altar in my heart when to
Man's eye it will seem but a ruined fane.

Scene XIX.

Alfred.—God answers prayer, you say. What a great God
To change His high decrees to please—

Clara.—His child,
A spoiled one, too; much has He favored me.

A. I scarcely should presume to try to change
Your sentiments; for fickle you are not.

C. Are my ears deaf to argument? Or, would
You hint that obstinacy more befits
A God than condescension?

A. I believe
That all things are predestinated and
Governed by changeless Laws.

C. Your Deity
Is slave caught in inextricable coils
That he unwittingly hath spun. If such
Was my idea of the God I could
Not worship Him. Indeed I should myself
Be far more powerful than he, because
I can transgress eternal Laws; and you
Say He cannot. A paralytic God
Could not inspire me with much love; but Kant
Was willing to concede that there is no
Sufficient reason to deny that there
Have been true miracles. Miraculous
To me are many metaphysic books,
For they oft set aside natural laws
Of reason and experience. Some men
When led by argument nearly to God,
Will crab-fish sidewise, backwards, any way

But forwards honestly, if they may plunge
Into a hole in which His glory can
Not penetrate.

A. 'Tis not dishonesty,
But their humility which keeps men back
From God.

C. Are skeptics, then, less proud than
those

Men who believe? Read Fichte and St. Paul,
And, by-the-by, compare the doctrine of
The Trinity with "Science of Knowledge,"
And see which asks the most credulity,
And which is the most hard to comprehend.
I can believe when a God speaks although
I cannot understand; but when man speaks
I can't believe till I can comprehend
That his incomprehensibility
Is not inherent in his argument.

A. In the last statement you are right;
But in the first I question if you are.

C. If I were blind should I be wise to say
There are not seven colors in the bow
Because I could see none? Where I am blind,
Being quite dazzled by excess of light,
St. Paul hath gazed with open eyes.

A. So has
Spinoza, whom I spent the last night with.
His mind is a great light and is divine,
Being, as he has taught, a part of God.

C. You are unjust. You know Spinoza would
Not, as you have just done, confound the part
As a part, with the whole as the whole. For

None can more clearly mark the boundary
Between the Deity and man.

A. And do

You really suppose you can change God
By prayer?

C. Not quite this. But did you believe
that you
Could change the mind of your wise governor,
When you petitioned him to save a man
Condemned to die?

A. The voice of mercy might
Be heard, though justice had decreed his fate.

C. Am I too credulous to think God is
As tender-hearted as your Seymour is?
If I offended you I should pray you
To pardon me. The nature of your mind
I should not change; my altered attitude
To you would bring about the answer of
My prayer. That God should be inferior
To you I can't admit. How strange that you,
Who have such admiration for great minds
And noble lives, should shut your heart to Christ!

A. Not Socrates, nor other worthy of
The past or present can compare with Him.
The Jews had made Him King had He not felt
Great Caesar His inferior. Had He
But used the power—let it be what it might—
That acted on imagination of
The sick, and cured their ills—

C. And acted quite
As powerfully on the dead—

A. Whatever was

The power, none who accepts the facts
 Of history can doubt, that had He used
 His influence to put a diadem
 Upon His Head He had not later worn
 A crown of thorns. With Rousseau I exclaim,
 "He was a god"—fit god for Pantheist.

C. Was not His constant "interference with
 The Laws of Nature" when He cured the blind
 And maimed, below the dignity of God?

A. You cannot think it was.

C. I have heard you
 And other Pantheists assert as much,
 When One Unseen thinks He may exercise
 The right, that any man may have, to change
 An instrument He made.

A. No: we deny
 That the Invisible descends to earth, for we
 Profess to deal with only facts.

C. With facts
 That you can see, hear, smell, or taste; but what
 Of other facts—as real, though they are
 Not tangible—of thought and heart? Can your
 Poor Positive Philosophy give me
 A positive reply to questions such
 As, Why do I love poetry? Why do
 You hate a toad, that to my mind suggests
 A pleasant thought of shaded lane at home?
 Why is blue soothing to my eye, while yours
 Craves red? All these are facts, and what you call
 Philosophy takes no note of them and
 Their like. Wise men! fit to dress dolls and set
 Them up to suit your taste; but not to guide

Sweet children, whose most positive demands
Are for imagination, trust, and love.
You deal with facts; then take a frightened
child

And tell him there is nothing in the dark;
He will not heed; but deal with him as God
Hath done with me—let angels fill the blank,
And he will go to sleep, not fret nor fear.

Scene XX.

Clara's Vigil.

Stern duty bids me close my eyes
And rest, for I need sleep to night;
Therefore, afar from me it flies,
True despot, wanton in its flight.
I'm punished that my tears rebel—
For very much I long to weep;
And yet I try my woe to quell
Till I can meekly go to sleep.
Upon my brain hot torpor lies,
And my heart hears footsteps of Fate.
Ah, how the salt tears pain my eyes,
Slowly falling with mystic weight,
Fearing to touch my cold, cold hand
That in the darkness is stretched out
Vainly towards the Better Land
From this fog-realm of sin and doubt!
Oh, for the winsome visions bright
I have had of heavenly things!
Could they but come to me this night
Uprising like rejoicing wings

Of my Guardian most holy,
Joying in their own reflection
And fraught with celestial glory ;
Filling me with warm affection
For all beings pure and holy,
My soul, with aspirations grand,
Would rise to mingle with the throng
That cometh from the Spirits' land
Crowding out sin and pain and wrong.
And my sore heart, with stillèd longing,
Hushed by pleasing expectation
Of an endless, cloudless morning,
Might find some alleviation
For its unexpressèd sighing
That very soon it may go hence
To a sphere above ns lying,
That it may come in glory thence,
Furnished with subtle influence,
To act upon my dear one's thoughts—
Draw them to the celestial shore
Where sensitive and gentle hearts
For friend's sin will weep nevermore ;
Suspicion, pride and anger dead,
Their cherished secrets may be read
And understood for evermore.

* * * * *

I LOOKED UPON HIS TRANQUIL FACE,
Thought-shaded, as by veil of lace
Which could not hide his heart from me,
Although he deemed I could not see.
My spirits fell, presaging dim
Enchantment, as though cloister-hymn—

Meant only for the singer's ear
And the deaf heart upon the bier—
Wafted to me by wings of night
Had raised my soul to mystic height.
It was as if dim candles burned
Round my heart, that in cold trance yearned
To comfort him who mourned for me—
Love feels much others cannot see.
But I dared not to let him know
The life which burned with smouldered glow.
So, my heart simulated death
Although it heard his heaving breath ;
Alas ! so dead it seemed to be
He groaned and went away from me.

Scene XXI..

Clara.—I wonder now how many angels are
In this small room.

Alfred.—Just one: no more.

C. I feel

Quite sure that more are here. Do you suppose
That you have none ?

A. I have one, and I want
No more.

C. Do not you wish that they would make
Themselves now visible ?

A. Mine is ; but knows
Not that she is an angel well revealed.

C. Oh pshaw ! I was not joking. Truly I spoke
Of what I often think. We are quite sure
The holy angels have in keeping all
Who are dear to the Lord.

A. Why did He wait
So long ere He sent mine to me? Believe
Me that I should have been far different
From what I am if I had known you long.
Did you e'er fancy yourself priestess to
A heathen goddess when the world was full
Of poetry, and credulous as youth
In love for the first time?

C. No. I have said
I should have soorned such drunken brutes as
Mars

And Bacchus; Jupiter was monster vile,
Who had his birth in dirty brains, was shaped
By vengeful hands; but I conjecture that
I should have worshipped sun, moon, stars. Do
you

Presume the world had ever more of faith
And poetry than it has now? To me
There is no false religion half as full
Of poetry and beauty as the true;
Compare our common poets with the great
Bards of the classic age, and you will see
A truer love for nature now than then.
Of the most superstitious heathen take
Those fullest of credulity, and see
If they have faith like saints of modern age.

A. I should have ridiculed opinions such
As those a year ago; but I have found
A mystic and a saint. Valerian
Am I; Cecilia you; and I believe.

C. Why will you always mock me when I am
In earnest?

A. Mock! Mock you!

C. You treat me as
A little girl who tells about her dolls ;
You would not hurt my feelings for the world.

A. Did you e'er estimate the reverence
That man feels for a child ? I could adore
The Babe of Bethlehem ; and, as I am
True man, there is naught like contempt for
one

Who stands on pinnacle from whence I fell.
Now may I answer question that you asked ?—
Whether the old religions had more faith
And poetry than has the new ? I must
Confess, its beauty I suspected not
Until I found it well daguerreotyped
In you ; now dare I hope its poetry
I yet may learn : translations of no kind
Do I appreciate ; originals
Or none for me !

C. I do not catch your thought.

A. The epic Jesus traced on hearts of men
The modern priests translate according to
The fashions that prevail where they abide ;
But the original they cannot read.

You can—

C. Forbear ! Do not add blasphemy
To slander of the men I reverence
Next to my God.

A. At present I am in
The state of priest of Dian, who can well
Believe her mysteries, because I learned
Them in the moonlight of her presence fair :

Whether there is a Jove who may be prowed
To boast of fatherhood, concerns me not.
Diana is my goddess, and rewards
By making herself visible in you.

C. Extravagance like yours I never heard.
Is such your temperament?

A. You may decide.

I wish I was as strong and self-contained
As you.

C. If I seem strong, it is not that
I am; but I am upborne on the Heart
Of One Who is in Himself strength. You call
My nature self-contained. As is the sea
That dashes o'er its bounds to be thrown back,
Loud murmuring, leaving quite desolate
And dry the sandy shore. But One then says
To restless waves of passion, that scorn leash
Held by man's hand—"Peace! Peace! Be still!"

No more
The billows rage, my passions cease to fume.

A. 'Tis strange that one as old in years and
thought

Should talk so childishly. Do you believe
That Jove concerns himself about your tears?

C. No. I believe, nay, I will say, I know
That God the Crucified loves me, and sees
My tears and feels each human echo of
The sighs He breathed in sad Gethsemane.
I shall be in my dotage when I am
Too old to kneel at Father's Feet, and hope
To lie on mother's breast.

A. And do you then

Expect to see her when you lie close-sealed
In casket strong, and she in hers is dust ?

C. I lie in grave ? Not I ! Nor lies she there.
To-night I shall throw off this dress, and ere
Again I put it on it will be cleansed
And fresh. So when my body lies down in
The ground for earth's last sleep I shall await
A body purified and strong and fresh.

A. But when it has decayed—oh, hateful thought !
I cannot tolerate it, my beloved !
If I had power like God's, or if He loved
You as I love, your tender form would be
Embalmed by nature's hand, nor know decay.

C. Then, when my breath had flown, my body
would

Be raree-show for children to point at
With an inquiring gaze. The forethought of
My Father pleaseth more—better be dust
And soil for flowers than mummy, though I were
Then fair. And if I was preserved in flesh,
So all would be—the maimed and the deformed ;
And earth would be only foul nightmare's quest.

A. If I were God, you should not die at all.
C. Thank God you are not God to keep me here
When I shall be decrepit, tired of life ;
And you as old and gray, and bent and cross !

A. But we would not grow old.

C. We are not young
At present ; yet I should not grateful be
To you for youth restored.

A. I would not have
You younger than you are. I am not boy

To want a doll, nor e'en pet bird ; nor youth
 To sigh for a Euphrosyne, about
 Whose witless path I'd scatter flowers. We would
 Be ever as we are.

C. Think yet again ;
 And if you are of the same mind at end
 Of these five months, write that wish out
 And lay it up and read it five years hence.

A. What wish, then, shall I make for you ?

C. That God

Will keep my womanhood as happy as
 My girlhood and my babyhood, and that
 My old age may be quite as short as to
 Him seemeth good. I cannot understand
 Why some prefer age and decrepitude
 To immortality and fadeless health ;
 Bleared eyes and full of rheum, to eagle-gaze ;
 A limping gait and crutch, to buoyant wings ;
 Dull ears, that scarcely recognize
 The dearest voice, to sounds of harmony
 And love.

A. Enthusiast, you make me sad.

A childish heart like yours should never feel
 The many woes that you have had to bear ;
 If your God were the God of your enthused
 Imagination, would He have let you
 Know such agonies as rend strong hearts in twain ?

C. They necessary were to training for
 The seat I crave, low at His feet.

A. I would

I had been trained for life as you have been !
 A character like yours to my mind is

Sublime as strange. My parents nurtured me
To pamper self; and till I knew you I
Had scarcely thought save what was worthy of
My manhood, and how best I could exalt
My character and elevate my mind.
Unto myself I was my god; I was
To high self-culture devotee; adored
With Goethe and more modern men of same
Unselfish school, only ideal that
I—and they too, perhaps—had set before
My eyes as splendid goal; but when
You came my character seemed mire by your
Sweet purity, my philosophic calm
A stoicism foolish as inert.
In short, all the hard-bought results
Of manhood's discipline became as naught
Weighed in cool balance with your—

C. Piety.

If I have made impression such as you
Portray, it is only because you see
In me reflection turbid, very faint
Of what the Saviour hath made me long for.
I am like little maid who went to serve
In house of Naaman; a noble lord,
Mighty in battle; but a leper was
He none the less, and he was heathen, too.
The girl was Jew, and to her mistress said,
“Would God my lord were with our Prophet in
Samaria! He would recover him
Of his (vile)* leprosy.” Naaman heard

* Word inserted or altered to suit the rhythm.

Her words, and to her owed his cure. Know you
The remedy?

A. I don't.

C. Elisha bade

Him bathe in Jordan and he should be cleansed.

A. He mocked the mighty lord.

C. So he said; but

His servants argued well, "If the wise man
Had bid thee do some mighty thing, would'st thou
Not have complied? Much rather, therefore, when
He saith to thee, Wash and be clean." Then he
Obeyed, and "his flesh came again like flesh
Of little child." Do not you see what I,
A simple maid of Christ, would do for you?

A. What?

C. I would have you bathe in Jesu's Blood
The heart for which He longs, and bow your head
To sacramental wave of righteousness.

A. You did not let me finish what I had
Begun—confession of my selfish life.
I shall now; for your absolution I
Desire if you will set me penance true.
My aspirations noble once appeared;
But now I realize that they are wings
Of ostrich, competent to help me on
A worldly path of sense, but impotent
To raise my spirit to companionship
Of your aspiring flight o'er joys of sense.
To me you are not so much woman as
An influence. I do not ask your hand;
I only crave to breathe your words, and sun
My heart, long frozen to the core, in your

Most spiritual presence. Do not spurn
Me, Lazarus, who ask not once to gain
A foothold in your heart. I only beg
To lie low at your feet and eat the crumbs
That from your lips may fall. My beautiful!—
Why do you smile so scornfully?

C. Sadly and in self-pity; for I had
Supposed that I had found a real friend:
Tut! You are but a beau. And so, do not
Expect me to pick up the pretty *words*
You let fall at my feet; at *you* I will
Not sneer.

A. Why not?

C. Because I pray for you,
Rashly I spoke, for I offence had given.

A. Offence. Oh, woman! At the foolstool
of
Your God, do you ne'er turn your eyes away
From vision that you have called up? Thus I
Have done. Can pain offended seem?

C. You were not made for visionary, so
You play that part ungracefully. Let us
Return to theme more suitable.

A. Not till
I make you understand that I am quite
Incapable of flattering, at least,
The women of your class. I say that you
Are beautiful—not to the artist's eye,
But to the poet's sense; and though I can
Not write grand rhymes, I can read poetry;
And you are my Aurora Leigh, although
I am not Romney, nor desire to be.

To me you are a poem visible.

A tear!

C. You've seen it, then ? So, now I dare
To speak.

A. Do not ; because your voice is choked.
Do not while that bright spark is in your eye.

C. You are—

A. Don't go ! Don't be afraid of me.
I shan't presume to play the lover, so
Sit down again.

C. Not to be ridiculed.

Good-bye. I'm going to the Louvre. Excuse
My leaving you.

A. May I not walk with you ?

C. I beg your pardon. Not to-day.

Scene XXII.

(Alfred's soliloquy, as he leaves the Hotel.)

I promised not to play the lover. 'Tis
Not likely that a man with broken back
Will ask for partner in a dance. But what
A fool to startle her from the most sweet
Simplicity of mutual confidence !

While I talked to her as man would to man—
If he could find one pure as womanhood—
She talked to me as she to woman would,
If she could find one like her and unlike.

Oh, foolish heart, my secret to betray ! That tear !
It puzzles me. Did my words move her so ?
And if they did, then why ? At least, one thing
Is clear. She would not listen patiently

If I should woo ; but that I dare not do.
Did not I make a vow, when I stood by
The grave of my last brother's child, I would
Not do what father did—beget a lot
Of children to drag painfully through few
But weighty years, and prematurely die,
Worn out with curse bequeathed by one who can
Call foul corruption his twin-sister ? Bah !
My brothers' seed died in weak infancy ;
With me shall die the penalty of sin.
No child shall curse me for the legacy
That I should likely leave. Let my accursed
Grandfather's bestiality and its
Attendant woes, be buried with my bones.
But that pure child, with her grand intellect,
O God!—so I have been with her till I
Have caught her words. I would there was a
God
Who would concern Himself with our affairs !
For if there was, He might find out a way
To strengthen me for sacrifice of all
That short life gives to mortal man, for sake
Of dreaded progeny.

Scene XXIII.

(Clara's soliloquy as she lies awake.)

If I should listen to my hungry heart
And let it take the bread love offers it,
Should I a better Christian be as well
As I might be a happier woman, Lord ?
Am I more self-sustained than Adam was ?

I'm lonely in my Paradise ; for wealth
 Hath shut me in from work and penury.
 But the heart droops because life's glowing sun
 Hath dried the dew of earthly years ; the mind
 Invigorated can refresh itself :
 But oh, the heart, my God ! Well, it is Thine ;
 Do with it as Thou wilt. I murmur not.
 And his heart ? When we each can give just what
 The other wants, shall I be niggardly
 Because I'm shy ? If he was thirsty and
 Should beg a cup of water, I should haste
 To bear it to his eager lip ; only
 The spirit's thirst will I ignore. Why so ?
 Only the body perishes, forgets
 Its thirst : the heart that's shrivelled here may not
 Revive until the Resurrection-morn.
 Then, Saviour, call us both to Thee, and lay
 Our hands together in Thy Hand, and smile
 And say, Poor things ! I well remember that
 Ye are of dust and so I sprinkle you
 With dew of heavenly love.

* * * *

SOFTLY BREATHES THE ZEPHYR OF THE DAWNING DAY

O'er my dream-flushed temples, and I wake to pray.
 Bless me, O my Father ! as Thou wouldest a child
 Who would ask for nothing that can be defiled.
 Yet a silent longing hides low in my heart ;
 Like the early birds in love I'd have a part.
 Like the dewy flowers that wait the coming sun
 And will sleep contentedly, when his day is done,

So, my spirit, freshened by the dews of sleep,
Waiteth sun that dries up tears in eyes that weep.
Give me love, O Father! Wilt Thou not let me
Be a silent thought to lead one unto Thee?
Through blind science-mazes, through historic
doubt.
Let the sweet Within guard from the Without.
Then, like birds and flowers, when our day is done,
We shall sleep in peace till Thou art our Sun.

Scene XXIV.

Clara.—Did you not get a note, informing you
That I could not go to the Luxembourg
To-day?

Alfred.—No. But I wonder if there is
Mistake. I have been puzzled to guess why
Two poems have been sent to me; for they
Are on a subject that the writer and
I feel quite differently on. I have
Them in my pocket, and with your good leave
Shall read them now. I fancy that you may
Feel sympathy with them.

C. Religious, then?

For I remember that you claimed we felt
Alike on other themes.

A. Except one; that
I feel is sacred to you as dead love,
And so have never dared to touch upon—
As we have been victorious I can't.

C. My country! Read the poems then, or let
Me take them to my room.

A. Pardon, if I

Decline to give them up until I have
 Now satisfied suspicion that has been
 Aroused. Do you write poetry as well
 As live it?

C. Read, if you will not let me.

Alfred (reads :)

THE END.

(As soon as Alfred reads the title, Clara flushes, but sets her lips firmly, resolved not to betray herself.)

Great God! I, who have borne most
 Pangs that shiver mortal hearts,
 Mourned to think mine could not burst,
 But was strengthened by pain's darts,
 I, at last, have found despair:
 God! O God! Where art Thou? Where?

Dost Thou only seem to sleep
 While we bear our slavery?
 Carest not although men weep
 In despair of being free?
 Sleepest Thou, O God! Dost sleep
 While Hate's serpents o'er us creep?

I've no country, North or South;
 Shackled e'en in thought am I;
 Great despair hath shut my mouth;
 Scarcely now to Thee I cry.
 I'm not countryman of slaves;
 My confrères are in their graves.

Yes ; my country's 'neath the sod ;
Broken-hearted I still live.
Lost are some friends, some with God ;
Yet I still have life to give :
But I wear a clanking chain
On my heart and on my brain.

Ah ! I gave my dearest one—
Better far if I had died—
Sinful heart ! God's will was done :
Think what HE hath spared his pride.
Could he have borne what I bear ?
Could he, like me, life-chains wear ?

Cause he loved deserters banned ;
Treachery its heart ate out ;
Ship of state with heroes manned
Is wrecked now, without a doubt,
That few to the end were true—
Pity, God, those noble few !

May they have more strength than I !
May they learn to live like men !
As for me, henceforth I lie
But to dream ; no war again
Shall awake hope to be free—
Men are made for slavery.

Hundred years cannot produce
Armies like those we have lost.
For what good ? That foul abuse
By unworthy men is tossed,

As bonfires by conquered slaves,
Drinking, dancing o'er their graves !

Noblest one in dungeon lies,
But his ransomed soul is free :
DAVIS, as a man, defies
Lincoln to equality.

History them both will draw
While men read in silent awe

Of God's ways that seem so strange.
Tut ! I am ashamed to blame
God, because men's spirits change ;
Better thank Him for the fame
Of each who died to be free !
God, I pray Thee, pity me.

TUSCALOOSA, AUG. 3, 1865.

C. The poet is unjust ; but I shall not
Discuss a friend's words with an enemy.

A. An enemy, Miss More ! I once bore arms
In face of day ; but never weapon wore
Concealed, and I have sheathed my sword. There is
No man whom I revere more than I do
Your General Lee. In proof whereof I shall
Send you a poem written on his death,
And which I cut from paper and have kept.
In truth it lies now in my pistol-box :
I put it there with feeling somewhat like
That which prompts men to hang a conquered flag
In a cathedral, not to boast of, but
As being noblest trophy they have won.
I have another poem here to read.

C. I do not care to hear another in
That strain ; and it offends my heart to hear
An officer—

A. Pray do not wound me by
A hasty speech. If you could realize
How long your words reverberate in me,
You would be generous. Please, only hear
The other poem that I hold ; it is
Not of the dreadful War, that I loathe quite
As much as you can hate.

C. Read if you will.

Alfred (reads :)

THE VERY NAME OF SEA
Is pleasant unto me !
Speak of the Sea, I feel
As one to whom repeal
From care and horror comes.
Awhile the sullen drums
Are like hideous dream
From which a jewelled gleam
Has waked me to rejoice.
As Norse maid wed Morris
To see him melt away
In glaring heat of day,
Mocking her weary feet,
My spirit bounds to meet
The spirit of the Sea
As though I still were free.
The shackles seem to fall
From the heart they appal ;

And I dream like a youth
Who scorns the woe of truth ;
But suddenly I wake,
For my thoughts answer make
To beating of the drum
As from dim caverns come
The echoes of the shout
It hoped was well shut out.
Ah, to die by the Sea,
Dreaming that I am free !

(*As he reads the last line, Clara hastily rises, and escapes through the door by which she is sitting.*)

Alf. Yes, my surmise is true, and she wrote both.
But how they have been sent to me I can
Not guess. I watched her narrowly, while I
The last one read, and she has gone because
She fears she can't prevaricate, and will
Not let me know she is a poetess.
Poor thing ! How she has suffered—and I thought
She was so calm she could not be disturbed.
It seems I read her well ! If she thus loves
Her country, and can suffer from despair,
Dare I try farther to secure her love ?
But ah ! who is her “dearest one ?” Have I
A clue to her sweet resignation to
An early death if, as she says, God should
Thus favor her ? Is she so deaf to men
Of earth and their loud vows, because a Voice
Much louder still reverberates within ?
Yes ; I am jealous of the dead ! I can

Not bear to have her call a rotten corpse
Her dearest one. Such woman may be quite
As much a slave to a sweet memory
As others to a present fancy. Ah !
If men's hearts are immortal there must be
Not one Hell, but some myriads of hells.
For, even now hot jealousy burns in
My soul; yet it is not consumed; nor can
The flames of jealousy lick up
Her name—the one name that on this black earth
Doth correspond to that of God in Heaven.
Is there a Heaven ? There surely is if she
Will live after this life has passed. O God !
Such woman as she is sprang never from
The clods. 'Tis likely that her dreams are quite
As wise as my blind tentacles of sense.

Scene XXV.

Clara (opening her portfolio.)

Yes; when I was in such haste to go out
With dear papa, I asked Pauline just to
Direct the letter, and to mail it; but
I had forgotten that the poems I
Had folded to send home were here. But he
Shall never talk to me of this again.

(She hastily writes off:)

I BURY MY HEART, THAT SUFFERED AND DIED
For the sake of dear Freedom,
Like Alaric's corpse, far under the tide
Of this ev'ry-day life, and henceforth none shall
come

With curious eye to inquire of me
How I suffered, and fain would have bled to be free.
And my stern self-control Busentinus will be
To hide my dead heart from those who forget:
Of those who remember are few to be met.
In this pride-guarded sepulchre treasures are piled—
The joys and sorrows of girlhood too wild
And the noblest emotions a woman can know—
True love for her land, but no hate for its foe.
Ah! Dearest of treasures, in my buried heart
Is a pang and a pride—oh! it is the thought
Of the Brother I love, who died to be free:
But that death has so changed me he would not
know me.

(*Folding the paper, says:*)

This I shall send to Mr. Clark to let
Him see the subject he has broached must be
Forever closed. Strange I should write to him
In rhyme. Oh, heart, this does a secret tell!

Scene XXVI.

Clara (reading a letter:)

Miss More, I pray you pardon; for I fear
I have made myself disagreeable
To you: I am so in the habit of
Regarding your clear intellect but as
A mirror wherein I may look to see
What in me doth offend you—and therefore
Me too—in order that I may, as far
As in me lies, strive to amend, that I
Conceive of you but as a second self;

And fain would have no more reserve with you
Than a man with his mirror has. Therefore,
I oft forget you will not condescend
To look upon me as a second self
From whom yon naught would hide. When I
Insisted on reading those poems out,
It was no vulgar curiosity
To know if you are poetess, but great
Desire to ope a new door of your life
That you kept closed to me. Better I know
You now, and more revere—not that you can
Write poetry; but now I know that you
Can suffer and endure and make no sign.
I had thought yon talked pretty theories
When you were eloquent about yielding
The finite will to God's infinite love;
And when you glowed with praise of martyrs who
Had harder cross to bear than those who died
At stake, I little knew that I then sat
Beside a martyr who concealed with smile
Of patience serpent coiled about her heart.
I can't say whether the sweet poem that
I just received from yon gives me more joy
Or pain; joy first, because you longer will
Not hide from me that you are poetess;
I had suspected more than once you are.
But you remember how you treated me
With cold and proud reserve when I would try
To find your secret out. Great thanks that you
Will talk to me in poetry, while to
All other men you talk in prose. I feel
A king who has a poet laureate

Who makes the jewels sparkle in his crown.
As for the South, I love her and revere
As does the man who has fought for his wife
And won her by drops of his blood; and with
"My body I shall worship her,"* if she
Will tell me by your mouth how best
I her may serve. Alas! your poem made
The tears start to my eyes—they did not when
A Southern bullet had to be probed for.
Oh, my beloved! have you suffered so
While I rejoiced? though not in boasting and
Reviling. No! I would not hoist a flag
When Lee laid down his sword, though had I been
A Christian I had sung Te Deum. But
Enough about myself, and only this
To let you see how you have wronged me by
Refusing sympathy. Your pity now
I beg. Do not treat this poor letter with
Disdain when you read what I dare not say
Because I could not without tears; but I
Shall write it quickly, for I'm tearing out
My heart to throw it at your feet, although
I cannot let you pick it up and heal
The wound. I love you, worship you, and yet
I cannot ask you now to be my wife.
The reason I shall tell if you command;
But otherwise I might offend. Do you
Exclaim, How dares he mock me with his vows
Of love, and fears to marry me? Pity,
Miss More, was what I begged of you! Now I

* English Marriage-service.

Ask more—I pray for this as earnestly
As you would ask your God for life if you
Were shipwrecked and lashed to a plank that was
At mercy of mad waves. Marry no man!
If you watch over my one angel, God,
Close up her heart to vows of love! Miss More,
I am not mad, but miserable. Love
And pity me. I dare not ask reply
To letter wild as this; but don't refuse
To see me when I come again; and be yourself!

P. S. I wrote all the above last night, Miss More,

And did not lay my head on pillow till
The gray light dawned. I asked God—if He heard
My groans—to hear my prayer and keep you as
Love's vestal until time had done with you.
I prayed—I think I prayed, Miss More, although
I knew not Him to Whom I spoke, save as
A blind man half believes because he hopes
A friend is by, when he feels he is on
The brink of precipice—I prayed God that
No man's hot lips should ever press your lips:
And more I dare not picture, even in
My frenzy. But all that was in the night;
Now it is day and I am calm, and fear
To send this; but perhaps it may be best.
I could not bear to think the time might come
When you could me reproach with trifling—oh,
That is ridiculous! Trifles a man
Because he jokes while surgeon amputates
Arm next his heart?

This is the poem that
I promised you on the great General.

A DIRGE FOR GENERAL LEE.

Toll the bells mournfully—
Our chief is laid low.
Toll all the bells slowly
For our country's woe!
“The Lost Cause” was buried
Five sad years ago:
Lee's grave is its monument.
Even the foe
Is magnanimous now
And mourns for our chief;
But on his pale brow
Is the seal of relief.
Who knows what he suffered
Though smiling the while?
Like martyr at death-stake,
His halo's a smile.
Oh! who can imagine
The great Jackson's bliss
When he welcomed to that world
His Hero of this?

And you, *my* dead Hero!
Whose death made a grave
For my heart, though I breathe,
What a welcome you gave!
You can understand now
What is dark to us here—
Why the great cause of Freedom
Should lie on its bier

In every land known under the sun.

In some the dead body has risen again ;
In some it is putrid.

But glory to men
Who suffered and warred and bled to be free !
Under St. Michael's banner
They may muster again
In invisible cohorts,
Lee a *hero* e'en then !

I beg permission to subscribe myself
Yours only and for ever,

ALFRED CLARK.

Nov. 8th, 1870.

Scene XXVII.

Golora and Mervila meeting in the air.

Mervila.—Golora, why so fleet, and whither?
Whence?

Golora.—Oh, I rejoice at the good work
Thy ward has wrought! I spent last night pouring
In Alfred's wounded heart—smitten by love
And fate—the precious oil of faithful words
That Clara had first said to him. I, as
God's minister, recalled them to his mind
Until he, worn out with his agony
And long hours' pacing up and down, called on
Her God; he had no more true faith than had
The Indian when first he prayed to white
Man's God to soften white men's hearts; but well
Thou knowest earthly mother, when she holds
Her breast exposed to infant, who in first

Assays to walk has tottered to the verge
Of precipice, don't criticise his slow
And doubting turning to the lure;* and when
He comes so close that she may stretch out arms
Of yearning love to clasp him to her breast,
She don't reproach him that he stumbles o'er
Her foot. So God my Alfred lured last night.

M. Glory to Him that Clara's life has been
So sweet and pure that the desire for her
Has made a sinner—very dear to One
Who died for him—turn from the sloping walk
Of infidelity ere it had led
With its insidious descent to black
And hellish pit.

G. Thou seest that he had
No help—unless he could win God's—to keep
His Clara from the arms of other men.
And as a man who says he has no faith
In a physician, sends for him when he
Feels he must die without his help, and knows
He can do him no harm; so Alfred called
On God to steel the heart—that she had laid
Upon His altar—to all vows of love
That other men could make, and open it
To his:

M. God heard his prayer because He "will
Not quench the smoking flax" although it is
Too newly cut to give out heat. His "Name is
Love."

* This idea is beautifully expressed in a little print after Brockdon.

G. And now I go to see how Clara has
Received, and if she will not answer, crushed
And tear-stained letter that he wrote to her.

Scene XXVIII.—Clara's room.

(*She writes:*)

My friend, I am so glad you wrote to me
Quite candidly. Now I feel safe with you,
For long I have intended when papa
Should be again united to mamma
By Death, that broke their marriage bonds, I would
Become a Sister and a teacher of
Young girls. Thus in intention ī my wealth
Have consecrated to Christ's service ; and
Since I knew you I have feared that if I
Allowed you to be mnch with me I might,
Like Vestal of old days, be yet obliged
My poor heart to inter alive. Now I
Accept your friendship, and feel safe with you
As with my wingèd Guardian, and lay
Aside disguise. I do not think I love
Yon, but shall send you poem that fell from
My pencil in the night. Perhaps you have
Mesmeric power o'er my night-thoughts ; if so,
Be careful how you use it; as for all
Ideas you impress me with you must
Give an account to God and me. As for
The feeling which I have for you, I know
Not what it is. Often I can't decide
Self-questionings except by looking in
My Journal and my books of rhymes: bnt I

Shall let you take a peep, now that I am
Assured you cannot take advantage of
The liberty. I'm brave enough to put
A sword in chain-locked hands of which Fate holds
The key.

THERE IS LIFE IN GLACIERS HIDDEN

Says the knowing microscope;
Who can tell when by love bidden
But in my heart blooms a hope?

True; the air is very chilly;
No encouragement gives it;
It would kill a rose or lily,
But this one flower seems to fit

In its little icy birth-spot,
Quite content with freezing blast,
And dreading only Summers hot:
If *he* keeps cool my hope may last.

But if he begins to woo me
As have others, fervently,
Then a shudder will pass through me
And the hope will die as gently

As have some others heretofore.
Ah! my heart is clear and cold,
For Death hath chilled it to the core,
And it wilts when men grow bold.

So I wish that he may never
Whisper of what I ignore;
Else Hope's fragile stem I'll sever—
My last flower shall bloom no more.

But I prize the chilly flower
Hidden in my maiden heart;
And it can beautify the hour
Given up to lonely thought.

This is confession first; now I shall make
Another. I am sometimes tempted to
Historic infidelity. I do
Not doubt "God holds me in the hollow of
His Hand;" but the fate of the South has made
Me question whether He has given up
The nations to the power of the Prince of
The air.* And long before the war I asked
The same hard question, reading history.

WHEN THE WICKEDNESS OF MEN
In life and in history
Has caused infidelic doubt,
Birds and beasts, I turn to ye!
And it seems irrational
Then to doubt a Maker's Hand;
In polyp and in monad
Evident as in the grand
Shapes of life and activeness
That I read of or may see,
Though God's mark is oft erased
On forms of human infamy.

Traveller the story tells
How he on an Alpine height

* St. John xiv. 30.

When his dizzy brain reeled fast,
Was made firm by simple sight
Of the gentian growing near.
Thus Thought, dazed by History,
For a moment dares to doubt :
But Faith comes by what I see.
Ev'rywhere is mystery
That poetic eye may trace ;
What it can't interpret now
'Twill lay by its faith to brace.

Your friend, because she now can be no more.

Mervila.—Poor child ! She suffers, but she grows ;
she is

Like a boy forced to wear unyielding coat.
She cannot cast it off, but it she will
Out-grow and burst it suddenly, and then will
be
Surprised to find angelic robe lies at
Her feet. Poor child ! She suffers now. I'll
make

Her take her pencil and write what I shall
Dictate to comfort her. Her minister
I am, because she is Salvation's heir.*
Wilt thou wait till I comfort her ? For I
Wish much to go with thee and see thy ward
When he will read what she has written him.

G. Yes; I shall fan her burning brain while
thou
Layest controlling hand on throbbing heart.

* Heb. i. 7.

Clara (writes:)

OH, HEARKEN TO THE ANGELS' EVENING CHIME!

For, at roseate close of a dark day

Loveliest spirits a sweet tune oft play,

Their soft wings beating on the air the time.

And often those we love, who have gone hence,
Mingle their well-known tones with soothing
power,

Closing a painful day with happy hour,
Bringing down Heaven by their sweet influence.

Kindly they gather up the broken strings
Of the crushed hearts we oped to take them in ;
Tune our life-harps, shattered by pain and sin,
Anew to the fresh rhythm of their wings.

On our brows press they fond kiss after kiss ;
When they have soothed us into calm delight,
Waving with perfumed wings a soft Good-night
They vanish, leaving in our hearts their bliss.

* * * * *

WEARY, SINKING, LORD, AM I !

Canst not, wilt not hear my cry !

Peter, grasping Thy strong Hand

Walked the billows as dry land.

Lord, I perish !—yet am Thine ;

On my brow the Cross doth shine.

Now vouchsafe me this reply,

Fear not, child, for I am nigh ;

Though thy faith should swoon and die,

I will never let thee go
 While thou clingest to Me so.

* * * *

MY GOD, I DEDICATE MYSELF TO THEE:
 No earthly pleasure do I come to ask.
 But for life spent in sweet humility,
 A piety that cannot wear a mask,
 A meekness that as yet I have not known,
 A long (?) life given up to charity;
 Bearing the "Banner of the Cross" alone,
 Loving no praise that might not come from Thee.
 Scorning the virtue, little more than dross,
 That prizeth more its honor than Thy Name,
 To guilty women let me bear Thy Cross,
 Unfearing base malignity or shame;
 Their children, heirs of unwon infamy,
 I wish to place within my mother's arms,
 Till she clothes them in blood-bought purity,
 Robing them in the Infant Jesu's charms;
 Let noble women sponsors stand for them
 And for their mothers, for whom thou hast died.
 That they may weave another diadem
 To cast before Thee, Thronèd Crucified!

* * * *

[*Mervila*.—Now I am ready to fly off with thee.

Golora.—Wait till we see what she will write down
 now.]

Clara (*writes*:)

MY FATHER DID NOT CHOOSE TO PROVE
 My love for Him. I am the spouse of Christ.
 Then could I love the man who owns him not
 As God, Eternal King, Emmanuel?

No, Saviour mine! Thy sign is on my brow,
And in the Name of Him who bids me call
Him Abba, God, raising the Cross above
My bleeding heart, I pray that he will lend
His mighty Arm to bear His fainting child
To his calm bosom of eternal rest.

Rest! Rest! I long for rest. Rest in the Christ!
So weary of my thorny road, panting
For peace of Heaven, weeping for sympathy
In all my childish joys and griefs, knowing
He will not scorn to list to woman's woes.
Oh! how I long to go to my Lord Christ,
That I may lie forever at His Feet,
Head pillow'd on His knees, His ear inclined
To hear the whispered story of my life.
Could I lie ever thus; I should ask naught—
If all were mine, what would there be to ask?
But through the ages of Eternity
Would He let me forever stay near Him
Like helpless babe—whom, lost, his mother finds?
Who sobs because he wept so long for her
He cannot smile as soon as she sings lullaby;
Because the memory of what hath passed
So vivid is, the happiness now known
Seems but a dream from which he fears to wake.
Like babe upon His mother's breast would He
Let me forever lie? Or, would He send
Me forth to walk the azure fields of bliss?
To visit sister-worlds? to minister
To men on other spheres? to gather up
Fruits that once grew in Paradise? to quaff
The crystal stream encircling His bright Throne?

To tend the lectures, hearken to the hymns
 Of spirits blest — all that they learned on
 earth
 Illuminated by unfailing light,
 Doubling each step as they advance to God,
 Where boundless knowledge dwells? humbly to
 sit

At feet of those who gave up life for truth
 That they might waken in His arms of love?
 Oh! when he bids me go must I leave Him
 To wander forth alone, alone in Heaven?
 Each spirit intimately one with each,
 But I alone, or in a crowd—
 And is not that alone?

Oh, Father, hear my prayer!
 Life is so short—I'll travel it alone;
 If such be Thy high Will I say, "Amen!"
 But let me have him for a friend in Heaven.

* * * * *

WORN OUT, DISPIRITED, AND TOSSED,
 From death to death my whole life crossed
 And oft re-crossed by adverse fate,
 I've grown a woman, calm, sedate.
 I and my soul have grown together
 In stormy and in brilliant weather;
 But youthful heart will not be brought
 To learn the lessons we are taught.
 How can I ever get things straight?
 For my young heart I cannot wait;
 So I shall just imprison it:
 It shall not be a theme for wit.

Alfred asked me to write a sermon for
Him, and I shall. I'll take my text from Job.*

ART THOU WEARY, HEART-SORE, TEMPTED ?
From ills of fancy not exempted,
And, like Job, inclined to murmur
That life's blessings are not firmer ?
Then hear the Divine monition,
Which in Job brought forth fruition,
Look at His works on ev'ry hand ;
Search for the little, scan the grand ;
Listen to choir of morning-stars
Whose melody no false note mars,
And hear the Sons of God who shout
Their love of nature grandly out.
When sick of some grim fantasy,
Seek giver of good health—the sea ;
Learn by the bounds God set to it
What He thinks of thy wilful fit.
But if thou canst not go so far,
Sublimer waves the great clouds are.
Study the snow and hail and rain ;
From each refreshment thou may'st gain.
Watch the bright sun at early morn ;
On fickle humors he flings scorn ;
He's always cheerful, for his race
Will cast no rival out of place.
Whene'er thy soul is dark as night
Open it to the grand starlight.

* Job xxxviii., xxxix. This Sermon was suggested by p. 388 of "The True and Beautiful," by Mr. Ruskin.

For thriftless ravens Who provides,
 He, Who all beasts to their food guides,
 He, Who gave to the song-birds wings,
 Listens for praise when poet sings.

The Maker of the goodly horse
 Will soon cure thee of thy remorse,
 If thou wilt but to Him submit,
 As racer fine obeys the bit.

The eagle on the highest peak,
 Brooding upon her nest, is meek
 As little wren about thy feet:
 Out of the strong comes forth the sweet.*
 So learn from her that self-restraint
 Is the best curb for worst complaint.

Scene XXIX.

Clara.—How pale and haggard you do look, to-day!

Alfred.—That is not strange; I passed last night in Hell.

Yes! Shut your eyes—whether in pity, or
 Reproof, or prayer. Would it be possible
 For glacier, even if it lay upon
 Vesuvius, e'er to be taught that fire
 Rolls fiercely 'neath its chilly calm?

C. I do

Not understand.

A. (Angrily) Of course you don't. I did
 Not hope you would. Fate is a niggard; though
 She gives an angel or a Clara to

* Judges xiv. 14.

A clod of earth, she shows her grudge ; for first
She takes the woman's heart, and bathes it in
The clouds, baptizes it in worlds he can
Not enter, and then tears his heart—which is
A bale of rolling flames—out of his breast and—

C. Have you read the morning paper ? It—

A. You are a quack in medicine : prescribe
For me homœopathically. Try
And see if fever can't be cured by warmth.

C. By aconite. I'll go and send you some.

(*She rises. He seizes her hands.*)

A. Oh, these cool, tranquil hands ! If I but dared
To lay them on this flaming heart !

C. I will

Not stand such nonsense.

A. Go. Why should
The Angel, who kept Adam out of his
Birthright of Paradise, e'er condescend
To pity whom she scourged ? I know it was
A female angel only who could look
On Adam's pangs and not descend, at least,
To weep with him. Oh, Clara, pity me !

C. I do, or rather should, if you would not
So terrify—

A. I love and I despair.

C. Despair of what ?

A. Of what ? Of what ? You can
Not even comprehend that when a man
Loves he must long to take the one beloved
Close to his heart. The years that must divide
Us are to you as naught. But will you treat
Me as you begged that I should treat your God ?

You cannot love. Don't look so wounded, Sweet!
If I am mad enough to lie at feet
Of angel painted by Angelico,
I shall, at least, have sense enough not to
Reproach her that she does not spread her wings
And flutter down to me. Granted (I but
Repeat your soft persuasion) that you can
Not love, it is your duty to obey.
The sacrifice of one who loves you more
Than life, justly demands obedience.
Will you obey? To you I sacrifice
The peace bought by long years of restless strife.
What if it was a sham? At any rate,
It was a mask that Fate had not found out.
I shall know no more happiness until
I may dare say to you, Now be my wife.
Then, though you'll say you do not love, will you
Obey?

C. Do you forget I soon shall wear
A Sister's cap and serge?

A. Only till I

Dare claim you as my wife. You told me long
Ago that the Church Sisters took no vows,
And that if you had been a Sister for
Ten years and then should love that you would
wed.

C. I told you that before I had surmised
That I should e'er be tried. But I shall not
Recall—

A. Angel! Thank God!

C. Sit down. Be calm

And hear me to the end. What would you think

If I should marry you, e'en while I let
Another understand that at some day
Your widow would wed him? I cannot treat
My God as I should scorn to treat a man.

A. You do not love me then—not even in
Your cold, tormenting way. Until this hour
I never felt how impotent is man.

C. Papa is coming in. How glad—

A. Good-bye.

(*Alfred soliloquizing as he walks down
Champs Elysees.*)

Absinthe? No! No! Not even these waves of
Despair can start my soul from moorings where
Her love hath anchored it. Though passions boil
And threaten wreck, I am secure; for her
Pure nature is the undertow that flows
Straight on, and will not let me know shipwreck.

Scene XXX.—Père la Chaise.

ALL-SAINTS' DAY, 1871.

Lartan.—Mervila, over whose grave watchest
thou?

Mervila.—This is the last bed where reposes
dust

I love, and she whose guardian I was
Hath sent me here to see if there are flowers
Upon the stranger's tomb on this sweet day.

L. What day is it in mortals' calendar?

M. All-Saints'; and her devoted lover has
Quite covered her cold bed—but only with
The flowers she liked the most. To-morrow, all

The cemetery will be like a plot
Of garden-flowers ; but Alfred cannot come
Here then. He dressed this grave before the world
In which he lives was up. I think no one
Who knows him well, will ever mention name
Of Clara where he is ; although his mind
Is generally seeking her in sweet
Retreats of Paradise, let other speak
Her name and he grows whiter than yon cloud ;
So terribly came death to her.

L. How, friend ?

M. He had persuaded her to drive with him
In the Bois du Bonlogne ; his horse took fright,
And both were thrown from buggy overturned.
Although his leg was broken, then he felt
No pain ; but reached his arms out to embrace
His idol ; with her dress he wiped off blood
From her cold brow, and tried to breathe his
breath—
That scarcely came—through her white lips. She
 oped
Her eyes and smiled. Ravished with joy, he
 snatched
An eager kiss that stifled her. Again
He breathed his life into her soul. This time
She had not power to look at him or smile,
But whispered in his close-held ear, “ Believe.”
“ I can’t,” he uttered with an agonized
And feeble groan. A heavy pall then seemed
To fall upon her countenance. He saw
Her anguish and exclaimed, “ All man can do,
I will.” “ Obey,” she scarcely had the breath

To gasp. "I will," he answered ; and a smile
Of triumph and of bliss ineffable
O'erspread her features, as God bade me bring
Her soul to Him.

L. Her I shall seek ere long ;
But tell me more of the forsaken man.

M. As soon as I had done the offices
That new-born soul requires, I did as she
Desired ; came down to earth to hear of whom
Her sweet soul loveth. He was stretched on bed
Of pain, and it was long ere he could walk on
crutch.

But hardly felt he pain of body, so
Much more suffered his heart for loss of her,
And his soul struggling with the Holy Ghost.
The Holy Spirit conquered, and he, who
A year ago made promise that he would
Obey, has learned both to believe and love.
Now I must fly in search of him ; for I
Go never from the earth without a look
Of love, or word of sweet remembrance for
My Clara's waiting heart.

Scene XXXI.—In Paradise.

Clara's Spirit.—Mervila, sweet ! Oh, quickly tell
me what
Hast learned of my belovèd.

M. I found him
Quietly sitting in a grassy vale,
And on this wise his thoughts—they were of
thee.

"HER SPIRITUAL PRESENCE WAS THE SUN
That broke through chaos which enveloped
heart

And soul. My consciousness of fate was like
Relentless frost, that breaks up the hard clod ;
But her terrific death was the ploughshare
Which crumbled up my soul ; and memories
Of her, and how she smiled, and what she said,
Are the soft-falling rains that urge Faith's
flowers,

Of backward growth, to show themselves.
True, they have little root, but I, shut in
Love's hermitage for life, shall nourish them
With careful and desiring heart. Perhaps,
The Gardener, Who is my Father, too,
Will no more scorn the tender plants than
would

His daughter, whom He sent to lure me from
The swine and swineherds.

* * * * *

(Mervile continues: *after short walk on this wise
ran his thoughts :)*

SHE SLEW THE OLD LIFE,

And a new man was born.

No more with my race do I wage hidden strife,

But I look down in scorn,—

As I know she would do—

On my past life with its ignoble load

Of misanthropy's doom,

Sprung from what false men sowed.

Her sweet faith did imbue

With a gold tint the gloom

That loosed from my heart
And high over me soared
When her God I adored.

Though there still is a cloud ;
Now, by Love's wistful art,
It her form doth enshroud.

Like Fiesole's* angels on golden background,
Emotions she hath not, she to me did impart—
Though my Love brought me death, life in her
I have found.

C. O God, how good Thou art!

M. Rememberest
Old song, thou sangest once to Alfred, called
“The Only Bairn ?”

C. Yes; for it moved him much.

M. I heard him sing these words to that old air.

OH, SWEETLY REST, MY ONLY LOVE!
Hushed is thy former care;
The woes that rack my bosom now
'Tis well thou canst not share.
The bird which sings in Southern clime
To brighter Southern flowers,
Thinks not of faded Northern rose
That cheered last Summer's hours.

Thus thou forgettest me
While I think of thee.

Oh, calmly rest, my only Love!
Too fondly I love thee
To call thee back to checkered life
Even to be with me.

* Fra Angelico da Fiesole.

I should not sigh so loud the sighs
That rend my aching heart,
Did I not think that far from me
Is Hades, where thou art :
There is peace in my breast
To know thee at rest.

C. Did he say that ? Hear what I sing to him,
And carry my words down, Mervila dear.

I CAN'T FORGET ; SO HUSH, MY LOVE,
Nor longer doubt my faith.
The angels are God's ministers
To man, the Scripture saith.
Can'st thou think hearts in Paradise
Less true than those of earth ;
That thou shouldst mourn for me while I
Forget thee in my mirth ?
Thus thou hast doubted me ;
I have trusted thee.

Soon as on death-chilled brow thy lips
Had pressed the parting-kiss,
My spirit-lips were on thy cheek,
Earnest of future bliss.
Thy woes cannot true Spirit grieve ;
She knows why they must be,
Nor sighs to see thee bear the Cross
Of Him who saveth thee.
Never doubt Christ or me
When thou canst not see.

*Scene XXXII.**Alfred (writes :)*

ALONE, ON A FEBRUARY NIGHT.

Sick and languid, weary and weak,
And quite alone !
Winds whistle and my heart-strings creak
In discords set to their harsh tone.
Dull pain flits o'er my brow ;
My vaunted books are useless now ;
They cannot reach the inmost part
Of my lone heart.
Sad memories enclose
My thoughts in dull repose ;
I bid them wake,
Nor longer joy forsake ;
But they can hear no voice
That comes not from the Past ;
Slaves of necessity, not choice,
They roam through Fancy's realms so vast
In search of her whom they have lost.
Lost ! Lost ! Can she be lost ? Oh, no !
While she submission taught
So sweetly to my heart,
Hushing each woe,
Stilling discordant notes, I oft have thought
That she and I of Heaven's harmony were part,
Floating, like spirits of the air,
Faultless and very fair,
With cherubs of celestial birth ;
I learning from her lips their melodies to chant.

Ah ! Has she left me now alone
Weeping to bear the woes of earth,
And, almost stifled, pant
For her sweet smile ? and moan
That I no more her gentle tones may hear
My fainting heart to cheer ?

* * * * *

SPIRIT WITH SPIRIT.

Ah ! little think the hearts
That prize but earthly things,
How indestructibly
Spirit to spirit clings !
They cannot know that aye
Thy tones are in my ears ;
The airs that spirits sing
The spirit only hears.

We are not parted, Sweet,
For the soul death can't know
Revelling in free space—
Our bodies left below.
Thy dear form in the tomb,
Mine weeping over thine—
Our souls together, Love,
Joined by a bond Divine.

* * * * *

GONE AWAY ! GONE AWAY !
Like far-distant music
That is dying in play
While my heart's beat is quick
In its great agony
To go hence after thee.

Oh, thrice blessèd mission !
As master-musician
Tuneth his instrument,
 Dear, thou tunest my heart ;
Ah ! the sadness death lent—
 Else 'tis just as thou art.
Night-winds of memory
 Wailing over its keys
Are still faithful to thee—
 They play not as I please.
I call for a gay air—
 They grow only sadder ;
And no more will I bear
 Their unceasing murmur.
But if my heart will ache—
 Ah, poor thing ! let it break.

Scene XXXIII.

Alfred (alone :)

However beautiful and lively were
My passions once, now may their débris o'er
My dead Past fast accumulate, and may
My new affections upward tend, and send
Forth blossoms still more beautiful ! For, if
The Past is dead, the Present lives, and now
My softened heart draws nourishment, not from
Its briny depths, but from the element
In which Love rears a monument lasting
As coral-reef, that neither time nor storm
Of life can wash away.

Alfred (sings:)

MY EVER-LIVING BIRD.

Thou art mine! Thou art mine
 In the beautiful sky!
 In the dark thy wings shine
 As thou burriest by.

Now canst not thou tarry,
 Ever-living dear Bird?
 Songs thou hast sung to me
 I have scarcely yet heard.

Like flowers on swift waters
 They straight onwards will flow:
 Wait! While thy friend falters
 The soft music doth go.

I think that I see thee
 Borne away on the breeze.
 Alone thou dost leave me
 Like a tree without leaves.

For all that I have had
 I have flung after thee.
 Wilt thou not make me glad
 When Spring visits the tree?

* * * *

Alfred (holding the Divine Comedy).

I come to you, Italian king, who o'er
 All lands still reign magnificent in light
 Reflected from your Beatrice pure:
 No poet I; yet sit I on your throne

Worthy of this preëminence, because I too am
Capable of love like yours.

There is somewhat of likeness in our fates.

You walked with her, but talked not of the flame
That burned your life, smouldering 'neath a smile :
Honor was your restraint, O poet proud !

Restraint my honor was. When laws of Death
From husband set her free, descended she
From Paradise that you might visit Heaven.

And after Reason had conducted you
To Purgatory's verge, she came in guise
Of Faith, or Faith came in love's vestments,
which,

It matters not; for Love and Faith are one.

My Beatrice now has gone from me;

Her arguments read in light of her life

Drove me to Hell; Remorse has scourged me
through

Its red-hot paths; but to me Reason was
Less kind than Virgil was to you, so Christ,
Besieged by Clara's prayers, from Heaven leaned
down

And held to me His Cross. I grasped it, and
The gates of Hell behind me slammed, and
fiends

Cursed Love. In Purgatory wander I,
Waiting till Christ will send me Faith to guide
Me nearer to His Throne; Reason I have
Outstripped, having received a hint that Faith
Might bring me to the God Whose name is Love.
As a pearl introduced into the eye
That mote offends, will bring it out, thus she

Softly but faithfully has introduced
Into my heart the priceless pearl that swine
Can't recognize; and it has brought thence mote
Of a despair that blinded me to love
Of God.

THE WIDOWER'S VISION.

THINKING of a late-buried wife,
How bitter was his widowed life,
Till sleep a soothing dream did bring
To banish lonely suffering.

Hovering o'er the bed,
Whence comfort far had fled—
A Spirit-wife he saw,
Glimmering like a star
Upon the life that Fate
Had made so desolate.
Then on the bed she sate
And soothed his fevered brow
As only one knew how;
And with familiar tones
Silenced his dreary moans.
She kissed away the tears,
Promised ere many years
Her way to God to wing,
And ask His leave to bring
Her husband to her rest,
Where Death can't more molest.
So, when a sudden ray
Of sunshine glad doth play

About the cagèd bird,
He thinks that he hath heard
The note of his sweet mate
That wounded was of late.
He trills his carols gay,
Doth in the sunbeam play ;
As though captive no more,
Wild wood-notes forth doth pour.

The widower was like the bird ;
For when his long-lost wife he heard
Cheering his checkered pilgrimage,
He thought not of his fleshly cage ;
The desolateness of his lot
Was gladly, speedily forgot.
He thought not of the gnawing pain
That slowly wears the heart in twain.
Then his joy burst forth in singing,
For his new-found wife was bringing
On her fluttering, gentle wings
Heaven-born radiance that clings
To forms of bright-eyed phantoms blest
To allure weeping friends to rest.
Sunshine of Heaven lights the gloom
Of the widower's darkened room.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

. The much-flushed child.

With a strange look,
Prayerful, yet wild,
Let fall her book

(That wooed her to thoughts of the " Better Land,")
From her trembling hand,

Whose feverishness dried every tear
That slowly fell from eyes as soft
As those with which babe-angels oft
Smile on forms dear,
When the celestial choir they swell.
Then sank she on her knees to tell
A secret of love
That none must hear
But her Friend above,
Who makes children His care.

So she threw up her arm
To clasp the air
That she fancied must be her Father's form ;
She felt she held Him very near.
And put up her lips where she fancied His ear
Must catch each word that she would pour.
From her little heart
With a new love fraught:
“I'm so glad Martyn was taken away
With sweet angels to soar
In cloudless, blue air
Ere he had loved a maiden fair.
Listen, Father ! Pray listen to me !
For the dear Saviour's sake,
Send Thy angels to take
My spirit to Thee,
To be dear Martyn's little wife
For a longer time than a mortal's life.”

AUGUST, 1855.

NOTE.—The above is strictly true, except the child did not rhyme her prayer.

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM THE LATIN.

SIXTH ODE OF HORACE.

(*To Pyrrha, a faithless sweetheart, who deserted him for another.*)

WHAT slender youth, anointed with sweet ointment
 pure,

On couch of roses courts thee, in thy love secure?

 Pyrrha, for whom in grotto rare

 Combest thou thy golden hair,

Most neat in thy simplicity? Alas for him
When he'll complain the gods have changed and
 faith is dim!

The insolent amazed will be

That false winds have made rough the sea.

He, credulous, now thinketh thou art all pure gold;
Hopes that thy tender heart no other love will hold;

 Of thy deceptive moods knows naught.

Oh, the unfortunate, who's caught

By brightness of new things ! My votive tablets
deck
Neptunian temple-walls, telling of my shipwreck ;
And there I hang my garnients moist,
Which I as warnings for him hoist.

JANUARY 2, 1868.

NOTE.—It was customary to hang in the Temple of Neptune clothes in which one had been wrecked.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ODE OF HORACE.

OF the great gods a worshipper infrequent
And niggardly, long time astray I went,
Wise in the wisdom of insanity :
Now I retract, finding but vanity,

My old philosophy : forced to retrace
My course, a life of faith I must embrace.
Diespiter quite frequently divides
The clouds from sparkling fires, and then he rides

In flying chariot ; his horses run ;
Quite soon it thunders, though bright is the sun.
And this is to the end that the firm earth,
The winding streams, and Styx, where lies no
mirth,

The rough foundation of the hateful cave
That leads to Hell, and bounds against which rave
The waves, are shaken like leaves dry and dead :
Upon the plain trembles the monntain-head ;

The highest with the lowest changes place ;
 God brings down pride and the obscure doth grace :
 Rapacious fortune sweeps with rustling wings.
 The crown from one she to another brings.

NOTE.—In neither of these poems have I attempted to adhere to the rhythm : I would as soon catch wild birds and put them in cages as to again learn to scan. I have read that Horace was an infidel until startled by thunder on a clear day ; he in this Ode declared his conversion to a belief in a Divine Providence.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE FISHER-GIRL.

(*From Heine's Reisebilder.*)

THOU beautiful Fisher-Girl,
 Now bring thy boat to the land ;
 Come to me ; seat thyself near,
 And let us chat hand in hand.

Lay thy small head on my heart,
 And don't be afraid of me ;
 But in me freely confide
 As e'er thou dost to the sea.

My heart is quite like Ocean,
 Has its storms and ebbs and flow,
 And many beautiful pearls
 In its quiet depths lie low.

(*From Heine's Reisebilder.*)

O'ER MY WHOLE GLOOM-TINTED LIFE
Once a fair picture rayed forth light ;
The vision sweet hath vanished now
And I am wholly wrapped in night.

When children are left in the dark,
Beginning to feel a strange fear,
Often gloom they strive to banish
By all their songs of loudest cheer.

And like a foolish child I sing
Even now in the thick darkness ;
If my song to you is not pleasing
It has, at least, made my grief less.

JAN. 1862.

(*From the Same.*)

THE MOON'S IMAGE TREMBLES
On wild waves of the sea,
While her still and safe
In the heavens we see.

So walkest thou, beloved,
Safely and quietly.
But trembles thy image ;
For my heart is at sea.*

* Weil mein eigenes Herz erschüttert.

FROM THE FRENCH.

(From *Les Chants du Crepuscule*.—V. HUGO.)

X.

NAPOLEON.

No! the Future belongs to none.
 God's is the Future, Napoleon!
 Every time that strikes the hour
 Bids us adieu each earthly power.
 Future! The Future! Mystery!
 Glory and deeds for history.
 Everything upon the earth—
 The sparkling crowns of regal worth,
 Victory, with fiery wings,
 Ambition which a conquest sings,
 Upon our path may only light
 As birds stop on our roofs in flight.

* * * * *

God keeps duration; but He gives you space.
 And on the earth you may have any place,
 As grand as man may be under the sky.
 Sire, at your pleasure take what you pass by;
 To Charlemagne Europe, and Asia to Mahomet:
 But from the Eternal To-Morrow you can't get.

XIV.

O never insult a woman who falls!
 Who knows under what load the poor soul
 crawls?—
 How many years with hunger she has fought
 Ere virtue was shaken by what woe taught?
 Ah! who has not seen these stricken women?
 Though they cling long with worn-out hands—
 what then?

As you see at end of a branch gleaming
 A drop of rain on which the sky's beaming,
 It shakes with the tree till its struggles tire—
 Pearl before falling, after its fall, mire.
 The fault is ours*—yours, rich man, with your
 gold.

Yet, has this mud pure water as of old ;
 For, when the drop ascends from the base earth,
 It becomes a pearl splendid as at birth.
 Enough ! Thus one day all* will reascend,
 When with ray of sun or of love we'll blend.

XXVII.

The poor flower to the celestial butterfly doth say,
 Do not fly !
 See how different our destinies. Here I must stay :
 You pass by.

However, we love each other ; from men afar
 Pass our hours.
 Yet, we resemble each other ; they say we are
 Both flowers.

Alas ! The air carries you off, and me the earth
 holds tight—
 Fate too hard !
 And I would wish to embalm with my breath your
 flight
 In sweet nard.

* Though neither of these sentiments is strictly true, the poem is too good to be passed over.

You fly far among flowers whose fate none knows;
 You are fleet.

And I, I must watch alone while turn the shadows
 Round my feet.

You fly off; then you return, and then go away,
 E'er shining.

You always find me in tears at dawn of each day,
 E'er pining.

O that our love through faithful days may run!
 A boon,

O my king!

I pray thee to take root like me, or else wings
 soon

To me bring.

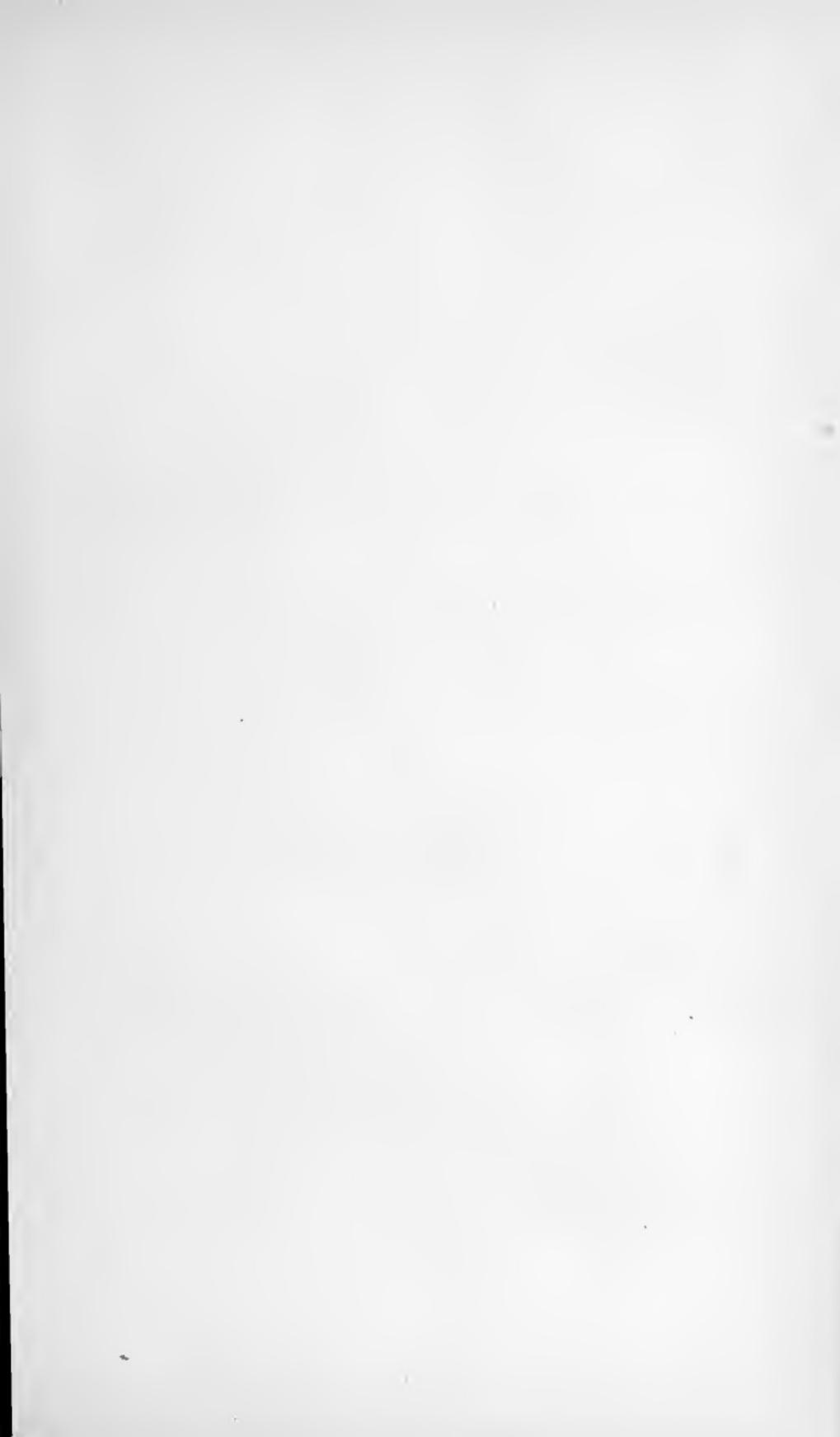
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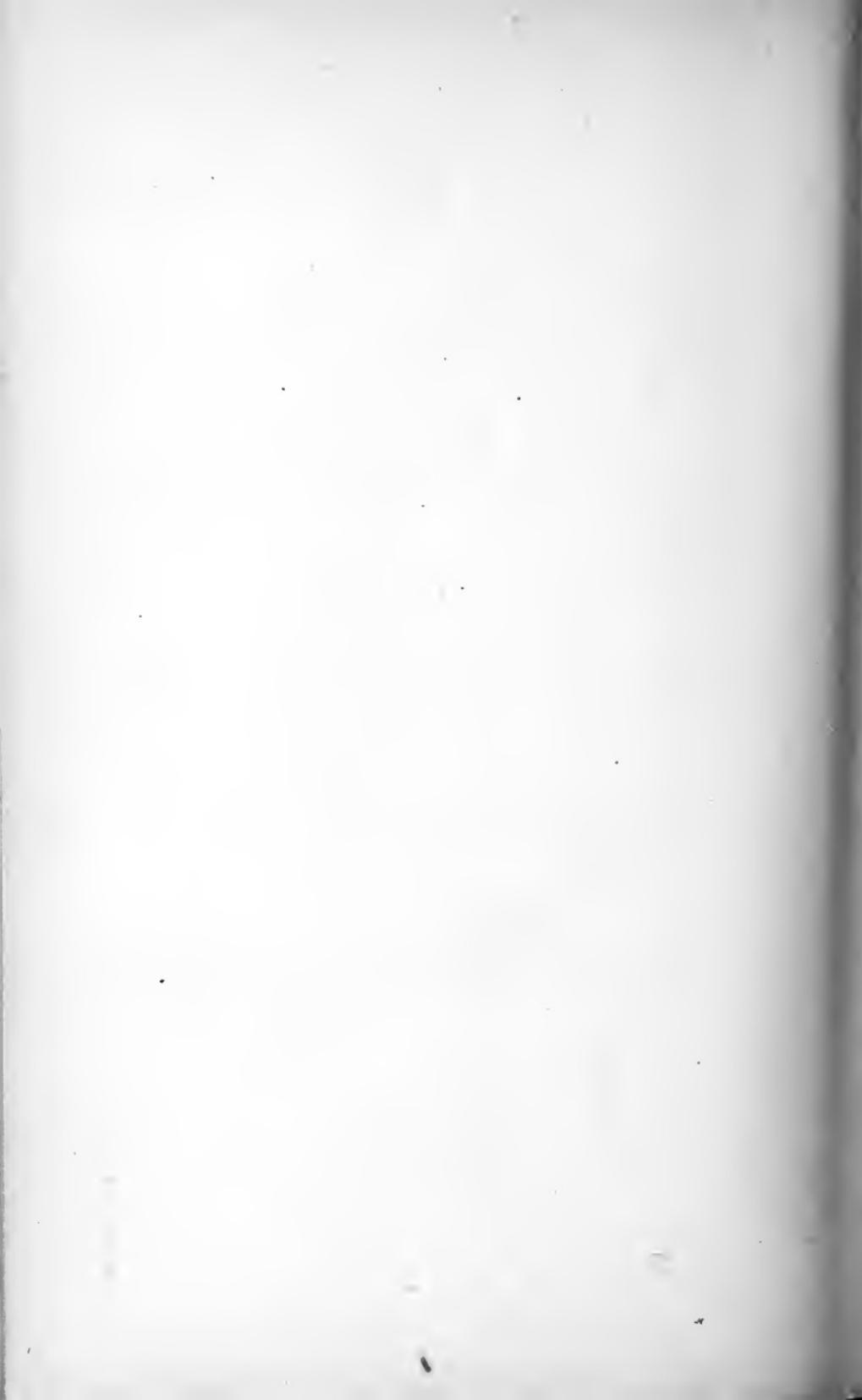
BÉRANGER TO LISETTE.

WHEN under wrinkles eyes will seek to find
 Your charming features that inspired my mind,
 Young people, eager for a new love-tale,
 Will say, Who was this friend for whom you wail
 And weep? Then, if it's possible, pray, paint
 The hot intoxication and the faint
 Suspicions even of my love; old friend,
 Seated in quiet corner by your fire,
 Repeat your lover's songs you now admire.

They'll say to you: Amiable, then, he proved?
 And, without blushing, you will say, I loved.
 But capable of naughty deeds was he?
 With pride, you'll say, Never; he could not be.

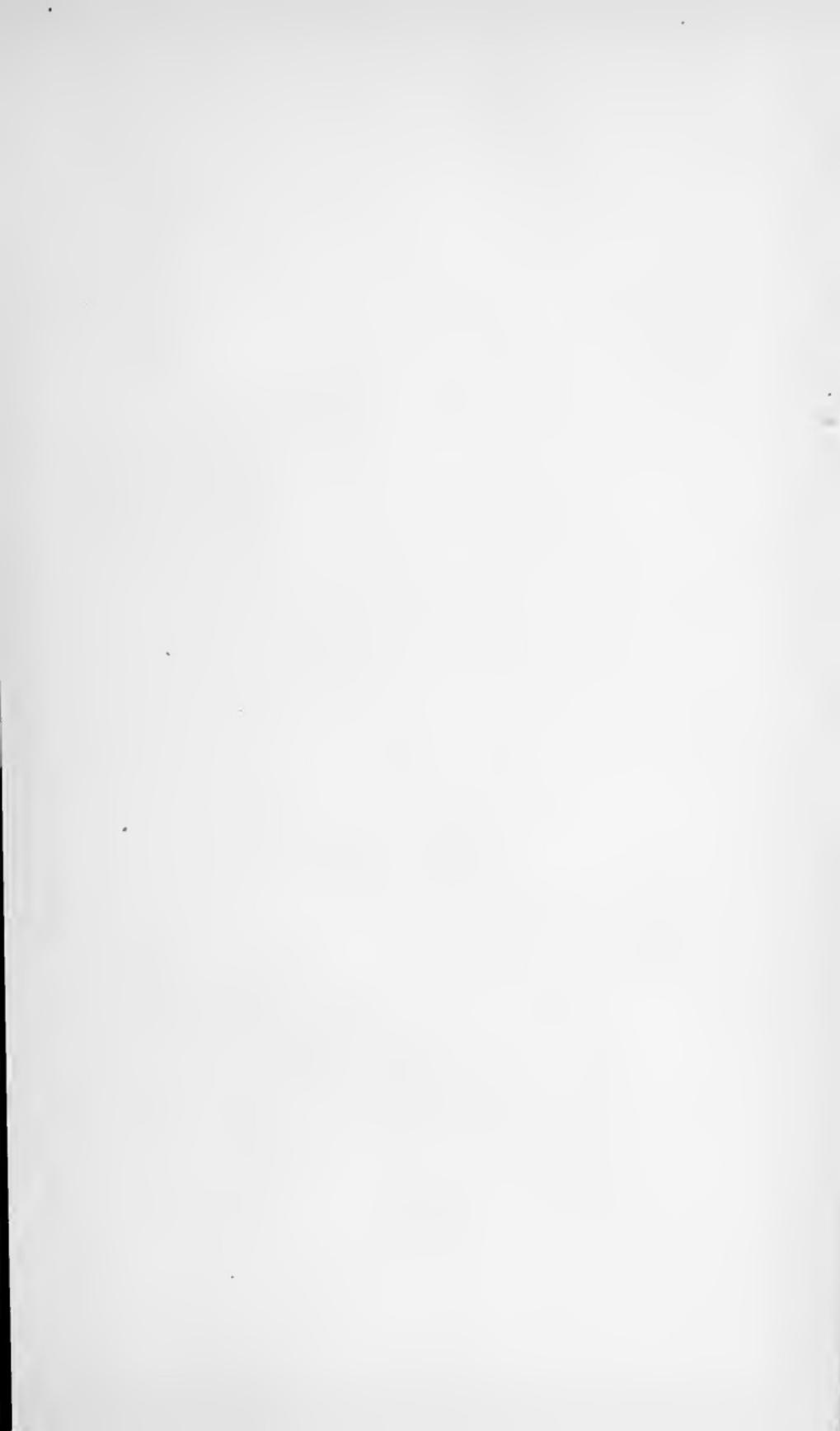
SEPT., 1869.







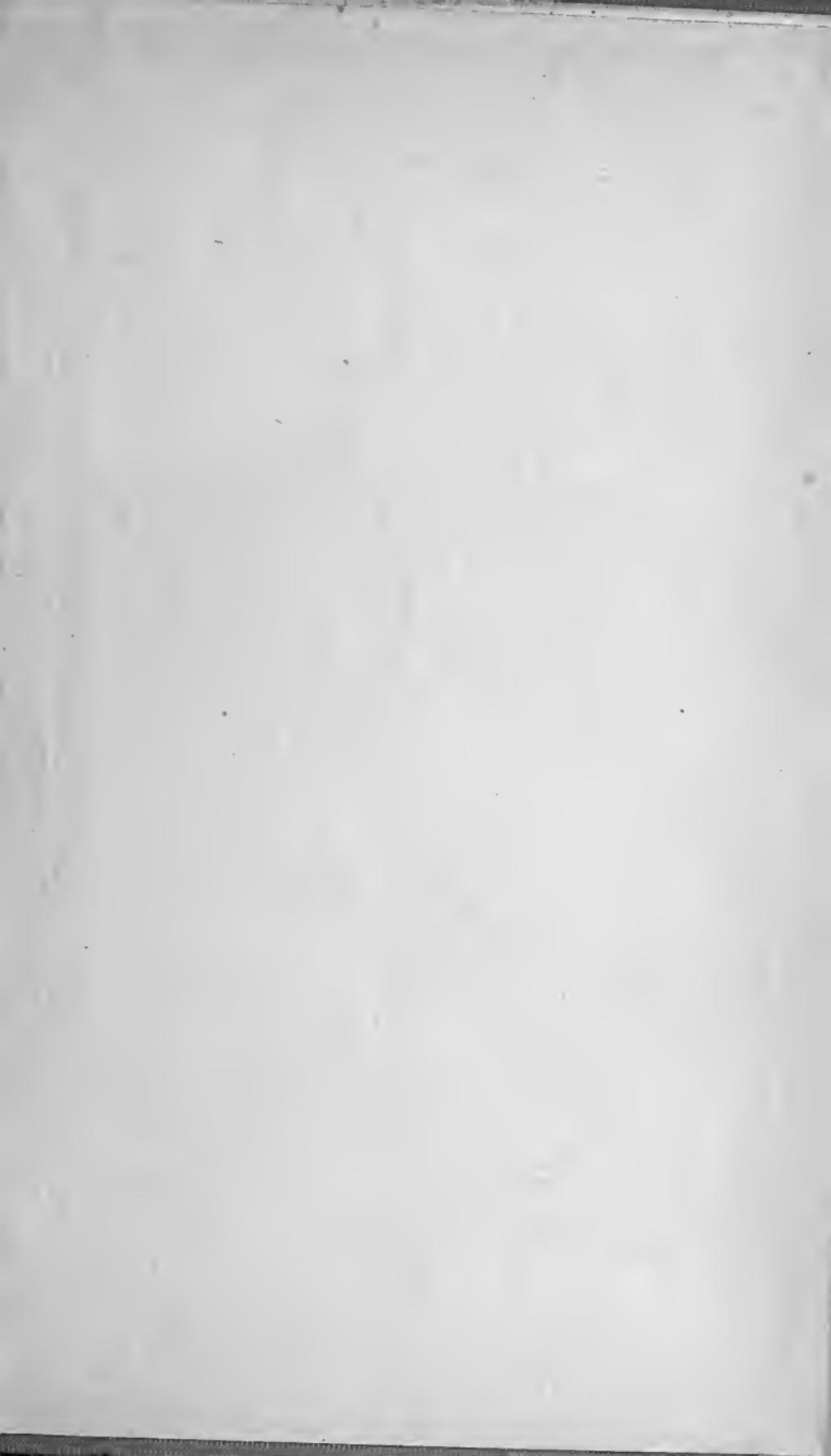












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